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Richd. Bright

PERSONAL AND LITERARY

MEMORIALS,

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

“FOUR YEARS IN FRANCE,”

“ITALY AS IT IS,” &c.

Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo.

VIRGIL.

LONDON :

HENRY CQLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1829.

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

TO

THE UNKNOWN INDIVIDUAL,

THE LOVER OF TRUTH, ΦΙΛΑΛΗΘΗΣ,

THIS WORK,

WITH SENTIMENTS OF DUE RESPECT,

AND OF AFFECTIONATE SYMPATHY,

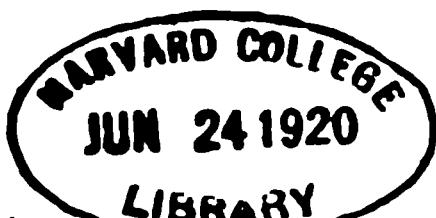
IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FRIEND AND FELLOW-SUFFERER,

THE AUTHOR.

JULY, 1829.

19472-9



Subscription fund

A NOTE TO THE READER.

THE name of the author of this work does not appear in the title-page : the omission is an act of uniformity in regard to former volumes there mentioned ; of which volumes the first published records circumstances that can be referred to one living individual only : the memory of his name was revived by that publication.

In the present work, there are anecdotes and stories that require attestation, and for the general verity of which the relater ought, on his own credit, to be responsible : there are opinions too, the probability of which may in some degree depend on the estimate formed of the judgment of the *opiner*.

In deference to the reasonable expectation of the reader, this note is added to point out that in articles V. and LVI. is to be found the name of the author of these Memorials : it shall appear on the title-page, when the public shall call for a uniform edition of three volumes, united as one work by identity of character and manner of thinking, and narrative of personal history.

22015

P R E F A C E.

AN attempt was made to arrange the following Memorials in something like a regular series : but the subjects were found to be so intermixed, even in the same article or section, that it was thought better to trust to the table of contents than to mislead by endeavouring to guide.

This volume is connected with those on France and Italy by frequent reference, and by a development and defence of the opinions, religious and political, that are to be found in them ; and on which the author hopes for a fair and impartial hearing. On the whole of the work no judgment can be passed but by him who shall read the whole : and it is the more reasonable in the author to expect his critics to take this trouble, as the same subject is, ever and anon, resumed and further elucidated. The larger portion of

the book is however, notwithstanding the serious matter therein treated of, a work of light reading and desultory amusement.

An introduction is a preface ; but a preface is not an introduction : no introduction can be given to a work, in which, professedly, nothing is consecutive.

Some of the anecdotes relate to the author personally : these will, he hopes, be received with indulgence.

It remains to explain the meaning of the motto, *Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo.*

While I was employed in noting down the "Conversations of Paley," communicated to the New Monthly Magazine for January 1827, many other *memorabilia* occurred worthy of record : it seemed a pity that these should be lost, and I resolved, when leisure should permit, to assemble them together. That year was occupied by "Italy as it is." That being concluded, I purposed to undertake what, in the self-flattery permitted among those with whom one may jest familiarly, I was wont to call my *great* work ; keeping the *album* of "memorabilia" to be filled up by way of relaxation : it became, however, a cause of *distraction* ;

in more senses than one it diverted me. The lighter the labour, and the greater the apparent facility in the result, the more entire our abandonment. It became necessary to give up or to finish my Literary and Personal Reminiscences. In the hope that the reader will not regret that I have chosen the latter alternative, I take my leave of him for three years. “*Homo proponit; Deus disponit,*” says the excellent Thomas à Kempis.

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LITERARY MEMORIALS.

I.

MOTTO FOR THE "RED BOOK."

AUX GRANDS HOMMES LA PATRIE RECONNOISSANTE. This sentence I wrote as a motto to my Red Book, or Court Calendar. Horace says of some heroes of ancient days, that they were

Post ingentia facta Deorum in templo recepti;

But of Augustus he says,

Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores.

Let the worthies of the present age determine which is the better mode of testifying national gratitude—the Pantheon or the Red Book; a snug place of two or three guineas a day, or a marble monument at St. Paul's; the "mature honours" of a right honourable title, or the posthumous fame recorded in an epitaph. A pension is a generous and truly English mode of rewarding public service!

A thing is, or ought to be, worth the price paid

for it. What then is the merit that may be compensated by a scroll over a portico ?

Look at the Red Book and see the value we set on our great men—that is, how much they cost us !

By this mode of forming an estimate, we learn how dear to us is our glorious constitution—a constitution, if we may believe the Red Book, fertile in “great men,” who know its value, and jealously guard the avenues to its golden fruit.

For my part, I confess that to me “the grapes are sour.” The Red Book shows no place of rest for me.

II.

LADY CRAVEN'S CHARADE—MARRIAGE—OLD AGE—WIGS.

The late—for I am informed she died very lately—the late Marggravine of Anspach wrote an impromptu charade, and presented it to her husband, Lord C., as the person most interested in the subject of it, and most capable of judging of its truth :—

Mon premier est un tyran :	mari-
Mon second est un monstre :	age ;
Est mon tout est—le diable :	mariage.

The explanation is subjoined for the benefit of those who are not so happy as to possess quick wits and knowledge of the French language.

The lady wrote the charade in a hurry, with her pencil, on the back of a letter, on the sugges-

tion of the moment ; it was by no means the result of reflection.

The analysis of a charadé in which are contained three propositions of a good or bad moral tendency, is, to all intents and purposes, an ethical discussion. Let us try : .

“A husband is a tyrant.” We all know the remark made by the lion, on the view of a group of sculpture representing a man killing a lion :— “Had a lion been the statuary,” said he, “the *lion* would have been exhibited as killing the *man*.” The fair authoress of the charade takes the same liberty, and is prompted by the same motive, as the sculptor in the fable.

In vain does the legislator, MAN, assert, by legal enactments, that superiority over the woman which God and nature have given to him : in vain is the history of the creation of woman, out of, and for the use of man, read to the wives of England—I speak not of the wives of other countries : in vain is the blushing maiden required to vow obedience to him whom she takes for her wedded husband : in vain is the example of Sarah proposed to her—of that Sarah who was “subject unto Abraham, calling him lord :”—they, these wives, defy law, and laugh at ceremonial.

They perceive, by a sort of instinctive conviction, that a hen-pecked husband is a contemptible being ; yet to this condition each one endeavours to reduce her mate. Under the pretence of

establishing a fair and amiable reciprocity, the lady contrives to have her own way in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Women, from their greater sobriety and temperance in the use of pleasure, have a more permanent and equable flow of spirits than men: they are less distracted too than men by cares and important concerns: they proceed by continuous efforts to establish their domestic tyranny. The wife attacks the husband in every state, in every humour:—when he is busy; when he is idle; when he is sad; when he is cheerful; when he is drunk; when he is sober; when he is wise; when he is silly; till at length he is obliged to surrender at discretion, adopting the formula of the worthy citizen—“any thing for a quiet life.”

The devils in hell—be not alarmed, my fair readers! I am only going to quote Paradise Lost;—the fallen angels of Milton loudly applaud that sentiment of their chief—

Who can think submission? war, then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolved.

yet the proverb says, “when two people ride on the same horse, one of them must ride behind.”

It is an unwillingness to “ride behind,” a repugnance to “think submission,”—which thought after all, ay, and before all, is the wife’s duty,—that brings on the civil and intestine war; a war to be ended only then, when

the husband, by an inversion of all characteristic propriety, shall acquiesce in his seat on the pillion.

Complaisance, obliging manners, conformity of temper, union of mind, and such like means of making the matrimonial life happy, are rejected by the wife as inconsistent with her scheme of dominion. An union of worldly interests suffices: she is safely married, and cannot be discarded. The French Republic, indeed, allowed divorce for incompatibility of humour: but this provision of its law only made the outcry against the French Republic more loud and general. Divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, is granted by the law of England, only in an extreme case, which is not here contemplated. There is a minor sort of divorce called *a mensa et thoro*; but this is extremely inconvenient; and as its uses, such as they are, may be obtained, at least occasionally, by the parties themselves without the help of law, it is seldom sued for; few fortunes are competent to furnish separate establishments to those who have been used to domestic comforts: so the happy pair live together, having mutually awarded a divorce *a mente et corde*.

The Neapolitans have three words by which to express their degree of liking or disliking the persons of their acquaintance; *sympatico*, *apatico*, *antipatico*: the first term is applied to those who excite a pleasurable sentiment; the second to those

who are viewed with indignation by those who cause a movement to disgust. Our "hateful" category.

Meantime the daughter of the mother; it is the cause from an innate sense of the "moral law of the creation," are contented.

Like dutious sons, their

while they make this faith not parental, but only parental on that side. The mother too sees

herself refused to pay when the rule of the husband government; that of the and usurpers are tyrants in situation. Rightful authority is the more mild and gentle but an arrogated dominion vexatious. So much for the fair charadiste.

Her second proposition is, to stir. The ingenuity of a character is the difficulty of divining its proper sense; it is therefore excusable that epithets agreeing as little as subjects to which they are applied.

who are viewed with indifference ; the third to those who cause a movement at least approximating to disgust. Our “ happy pair ” are in this last category.

Meantime the daughters take part with the mother ; it is the cause of the sex. The sons, from an innate sense of the dignity of “ the lords of the creation,” are contented to wish,

Like dutious sons, their father were more wise ; while they make this father sensible that he has not parental, but only paternal authority on his side. The mother too feels that she cannot insist on that obedience from her children which she has herself refused to pay where due.

The rule of the husband is a just and protecting government ; that of the wife is an usurpation ; and usurpers are tyrants by the necessity of their situation. Rightful authority can afford to be generous, and the more entire the submission to it, the more mild and gentle may be its influence ; but an arrogated dominion is always captious and vexatious. So much for the *tyran de mari* of the fair *charadiste*.

Her second proposition is, that old age is a *monster*. The ingenuity of a charade is proved by the difficulty of divining its profound and recondite sense ; it is therefore excusable to make choice of epithets agreeing as little as possible with the subjects to which they are applied. There is no-

thing *monstrous* in old age; it is a state which, in the ordinary course of nature, all are destined to attain, which all men wish to attain, and which is respected by all when borne respectably. Lady C., however, was young when she struck off her charade, and saw old age at the end of a long vista; she saw it in perspective, bedecked, bedizened, bewigged, and berouged. In this state it has not, to use a phrase of the thirty-nine articles, “grace of congruity;” and where there is not congruity there is monstrosity.

Let the dress of the aged be rich, if they will, and if their station require it to be so; but a profusion of ornament betrays a miserable distrust of their own claim to reverence. Nature has made old age venerable, on the sole condition that it be accompanied by a decent portion of wisdom and virtue. Some may think that finery adds to the dignity of virtue and wisdom, or may supply a defect of these qualities; such persons have their reward—their bravery and trickery is admired, themselves *not*. The “innocent” in Waverly cries out “Braw! braw Davie!” and he speaks in character; besides, he is a young man.

As for wigs, they are the most detestable and ridiculous invention that ever entered into, or upon, the head of man, civilised or savage. The savage has, indeed, some excuse for himself, when he sticks cock’s feathers in his hair to make himself look pretty, or displays polished shells pendent

from the cartilages of his visage—he has no great choice of embellishment: luckily there are no per-ruquiers on the banks of the Mackenzie or the Orellana, and he is not tempted by the glories of the full-blown periwig.

I am well aware on what dangerous ground I tread: the full-bottomed wig is imposing and grand by association; nor is the authoress of that very pretty romance, Nature and Art, at all extravagant, when she represents the little boy as making a bow to his uncle's wig which he happens to see on its peg in the dean's dressing-room. I know, too, that when Dr. Randolph, regius professor of divinity at Oxford, kissed hands, as the phrase is, for his bishopric, King George III. said to him, “ You have got no wig! Don’t you mean to have a wig?” And on the new-made prelate’s answer in the negative, the king insisted, “ You *must* have a wig.” The mandate was not obeyed.

I have heard, too, of a Somersetshire peasant lad who went with his father to the county town, at the time of the assizes, to see the judge. He gazed at the judge, who happened to be in a state of quiescent attention; the lad’s admiration was almost sated; the judge changed his posture: “ Father! father! it’s alive!” exclaimed the boy.

In my youth, a physician could have done without his Latin as well as without his wig. Yet physicians have abandoned the wig, and are considered by the world as wise as heretofore.

Solon with a wig on would be degraded from a legislator to a punchinello.

Hogarth himself would have considered it irreverent to represent St. Paul preaching at Athens in the costume adopted by the twenty-six successors of the Apostles in the southern part of our island of Great Britain.

The scratch is, in its quality of wig, self-condemned, since its merit consists in being like the natural hair. It makes a man look young, say its fautors. He who at threescore, the physical evils of old age remaining the same, can please himself by looking ten years younger than he really is, such an one is welcome to regard old age as a “monster,” if such be his pleasure.

I object not to the use of rouge when it combines well with the complexion ; this it never can do with the aged : with them it is incongruous ; and therefore monstrous, as aforesaid.¹

¹ St. Francis of Sales, writing to Madame de Chantal, who had consulted him on the lawfulness of wearing *rouge*, says, “Some pious men object to it ; others see no harm in it : I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on one cheek.” Painting the face is either telling a lie, or wearing a mask ; it is, besides, destructive of the health. *Rouge* is no more a sign of vanity than a scratch wig. The question is concerning the innocence of the practice : if we cut off all aliment of vanity, we may still be vain of renouncing vanity, and some may retain without vanity what others may be vain of. Madame de M——, waiting in the street at Avignon, full-dressed and

Conclude we then that age is only rendered monstrous by affectation, by bad taste, by inconsequence, by folly; that the common sentiment of mankind in respect of it is well founded, and ought not to be contravened on the authority of a charade.

The third proposition, that “marriage is the devil,” has been discussed in treating the question which of the two, the husband or wife, is commonly the tyrant. That marriages are very often, or at least too often unhappy, seems to be agreed on all hands; but whose is the fault? He who shall set right a prevailing mistake as to the cause of such unhappiness deserves the meed of a friend of mankind. It is superfluous to renounce all personal reference or allusion; what has been given is the result of general observation.

The infidelity of the husband is more frequent than that of the wife. True: it is true also that the sin is equal in either party; yet the wife does the greater injury, and rebels against stronger restraint. But the profligacy of the husband, though it may not be a rare occurrence, causes the misery of but very few married couples in proportion to the total number of the miserable.

Besides, the *charadiste* contemplated not matters rouged, to do honour to the procession on the *Fête-Dieu*, was not vain; she was an ancient dame of the ancient régime, and dressed accordingly.

of serious import; she knew very well wherein consisted the *diablerie* of the married state; she knew that it resulted from tyranny; she only mistook the tyrant.

The counsel or precept of the Apostle, “Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands,” would be, in almost all cases, an effectual cure of the evil; but this counsel, if seriously proposed, no English wife would endure to hear with patience.

III.

MRS. BROOKE—MRS. DIGBY—DR. JOHNSON.

Mrs. Brooke, authoress of “Julia Mandeville,” “Emily Montague,” the musical piece of “Rosina,” and other works popular in their day, and of no small merit—this lady was sister to the wife of my great uncle Joseph Digby, rector of Tinwell, near Stamford. Mrs. Digby was a woman of talent, and had the faculty, very uncommon, not in women only, but in men of the highest attainments—the faculty of being able to read. She could take up a book, and in her natural voice, without any other change of tone or cadence than what the subject matter required, enunciate what in the book was written down as if the words were her own. Children learn to read. Men should talk out of a book.

Mrs. Digby told me that when she lived in London with her sister Mrs. Brooke, they were,

every now and then, honoured by the visits of Dr. Samuel Johnson. He called on them one day, soon after the publication of his immortal dictionary. The two ladies paid him due compliments on the occasion. Amongst other topics of praise, they very much commended the omission of all *naughty* words. “What! my dears! then you have been looking for them?” said the moralist. The ladies, confused at being thus caught, dropped the subject of the dictionary.

This is an instance of prudery; a sentiment that may be resolved into the pleasure of thinking on what the thinker is ashamed. It is an English sentiment. A Frenchwoman, supposed of a certain age, would have foreseen or defied the inference of the learned Doctor.

IV.

LATE MARCHIONESS OF B.—

An example of the tyranny in religious matters exercised in a country where the government itself, by its changes, has acknowledged that even itself is not infallible, was the late Marchioness of —. Her husband had been Viceroy of Ireland, and she was of a presence and manners fitted to adorn royalty—without *vice*; if it may be permitted to give into the vice of punning.

This lady's high rank and dignity did not set her above that social inquisition, by which, in an infinite variety of creeds and no creeds—of ways of

believing and disbelieving, some men take upon themselves to observe their neighbours.

The lady here spoken of was suspected of being a Catholic : as a woman, she would have lost no civil rights by an open declaration of her sentiments ; but the consideration of the high circle in which she moved, and the political importance of her family, made some degree of reserve and secrecy to be prudent or expedient. “ Pray, my Lord,” said an Anglican clergyman to her husband one day at Southampton, “ of what religion is the Marchioness ? I never see her at church.”—“ Sir,” said the Marquis, “ I think your question a very bold one : it is a question which *I myself* have never taken the liberty of proposing to the Marchioness. In this country every one follows what religion he pleases.” One cannot but admire the able manner in which the Marquis drew himself out of the affair—at the expence only of a little more liberality *credited* to the country than it can fairly claim.

I repent, as of a sin of omission, that in my intercourse with this lady, I did not avail myself of the opportunity afforded to me of quoting the passage of Scripture, “ With the heart man believeth unto justice ; and, with the mouth, confession is made unto salvation.”

Let me endeavour to obviate all captious interpretation of what is here written. The scriptural passage is very strong ; for as none can be justified

without faith, it should follow that none can be saved without confession of that faith. But what kind of confession is intended? Perhaps a juridical one. To deny the faith is, at all times, a sin against conscience; but at what times to profess or confess it, must be left to prudence. We read in the Gospel of one who was a disciple of Christ, but secretly, for fear of the Jews. In the times of pagan persecution, many were Christians without being known to be such even by the members of their own families; and, till towards the end of the last century, the clergy in England, though tacitly relieved from a bloody persecution, still found it expedient to conceal their priestly character from all but their own flocks; with this necessity they complied, it is to be presumed, without any breach of duty.

V.

PARR'S NOTE ON BEST'S SERMON.

In "Bibliotheca Parriana," a catalogue of the Library of Samuel Parr, LLD. 8vo. Lond. 1827, is found, at page 567, "A Sermon at Oxford, by Mr. Best.—*Mr. Best was a very good scholar. He became conscientiously a member of the Church of Rome, and honourably resigned his fellowship of Magdalen College, Oxford.*"

It cannot but be very gratifying to Mr. Best to be represented as a conscientious and honourable man by so great an authority as that of Dr. Parr.

It is hoped that he deserves this praise better than that which is also awarded him of being a very good scholar: he never was, nor is a very good scholar, in what must be supposed to be peculiarly Dr. Parr's sense of the term; he has read rather *multa* than *multum*, and has endeavoured rather to obtain the means and helps of sound judgment than those acquisitions which give the reputation of learning.

A certain turn of phrase in Dr. Parr's note is remarkable: Mr. Best *was*: he is spoken of in the past tense. Certainly a man who makes himself a Catholic in England is *civilly* dead! Mr. Best and Dr. Parr had common friends, by whose means Dr. Parr could not but know that Mr. Best was *physically* living; but he wrote unconsciously, under a feeling created by iniquitous laws, which influence the minds and habits even of those by whom they are reprobated.

Mr. Best did not become a member of *the Church of Rome*. The little boy supposed St. Paul's in London to be the church of England. St. Peter's at Rome is, by parity, the church of Rome, being the largest church in that city. St. Peter's has its chapter, its ecclesiastical corporation; but of that body Mr. Best did not become a member. Sadly and seriously it may be asked, when will the Church of England cease to deceive its sons by abused and perverted terms, equivalent to misrepresentation? These are tricks of a scene-shifter.

**Quid natum toties, crudelis, tu quoque falsis
Ludis imaginibus? Cur dextræ jungere dextram
Non datur, et veras audire et reddere voces?**

It is implied that Mr. Best resigned his fellowship of Magdalen College, Oxford, in consequence of his return to the faith of the founder, now no longer the faith of the college. Let him not have more credit than he deserves: his fellowship was vacated by his succession to an estate that devolved to him on the death of his mother: he had proceeded no further than the order of deacons; by consequence, he had no ecclesiastical preferment. See “An Account of the Conversion of the Author to the Catholic Faith;” prefixed to “Four Years in France.” Published by Colburn, London, 1826.

“Go and do thou likewise.”

VI.

DR. BARTON—THOMAS WARTON—A COURTIER—
BIRMINGHAM.

Dr. Barton, warden of Merton College, Oxford, received a morning visit in his closet, or *cabinet*, as the French would call it. The visitor, Dr. Sibthorp, said to him, “Mr. Warden, why do you sit in such a little place as this? You have not room to swing a cat.”—“I do not want to swing a cat, Dr. Sibthorp.”

Wisdom can teach few lessons of greater utility

than not to desire what we do not possess. We are told of an ancient philosopher who, on beholding the splendors of a great palace, cried out, “How many things there are here that I do not want!” Was he a greater philosopher than Dr. Barton, who was contented with a space too narrow for an amusement in which he did not wish to exercise himself?

Dr. Barton was a punster. He said, “the fellows of my college wished to have an organ in the chapel, but I put a *stop* to it;” whether for the sake of the pun, or because he disliked music, is uncertain.

He invited, for the love of punning, Mr. Crowe and Mr. Rook to dine with him ; and having given Mr. Birdmore, another guest, a hint to be rather after the time, on his appearing, said, “Mr. Rook! Mr. Crowe! I beg leave to introduce one *bird more.*”

He married his niece to a gentleman of the hopeful name of *Buckle*. The enterprise succeeded beyond his expectation. Mrs. Buckle was delivered of twins. “A pair of Buckles!”—“Boys or girls?” said a congratulating friend ; the answer may be supposed.

To him, though it has been attributed to others, belongs the glory or the shame of having said to one, who having re-established his health by a diet of milk and eggs, took a wife:—“So, you have been egged on to matrimony : I hope the *yoke* will sit

easy on you." The word "egged" in this sense I derive from *signier*; as we say, "sharp-set." Perhaps I may betray my ignorance of some other etymology, though the German language offers no other, by deriving "yolk" from "yellow." The French say *le jaune d'un œuf*: the Italians indeed call it *il rosso*. It is not observable that this *macula* of the egg is of a deeper tinge in the southern than in the northern climes; yet incubation produces this effect, and incubation is heat.

The person to whom this *felix faustusque* was addressed by Dr. Barton was a brother head of a college, a discreet and steady man, who probably had long contemplated this "consummation," and weighed well the burden he was about to impose on himself.

The heads of colleges or *houses* are the *lords of articles* of the university: nothing can be deliberated on in *convocation*, but what has first been agreed upon, and is then proposed by them; their meeting is, somewhat profanely, called Golgotha; but in common parlance only: the authorised language of Alma Mater does not thus abuse "the place of sculls."

Whoever has been at Oxford has seen

The sixteen grisly Cæsars grin

in a semicircle at the northern end of the theatre. The celebrated Thomas Warton, fellow of Trinity College, a poet, and author of the History of

English Poetry, and at length *poëta laureatus* to his Majesty, was walking one day near this spot, when he was addressed by a countryman, or man from the country, who had been gazing at these very ugly and rather colossal busts. “Pray, sir, be so kind as to tell me what be *they*?” pointing to the statues. Warton, or as he was familiarly called, “Tom Warton,” answered by a counter question in the *patois* of the interrogator.—“Didst thee never hear of the heads of housen?”—“Aye, sure I have,” said the man. “Well,” said Tom, “them be they.”—“Thank’ee, sir,” said the man, and departed unconscious of the trick.

The master of —— college could not fail, however, of perceiving that he was *burlato* by Dr. Barton. This *master* was a courtier in his way, and during the administration of Lord North had discovered, like many other divines of the time, that “promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor yet from the south.” He had been vice-chancellor; and as the custom then was to compensate the fatigues of that office by an ecclesiastical dignity, he had been rewarded with a deanery: on the death of Lord Guildford, the Dukes of Beaufort and Portland offered themselves to succeed him in the vacant chancellorship of the university. The dean, like a wise man as he was, knew the advantage of having two strings to his bow; he lamented that Oxford could have but one chancellor, since both the

candidates were so very worthy of the high office.

He was a patriot, besides, and gave encouragement to the internal navigation of the country by taking a great many shares in the Grand Junction Canal. “Master,” said Dr. Barton to him, “I have been putting some money into the canal.”—“My good friend,” replied the master, “when a man of your judgment engages in a concern, it gives one a better opinion of it. From the moment you tell me that you have been buying into the canal, I consider my own shares as risen in value ten per cent.”—“You are very flattering! Do not be in a hurry. I was walking on the bank of the canal, and I found a Bromicham halfpenny in my pocket, so I threw it into the water.”

Be it observed, by the way, that the affectation of calling this town *Birmingham* has prevailed: be it so; the ancient name was become of bad repute—the synonym of the adjective *base*. Yet Lord Clarendon, in his History, calls it Bromicham; and there is Bromwich and Bromsgrove in its neighbourhood.

Names are nothing; yet names are every thing. A town whose industry produces so much as that of Birmingham does for the accommodation of life, ought to be held in honour under whatever name. But in the course of human affairs there is always an admixture of evil with good. So much for Dr. Barton and his puns.

These college jokes, these Oxford anecdotes, may be known to a few of my readers, may be fastidious to some of them, but will not, I hope, be intolerable to any. More of them will be found in the ensuing pages. They serve to elucidate the character of a place which, with its sister university, sends forth men who, in after life, influence, or importune, society at large.

Of the junior portion of the university, the morality is, or was at least in my time, most detestable. The mess-room of a regiment of the line is a school of virtue compared with the reunions of undergraduates. The younger officers of the army are restrained by the company of men, if not wiser or better, at any rate more experienced than themselves; they mix in general society, and are influenced by its decencies. The military life has a manliness thrown around it that preserves those who follow it from the slothful habits of the retired academician.

The manners of soldiers, though not the best, are next to the best.¹ The manners of young men at the university, with the exception of those few who live more in the world than in college, are in general made up, either of a gross and unblushing manifestation of profligacy, or of a pedantic affectation of premature learning.

¹ See “Four Years in France,” p. 251.

VII.

THE CHESS-BOARD—THE AUTOMATON.

It is known that the sovereign, for whose amusement the game of chess was invented, offered to the inventor, with true oriental magnificence, such reward as he himself should choose; and that the inventor, with apparent moderation, asked only one grain of wheat for the first square of the chess-board, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on, through the sixty-four squares.

I am not sufficiently practised in arithmetical calculations to promise that, in the task I now impose on myself, I shall perform what I undertake with the correctness of one accustomed to such operations. A small error in the multiplication will have an important result, particularly if committed in the earlier part of the summing. An error in the addition is comparatively of little consequence, since the total is of an amount as much beyond imagination, as it was beyond the productiveness of the territory of the uneausitously promising sovereign. I make the observation that it is in this *ratio* that opinions spread, till the fervour which they have at their birth cools by dispersion, or is quenched by conflicting opinions, or arrested by politic contrivance. Opinion is the queen of the world, to be dethroned only by a rival queen. This will be recurred to hereafter.

1	5,894,906,496
2	11,789,932,902
4	23,579,865,984
8	47,159,731,968
16	94,319,463,936
32	188,638,927,872
64	377,277,855,744
128	754,555,701,488
256	1,509,11,402,976
512	3,038,222,805,052
1,024	6,036,445,611,004
2,048	12,072,891,223,808
4,096	24,145,782,447,616
8,192	48,291,564,895,232
16,384	96,583,120,790,464
32,768	193,160,259,580,928
65,536	386,392,519,161,856
131,072	772,685,038,323,712
262,144	1,544,330,076,647,424
524,288	3,088,660,153,294,848
1,048,576	6,177,320,308,689,696
2,097,152	13,354,640,613,170,392
4,194,304	26,619,481,228,358,784
8,388,608	53,238,962,452,812,568
16,777,216	106,477,924,905,235,130
33,554,432	212,955,849,810,470,272
67,108,864	425,811,699,620,940,544
134,217,728	851,623,399,241,881,088
268,435,456	1,703,246,798,483,762,76
536,870,812	3,406,403,596,967,524,352
1,473,741,624	6,812,086,193,935,048,604
2,947,483,248	13,623,972,387,870,097,208

27,252,041,246,839,964,615

I lately read a very pretty little treatise on the Chess-playing Automaton. It is surprising that any one could have doubted for a moment whether this automaton were a mere machine or not. It is impossible that any piece of mechanism should be constructed and prepared for arbitrary movements. But a chess-player must move his pieces and pawns according to the moves of his adversary, which are beforehand unknown to him, and cannot be anticipated.

The owner of this ingenious deception told a friend of mine that “the thought was rather bold than profound.” This oblique avowal was, perhaps, more than could have been expected of him: though made willingly, it ought not to be perverted to his prejudice, any more than the conclusion at which every sound reasoner must arrive—that nothing but intelligence can play at chess.

The proprietor of the automaton deserves every encouragement: he renders the public a great service, for he amuses it. *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*; and that the public wills to be deceived is evident. How few would have accepted an invitation to play *a quo Marte* with a good chess-player! How many press to be witnesses of a game, where a figure in a Turkish costume, with a fixed stare and immovable physiognomy, and with the slow and solemn demeanour of an eight-day clock, usually obtains the victory over his appalled and confounded adversary! Satan, de-

fying the skeleton at the gates of the infernal abyss had not more courage than he who has the nerve to play at chess with the automaton.

VIII.

ON TITLES OF HONOUR—DUCHESS OF GORDON—EARL OF LAUDERDALE—HOUSE OF PEERS—NOBLES—DUKE OF RUTLAND—KNIGHTS—BARONETS.

Soon after the abolition of titles of nobility by the Constituent Assembly of France, the Earl of Lauderdale of that time, a favourer of what were foolishly called “French principles,” met the Duchess of Gordon of that time, a woman of well-known wit and repartee. The Earl said to the Duchess, “I hope, madam, ere long to have the pleasure of presenting Mrs. Maitland to Mrs. Gordon.”—“Indeed! when that shall be the case I shall be very sorry for my friend Lady Lauderdale; for I am sure she could have married your lordship for nothing but your title.”

The aristocrats applauded the jest in the spirit of party; it had, however, one fault—it was not applicable. Lord Lauderdale was a man of talent, and did as much honour to his rank as his rank did to him; and had he, according to his wish, been deprived of his title, he would have retained his personal claims to consideration, and would have been relieved, moreover, from the obscurity

thrown on him by the opaque bodies in whose orbit he was compelled to revolve.

The titles of the French *noblesse* had a real meaning; they were generally derived from the *terre* or estate of which the noble was possessed. Burke, with that rapidity and force of allusion which no other man was in an equal degree master of, makes the French tenantry complain that the Assembly had sent back to them their *seigneurs*, “such two-legged, unfeathered things,” as to be no longer cognisable. The abolition of titles did more than strip two-legged animals (how many legs would Burke give to a noble?) of their feathers; it set property itself on a new basis. The decree said in effect to these MEN, as defined by Plato, “You no longer hold your lands by the right of the sword, by which the ancestors of some of you obtained them, nor because you are counts and marquises; you hold them henceforward under the law, as French citizens.” Thus also the authority of the king was founded on a new principle from the moment he was called king, not of France, but of the French.

By the way, it is hardly fair in Burke, in his *diatribe* against the French revolution, which will live, as will his other writings, as long as English eloquence; it is hardly fair to ridicule this new royal title by talking of “the French King, or the King of the French.” *French King* were the words employed by our own writers, down to the time

of Burke, to designate the king of, or in France, without trenching on the title of our own sovereign; while diplomacy was tortured for the same purpose, and *S. M. T. C—sa majesté très-Chrétienne*, “the most Christian King,” were put into requisition to avoid dispute. Such are “the tortuosities of imaginary rectitude, the asperities of smoothness, and the complications of simplicity.”

Our English titles are unmeaning sounds, since a Duke of Devonshire or an Earl of Essex, for example, have no peculiar power or civil right within the counties from which they take their names; if they had, a great injustice would be done to a Duke of Beaufort or an Earl Grosvenor; whose rights, though they might have a “name,” would have no “local habitation.”

But titles are pretty sounds; our peers think so: they have coasted the island, made themselves patrons of bathing-places, and gone through the scale of intoxication. Intoxication! what has that to do *here*? It has: Are there not Portsmouth, Ply-mouth, Dart-mouth, Fal-mouth, Ex-mouth? Let the guilt of punning rest with those who cause it!

Our peers are hereditary legislators, and titles are useful to indicate them as such, and to mark clearly the transmission of this great privilege. They may be so; but a title of fantastical origin, or added to a family name, would answer this

purpose as well as a title derived from a town or county.

The titles of feudal chiefs in former times had their signification, as well as those of the French nobles before the revolution; an Earl of Chester might be lord paramount of a palatinate. Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, when the King, perceiving some remitency to his summons to the wars, said to him, “By G—, Sir Earl, you shall either go or hang.” hesitated not to reply, “By G—, Sir King, I will neither go nor hang.” But lords are more pretty behaved now-a-days; they resist by voting, not by fighting.

Titles are said to be useful in maintaining that respect for the proprietor, which is the best security of property; and I know a very sensible man who defended on this ground the title of “Lord Abbot,” so contrary, in appearance, to monastic humility. The argument is good in reference to titles derived from estates, and where feudal rights subsist; but it can hardly be supposed that the Irish, or even the English property of a marquis is a whit the safer in consequence of his taking his ordinary appellation from a hill near Bath.

Were titles indeed a necessary safeguard of property, I would be their fautor; for property is essential to the existence of man in society: without it—no labour; since “in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread,” is a curse from which all

will escape who can : without labour—no resources ; even food itself would fail. I admit, too, that where property in large masses is secure, and great proprietors only are titled in England, there the smaller subdivisions of it are safe. But the converse of this proposition is not true ; it does not follow, that when the little portions are safe, the large masses are secure. It may even be apprehended, that thus to class men by denominations, is to make out lists of proscription and plunder. This has been the case within our memory, and the example is seducing.

Titles are objectionable, not on account of their evil influence on the minds of those who bear them, for they tend rather to produce urbanity, by regulating and ascertaining to them their place in society, than pride in the rank assigned ; but because they form of the titled a *caste* apart.

Political inequality is an evil, but not a necessary or irremediable one. Social inequality, arising from the unequal distribution of wealth, is also an evil, but an evil which every attempt to do away with will only aggravate. Still further to aggravate this evil by distinctions, frivolous in themselves, dangerous to those who bear them, and humiliating to those who bear them not—this is not wise in man. But who will say that man is wise ? None but they who themselves lack wisdom.

There is, however, comfort and even hope for

the entitled. Our lords go into the city occasionally to look for well-dressed ladies; a banker and merchant may be received at court; and retired tradesmen entertain at their board princes of the blood! The number of the lords, and even of the baronets, has been doubled within half a century! *Quia natus et natus!*

I protest, however, unequivocally, against the style or epithet "honorable," "right honourable," "Most noble," &c. ye will: but, as the bumpkin says in the play, "I see *honorables* too."

In fact, our peers, though placed so high on the scale of the noblesse of society, are not so exclusive as were the ancient noblesse of France. They cannot look down with contempt on commoners, as that noblesse still does on *rétairies*; for their own sons and brothers are commoners. They are but few in number: they have no local or individual authority; the high functions and powers with which the constitution has invested them as legislators and judges in the last resort, seem to be a reason for the personal distinction that is awarded to them; these powers are exercised by them only when they are united in a body; out of the House of Lords, a peer is a private man; his superiority is therefore official.

Our country gentry are that body in England which answers to the noblesse of France; and the parity is more complete now that the French nobles have lost their feudal rights, and are be-

ginning to acquire, the poorer of them, a taste for farming ; and the richer of them, for the pleasures of Paris.

Though “the age of chivalry is gone,” it is wise to continue to confer knighthood. A laborious and learned jurisconsult, a military man of distinguished services, a man of science, a physician eminent in his profession, is thus recommended for life to the respect of his country. Besides, it pleases their wives, and thus may make their homes more comfortable.

The young Duke of Rutland, who was thought the fittest man that could be found to conciliate the Irish as Viceroy, after the troubles that had subsisted during the war with America, and who, in a good degree, effected this purpose by the splendor of his hospitality, and the frankness of his manners ; this Lord Lieutenant, in one of his progresses, stopped for the night at a little inn, where he was so well pleased with the accommodation, that, late in the evening, he knighted the landlord. Being told the next morning what he had done, the duke sent for *mine host*, and begged of him to consider the ceremonial as merely a drunken frolic. “For my own part, my Lord Duke, I should readily comply with your Excellency’s wish ; but Lady O’Shaunessy !”—

The institution of the hereditary knighthood, called baronetage, would not have been intelligible in England had not knighthood preceded it.. Even

to this day the common people say, “Such an one knight and *baronite*.” I dislike the origin of this *caste*, and the left hand dyed in the blood of Ulster. Besides, it is not fair that one plain country gentleman should have so much advantage over another of his species in the market of matrimony. Many women of large dower are as ready and anxious to be *ladies*, as Lady O’Shaunessy. Neither is it fair, that on no motive of civil polity or personal merit, a man should be set above his equals. But if any one can show reason why baronets should *be*, I am very placable, and, above all, willing to hear reason.

The House of Lords, once upon a time, was voted “useless and dangerous.” I do not think that the baronets will ever be voted dangerous !! Thus far on *castes*.

IX.

CHAPEL PRAYERS AT OXFORD—ANGLICAN CREED.

Mr. D_____, son of the Lord Bishop of _____, was a commoner of ____ College, Oxford, and, even in his youth, an enormously fat and bulky man. To him was applied this enigma :—

The stones of our chapel are both black and white ;
 ’Tis a fact most undoubtedly true ;
 But since ____ walks over them morning and night,
 ’Tis a wonder they ’re not black and blue !

These alternate squares of black and white marble were in danger of bearing the semblance of bruises, if not from the weight, yet from the number of the feet that passed over them. Morning and evening prayer was practised in every chapel of every college in the university. Cyril Jackson, dean of Christ-Church, whose government of his college was much lauded, professed to consider these prayers as a roll-call ; and if a young gownsman met the Dean in the ante-chapel on his coming out, such presentation sufficed ; but all undergraduates, without exception, were required to assist at these matutinal devotions, wholly, partially, or, as aforesaid, intentionally. With respect to the evening prayer, the bill or list of the Bible-clerk was collated with that of the porter ; and those young men who had not *knocked in*, i. e. had not returned to college after the closing of the gate, were sought for among the attendants at chapel. Such was the “Westminster discipline” of Cyril Jackson, and such, with various degrees of indulgence, was the usage of other colleges of the university.

Besides all this tramping inflicted on the marble pavement, there were surplice prayers. The reader who has not had “the benefit,” as my respected father used to call it, “of an university education,” or who does not live in a cathedral town, or in some such place as Rippon or Southwell, may be glad to be informed that these prayers are said

on the festivals and vigils or eves of those saints whose names, anciently printed in red letter, are still to be found in Italian character in the calendar of the Book of Common Prayer. As for saints of the second class, whose names appear in ordinary type, I know not that honour is paid to any of them, except to Saint Cecilia, whose feast the choir celebrates by an anthem in the church and a supper at the tavern. With this exception in favour of the patroness, or, as a chorister called her, the goddess of music, the rest are consigned to oblivion or neglect under the damning title of Popish Saints.

The surplice prayers too, so called from the surplices borne by every member of the foundation on these occasions, were condemned and complained of at Oxford, not as an excess of devotion—it would not have been decorous to have said this; not as tedious—that could not be; but as a relic of Popery; and such they undoubtedly are.

Antiquam exquirite matrem,— was the counsel given by the oracle to Æneas and his wandering followers: may it be listened to by those who are separated from Catholic unity! These lines of the same poet are also applicable:—

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas
Ostendunt.

Bear with me, gentle reader! I am in the vein of quotation: once more:—

**Septima post Trojæ excidium jam volvitur æstas,
Cum freta, cum terras omnes, tot inhospita saxa,
Sideraque emensi ferimur, dum per mare magnum
Italiam sequimur fugientem et volvimus undis.**

“The third century since the overthrow of Popery is now revolving, and we are carried on through all straits, on every ground of argumentation, knocking our heads against stone-walls, and following false lights, while we pursue the truth once received from Italy, and are tossed about by every wind of doctrine.” The parody is as exact as parodies usually are; and the terms in which it is conceived are applicable in a degree that must excite compassion in every mind imbued with Christian charity.

What has been—what is—the creed, the symbol, the confession of the church of England?

Dr. Jebb was asked if he knew any one who believed the thirty-nine articles; he said, he knew one man who believed one article, and another man who believed another article; but that he knew no one man who believed the whole thirty-nine.

A young, zealous, and conscientious student in Anglican theology once asked an experienced dignitary, “Pray, Sir, what do the Arminians hold?” “Hold?” said his Mentor: “Hold? Why, they hold all the best pieces of preferment in the church of England.”

X.

FRENCH EMIGRANTS—INFIDELITY—INTOLERANCE.

There are some who believe in a particular Providence: there are many who talk as if they believed in this dogma. It was therefore not unusual to refer the calamities, that fell on the French noblesse at the revolution, to the divine vengeance on their infidelity. Many of their own body, and many more of the French clergy, thought that the punishment inflicted had thus been called down from above; and they who, in this island, devise new religions,¹ and tear into shreds the “robe without seam,” joined in acknowledging the justice of the awful visitation.

It is, at this time, perfectly clear to me that men have the same right to reject entirely the authority of the society by which the Christian religion is taught, as they have to separate themselves from that society, or to take just so much of the doctrine as suits their own views; but in 1792, the great year of French emigration, I thought otherwise. It was, even, very convenient to suppose

¹ In the time of young Edward VI, when pulpit contradicted pulpit, a royal proclamation was issued commanding preachers to abstain from discussing in their sermons contested doctrines till the king in council shall have devised a new religion. Edward VI was a fine boy of his age, and as good a adviser as Elizabeth.

that the Gallican church had displeased God by its idolatry and abuses, and that the French *noblesse* had done the same by their incredulity. Nothing embarrasses a reasoner who has the law of the country in his favour.

M. le Marquis de — dined with me in Lansdown Place, and, as he was prompt to declare himself a *philosophe*, I asked him if he was wont to attend church when in France. He answered, “*A la campagne quelquefois, pour donner un exemple à mes vassaux.*”¹—“Then you countenance imposture?” said I.—“Comment?”—“If the Christian religion is true, it is true for you as well as for your vassals; if not true, it is an imposture.”—“*Elle est bonne pour le peuple.*”—“The people are not such fools as to be thus tricked; the circumstances in which you are at present, result, in a great degree, from the discovery that you did not believe what you wished to impose on them. Besides, *Rien n'est beau que le vrai,*” said I, anticipating the motto of Four Years in France. The Marquis did not like the dilemma, properly so called, to which he was reduced, and declined taking hold of the *horn* either of credulity or insincerity. He was a mere fashionable unbeliever, and would have assisted at mass at the church of San Ferdinando at Naples, or at any other place, in good company.

¹ “Sometimes, in the country, to set an example to my vassals.”

I knew another emigrant, however, who cordially detested Christianity. He said to me, *Est-il possible que vous croyez en Jésus Christ?*¹ and, having drawn from me a confession of my faith or an avowal of my weakness, he continued, *Mais, je crois que vous avez du bon sens!*² I related this conversation to a young friend, then a student in divinity of great hope and promise: he said, “Did not you knock him down?” So Don Quixote tells how Montesinos had dared to compare Dulcinea del Toboso with Belerma, and Sancho cries out, *Y aun me maravillo yo, de cómo vuestra merced no se subio sobre el vejote, y le molió à coces todos los huesos.*³

My friend, to do him justice, corrected his sentiment, when asked if he thought St. John the Evangelist ever knocked any one down for not believing in Jesus Christ, and submitted mildly to the reproof conveyed by the quotation, “Ye know not what spirit ye are of.” I should perhaps have forgotten this symptom of his vivacity, but that his subsequent conduct has proved that he is not unwilling to recur to the plan of “knocking down,” at least, of keeping down, those who differ from him in religion, as he is a declared ad-

¹ “Is it possible that you believe in Jesus Christ?”

² “Well, I thought you a man of good sense.”

³ “For my part I marvel that your worship did not set upon the old fellow and break every bone of his skin with fisty-cuffs.”

vocate for refusing their civil rights to his Catholic fellow subjects.

That God “ruleth in the kingdoms of the earth,” that he directs the affairs of the world in furtherance of his views in regard to the elect, since for their sake he will shorten the days of the last tribulation—these are awful truths. In our reasoning on them, and in our application of them to particular circumstances, we should be modest and humble, and, above all, remember the caution, “Judge not, that ye be not judged.”

I was acquainted with several French nobles during their emigration, whose faith had been confirmed and whose piety had been awakened, by that which usually produces this effect on the mind of man—affliction and the loss of earthly good. When such men acknowledged the divine justice, in that which it was laid on them to endure, they excited at once both pity and respect.

The Comte le Maistre, who died lately in Piedmont, author of a work, *Sur le Pape*, and of another still more generally admired, entitled, *Conversations de St. Petersburg*, says, “Our order has done great wrong to the Christian religion: we owe it an amend;” and he advises that members of the order of nobles should, with this purpose, enter the ecclesiastical state. This recommendation has been followed by several; among others, by the Duc de Rohan, who, after going through his course of theological study at St. Sulpice, be-

came a priest. When at Rome I had the honour of knowing him. The dignity and suavity of his manners, his zeal and disinterestedness, will do great service to the cause and profession he has espoused.

At the time when titles were abolished by the French national assembly, and the convenient term *ci-devant* was adopted to save each one the trouble of learning a new nomenclature of all his acquaintance; when, for want of resorting to this supplemental expedient, Mirabeau, designated in the newspapers by his family name instead of his title, complained, *Ces coquins de journalistes, pendant trois jours entiers, auront désorienté toute l'Europe,*—at this time a Frenchman, being then at the Hague, made use of the expression, *Jésus-Christ ci-devant notre Seigneur.*

This, to Christian ears, is outrage and blasphemy; but it is a conviction of the truth of Christianity that makes it so. Dr. White, professor of Arabic at Oxford, and preacher (for it was doubted whether Mr. Gabriel of Bath were not the author) of those celebrated specimens of pulpit eloquence, the Bampton lecture against Mahometanism—Dr. White said in conversation that Mahomet was “a very good sort of a man;—an impostor, Sir; certainly, Sir, an impostor.” Was it blasphemy in Dr. White, either in advised preaching or in familiar talk, to call Mahomet an impostor? The Frenchman at the Hague had the same opinion of the

Founder of Christianity, and he gave vent to his opinion in a witticism.

The Christians of the first three centuries were obliged to bear this and still more from those with whom they lived ; and it is only because the Christian world has the *knock-me-down* argument on its side, that we Christians take upon ourselves to be so horror-stricken by declarations of infidelity. We reduce the unbelievers to the consolation suggested by Jerry Tugwell, who, when the mob saluted the spiritual Quixote with a shower of rotten eggs, cried out, “ Ay ! Parsecute on—parsecute on : it will be our turn next.”

The infidels had their turn in France, for a short time, during the revolution, and they retaliated. It may be said that no persecution had been instituted in France against the infidels. Is contempt and arrogance, an air of domination, which always accompanies the substance of it, a misrepresentation of motives, a false estimate of the understanding of our opposers—are these not calculated to excite angry passions ? What would the Protestants of this land say if they were compelled to pay even that slight degree of homage to the Catholic cult which was required of the philosophers of France ; if its splendour and majesty and sanctity were continually displayed before their eyes ? Make their case your own.

“ Ay, but,” say the Protestants, “ we do not persecute unbelievers ; and besides, ours is a pure

faith." You do not persecute unbelievers, it may be answered, because they do not show themselves in that degree of force which is sufficient to excite the spirit of persecution, and not sufficient to intimidate it: you compel them to conceal themselves. Remember that it is by the compression of the steam that the boiler bursts. In France the parties have once tried their strength, and are still *en présence*. Conversing freely with men of all religions, and not belonging to the dominant one, I have the means of knowing that infidelity prevails most widely in this island, notwithstanding the purity of the faith, or faiths, here established, and so much vaunted as a remedy against scepticism. Indeed, in the opinion of the philosophers, the Christian revelation, if true, is true according to the Catholic scheme, and on the authority of the original society. Nay, Gibbon declares, that the Protestants, *according to their creeds*, are more credulous than the Catholics.¹

After all, we do not fight for "modes of faith":—

The little old woman and I fell out—
Shall I tell you what we quarrelled about?
She had got money and I had got none;
And that was the way the quarrel began.

Give no wealth, power, or preponderance to "zealous bigots" of any denomination; there will be

¹ See estimate of Protestantism at the end of chap. LIV. of Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

no more zealous bigots : zeal will be tempered by charity, and bigotry will seek for instruction. Let the state mind its own affairs ; religion is not one of them.

XI.

PRONUNCIATION OF Θ—THE LETTERS TH.

A friend at Avignon brought an English translation of the Port-Royal Greek Grammar ; the two volumes had been bound by a French bookbinder, and lettered on the back by the help of some words in capitals, picked with good success out of the title-page, “METHOD OF GREEK TONGUE.” We turned to the alphabet, and pointing to the Θ θ, asked our friend if he did not pronounce it *teta*? As he had brought the grammar to make us a present of it, such a remark was rather ungrateful on our part, as well as saucy.

The Abbé Denais, an emigrant priest from Anjou, talked English better than any foreigner I ever knew. He pronounced *th* perfectly well ; he observed to me moreover, “You have two *ths* ; you have *th* in *this*, *that*, and you have *th* in *thick*, *thin*. I shall tell you how I surmounted the difficulty of pronouncing them, and distinguishing between them.” Taking a letter out of his pocket, he tore off a very little bit of paper, and laying it on the back of his hand, and placing it horizontally in a line with his lips, said distinctly,—*this*,

that. He bade me remark that the bit of paper did not stir. Then, in like manner, emitting the words,—*thick, thin,* exclaimed,—*Regardez comme le morceau de papier s'envole;*^{*} and was quite delighted with the success of his experiment.

Of these two sounds of *th*, that in which the breath is retained may be called the *obtuse*, and that in which it is propelled, the *acute th*. The Latins had no words beginning with *th*, but those derived from the Greek. As they turned Θεὸς into *Deus*, it is probable that the Greeks sounded it obtusely. But, as Paley once said, quoting, I believe, some one else, “We do not know so much of the Greek as a Greek milk-maid, nor so much of the pronunciation as her cow.” The modern Greeks, I am told, have abandoned the *th*. They have adopted the auxiliary verb as fully as it is used in the languages derived from the Latin. If we may judge from Ζωὴ μοῦ σας ἀγαπῶ, they give in to the polite mode of addressing individuals in the plural number. Yet flattery is not a modern weed.

The Italians do not even put the *th* on paper; the French continue to give themselves this superfluous trouble; but the Italians write as they pronounce, *trono, teatro.* This does not look well.

L'Abbé Denais deserves much praise for the

* “See how the bit of paper flies off!”

pains he took to teach himself English. The French, whether voluntarily or involuntarily emigrating, hardly ever learn well a foreign language, for the same reason that impeded my efforts to talk Italian ;¹ the French is always *in the way*. This last phrase is very ingeniously equivocal.

XII.

ECCLESIASTICAL LIBERTY OF CATHOLICS—DISSENTERS AND UNBELIEVERS—PETITION TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Freedom of conscience, and religious liberty, are phrases that do not very accurately announce the purpose of those who are unfortunately under the necessity of making most frequent use of them. No human being can prevent another human being from doing with his conscience whatever he may will to do ; and he who defies all worldly consequences, may possess and profess what religion he pleases. Of this freedom, even the martyrs under Dioclesian and Queen Elizabeth were not deprived ; freedom of thought, of speech, and action, were enjoyed by the Colonel George, now Saint George, patron of England, when he tore down from the gates of the imperial palace of Nicomedia the decree for persecuting the Christians ; and by Father Arrowsmith, when he laughed at

¹ See “Italy as it is,” chap. vii. p. 173.

the Protestant bishop of Chester on account of the dispensation from the fast of Lent, obtained by that bishop and his “lusty ministers.”¹

That which is wanted, required, and petitioned for, by those who cannot conform to established religions, is *ecclesiastical liberty*. To justify this term, let us come to a right understanding of the word *ecclesiastical*.

Ἐκκλησία, which has passed through the Latin into all the languages of modern Europe, means an *assembly*, any sort of assembly; for the town-clerk of Ephesus dissolved τὴν ἐκκλησίαν; and this *ἐκκλησία* was no other than a riotous assembly, (like the mobs of London in 1780, and at Birmingham a few years later,) met together to cry out, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians!” of which assembly, (and in this point such assemblies have ever a wonderful agreement,) “the more part knew not wherefore they were come together.”

When, in the several towns of the Roman empire, a sufficient number of persons was converted to the Christian religion, these persons formed, in each town, an assembly; and the letters of the Apostles are addressed “to the assembly of God which is in such or such a place.” In unity of origin, of faith, and of essential discipline, these

¹ For St. George, see Alban Butler’s “Lives of the Saints.” For Father Arrowsmith, see “Memoirs of Missionary Priests,” by the Right Rev. Bishop Chaloner.

assemblies, in their aggregate, formed one assembly, "the one fold," "the spouse of Christ," "the pillar and ground of truth." Such is the *ecclesia*, in its whole and in its parts; called also, on account of its belonging to the Lord, its Founder, *xupiakē̄n*, *kirk*, or *church*.

During nearly three centuries this *assembly* was occasionally subjected to persecution, carried on by the Pagan priests, on the motive so candidly avowed by the silversmith, Demetrius:—"Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." In process of time, however, the *assembly* triumphed over its persecutors, and formed an alliance with the state, similar to that which had subsisted between the same state and the Pagan priesthood; the state still choosing to consider the religious opinions of its subjects as a part of its concerns; thus involving itself in perpetual and useless trouble and quietude.

Dissensions had arisen in the *assembly* before its union with the state: persons rejecting some of the dogmas taught by the original *assembly*, or interpreting them differently, had set up *assemblies* apart. These dissensions and separations had not disturbed the tranquillity of the state, so long as the state took no notice of them: but now, a rich and powerful body of men was on the alert, and the motive of Demetrius the silversmith is too obvious not to be at all times in operation. As the chief of the state inclined, persecution was exer-

cised against the members of the original *assembly*, or against those who had separated from it.

In the sixteenth century arose Luther and Calvin, who have given their names to great and numerous sects, or separated *assemblies* of the Christian people. In the northern part of Britain, the doctrines of Calvin were adopted; in the southern part of it, for political reasons that need not to be detailed, certain changes were made in religious matters by the power of the state. The state did not, however, leave to its subjects the liberty which it had itself assumed. The body of religious doctrine then framed was imposed on them by penalties of different degrees of severity, the intensity of persecution being directed against those who adhered to the ancient faith.

Many new modifications of the Christian religion have since arisen, and the number of those who disbelieve it entirely has, in these latter ages, very much increased. This latter description of persons enjoys ecclesiastical liberty, because they do not object to attend the *assemblies* of the believers, with a sneer at the imbecility of the believers, as a salvo for their own honour. But if they were to attempt, like honest men, to have an *assembly* of their own, and make public profession of the religion of nature, all the world of believers would be up in arms against them. It is, therefore, the liberty of having an *ecclesia*, or place of public *assembly* for ecclesiastical uses, that is want-

ed, and should be demanded by all who are not of the dominant religion. Any civil distinction to the disadvantage of the non-conformists is an impeachment of this ecclesiastical liberty.

I am astonished that the philosophers—let the unbelievers, or rather disbelievers, be so called—(a certain sect of Christians calls itself Unitarian—I am both an Unitarian and a philosopher; for I believe in one God, and, to the best of my poor ability, am a lover of wisdom; but I object not to the assumption by others of the title of philosopher or Unitarian, as it affects not my own religious designation)—I am astonished that the philosophers should tamely submit to the alternative of hypocrisy or persecution. If a man is not convinced of the truth of the Christian revelation, why should he not be allowed to say so? *What is that to the state?* The state has worse enemies than are the philosophers: they who throw a man into the sea—a sea of troubles—peril his existence; they who tie a mill-stone round his neck, assure his destruction.

Even if the philosophers have need of nothing else, they have need of being delivered from those impulses and influences of society which impose on them the necessity of a disgraceful dissimulation. Let them join their efforts to the efforts made by those who ask for *ecclesiastical* liberty, or the liberty of *assembling* for religious purposes without incurring the penalty of civil disadvantages;

Who ever heard of a literary or scientific society being submitted to political visitation on account of scientific or literary opinions there held? If any of the members do not conform to the rules of the society, they are expelled—excommunicated, if you will; and there is an end. But if any one maintains the Ptolemaic system, or that a fish in a bucket of water weighs nothing, or that the classics were written by the monks in the dark ages—these errors are innocent of the guilt of treason or sedition.

Those who treated Galileo as a bad Christian for believing in the motion of the earth, fell into absurdity from confounding things different in their nature; they too are equally absurd, and from the same cause, who think that a man cannot be a good legislator if he believes in transubstantiation.

If it be answered, that such an one is a bad legislator for a country where religious opinions, differing from his own, are established by law, I reply, that such answer is a *petitio principii*, a begging the question; since it is argued that no laws ought to exist affecting the civil condition of men on account of their religious opinions; that the believers in transubstantiation are one third part of the people of the empire; that the dissenters, as they are called, and the disbelievers, form at least one other third part; and all these, as experience has proved, have need of friends at court and in parliament to protect them from injustice and in-

sult: that they who reject episcopacy are admitted to be legislators, though, on principle, hostile to the great worldly interests of the establishment; that the privileges and property of the establishment are, in the keeping of men of mixed religious opinions, as safe as they ought to be; since our ancestors in the sixteenth century did not pretend,—did not engage, that the changes then made should be unchangeable, nor even that their establishment should last for eight centuries—the term of the duration of the establishment preceding that now subsisting; nor to deprive all future legislatures of the power exercised by themselves; nor to submit themselves and their posterity for ever to the conduct of a fallible guide, at the expence of justice, and of the peace, happiness, and liberty of the people.

With this view of the whole matter I drew up a petition to the House of Commons, framed, as to the terms of it, so as to suit all who want ecclesiastical liberty. Of the fate of my petition I yet know nothing; I sent it, by the post, (this, perhaps, was informal) to a member of parliament, whose great talents and influence might give effect to it, if he should be so pleased. At all events I consign it here as a literary memorial, in a true copy:—

" To the Honourable the House of Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled ;

" The petition of —— ——, of the parish of ——, in the city of ——, and county of ——, sheweth, '

" That about two hundred and seventy years ago, certain changes were made by law in matters touching the religion which had been professed by the kings and people of this realm during the eight centuries preceding such changes ; and that at the time when such changes were made, and at subsequent times, divers statutes were enacted, by which statutes such persons as should not conform to the changes aforesaid were made liable to punishment, and were deprived of privileges which, but for such statutes, would of right belong to them as subjects of the King's Majesty.

" That of these statutes some have been repealed, but others of them still remain in force.

" That your petitioner, being of the number of those who think that they may not, consistently with their duty to Almighty God, conform to the changes in matters touching religion as aforesaid, finds himself aggrieved by the statutes remaining in force as aforesaid ; that of this grievance he lays his plaint before your Honourable House, in the hope that your Honourable House, in its wisdom and justice, will promote and consent to the repeal of the said statutes.

" And your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray,
&c.

" Signed, —— ——."

' The blanks were, of course, filled up by names ; and in the enclosing letter my address was given. The petition is not qualified " humble." By what principle of argument, by what perception of feeling, should a petition be so qualified, presented to a commoner by those who are, really or virtually, his delegates ?

Copy of the letter in the *envelope* of the petition :

11th February, 1828.

"Sir,

" As an individual suffering wrong, I presume to request you, as a Member of Parliament, to present my petition to the House of Commons. I will not add to my indiscretion by occupying your valuable time by any observations of my own.

" I have the honour to be, with great respect,

" Sir,

" Your most obedient servant,

" _____."

" To _____, Esq., M. P.

No. —, — street, —."

XIII.

FRENCH JESTS ON THEIR GOVERNMENT AND RULERS—NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH, ENGLISH, AND ITALIANS.

A short time before the return of Louis XVIII to his capital in 1814, Monsieur (so the French king's eldest brother is fantastically designated) was sent before him to prepare the way for the restoration of the royal family. He was invested with the character of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and entered France by its eastern frontier in the rear of the allied Russian and Austrian armies. The English were fighting their way to Toulouse. The Comte d'Artois, though availing himself of the efforts of foreign forces, wished to conciliate the good will of the French people: he said to the

deputations that waited upon him with their addresses, *Rien n'est changé en France ; il n'y a qu'un François de plus.*—“Nothing is changed in France ; only there is in it one Frenchman more.”

The speech was well-imagined and striking ; it was at once prudent, patriotic, and tranquillizing ; it was *proné*, lauded, and cried up by the partizans of royalty ; it was disseminated every where ; impressed on medals : nor were these words soon forgotten ; subsequent changes led some persons to record and reproduce them in a mode not very favourable to the cause they once had served.

In the winter of the last year 1827, an animal, called a giraffe, was brought to Paris from the wilds of Africa : it is a sort of camelopard, very tall, and with a neck so long that it can reach to a great height—twelve or fifteen feet—above the ground, and feed on the branches of lofty trees. All the world at Paris flocked to see the wild beast.

Monsieur, Comte d'Artois, was now King Charles X. Some discontented malicious persons caused a medal to be struck, with the figure of the giraffe on one side, and, on the obverse, the words *Rien n'est changé à Paris ; il n'y a qu'une bête de plus.* This cannot be translated ; no word in English renders the sense of the French word *bête* thus employed.

The French are the most unruly—the hardest to be ruled—people on earth ; when they are dis-

pleased with their governors, they turn them into ridicule. Now there is some satisfaction in being hated ; the sentiment is flattering to the pride of a despot ; besides, he may hate in return, and thus have the delectation of revengeful feelings. But, though it is very easy for a multitude to laugh at one man, it is impossible for one man to laugh at a multitude ; and the multitude in France always has recourse to this arm.

Louis, the eighteenth king of his name, was twice brought back to the French, escorted by foreign bayonets. They said he was *deux fois neuf*. *Neuf* means both *nine* and *new* : twice nine is eighteen.

When the terms of the treaty which followed the restoration of the king were known, the French amused themselves by composing what they called the alphabet of the restoration, *La nation Française a. b. c.* The French pronunciation of these letters suggests to every one the word *abaissée*. *Quarante-trois Départements c. d. (cédés.) Le ministère e. b. t.* As the aspirate in the word *hétété* is not sounded, you have only to pronounce the three letters to arrive at the sense. *La gloire des armées Françaises f. a. c. (effacée.)* These are a few specimens of this *mauvaise plaisanterie* that greeted the restored monarch.

Those who, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, followed the king in his flight, were said to have taken “a sentimental journey.” An officer

of the army, pleading his merits at the *bureau* of the minister of war, enumerated among his claims, that he had attended the king to Gand. *Monsieur a fait le voyage sentimental!* The sneer with which this sentence was uttered, made of it a sentence of condemnation.

The king gave Talleyrand Perigord an occasion of reminding his majesty of his unwillingness to wait for an interview with Napoleon. When kings jest with men who, though subjects, are witty, they play with edged tools: *Je vous félicite, M. de Talleyrand; on me dit que Madame de Talleyrand doit bientôt venir à Paris;* intimating, at the same time by a look, that he knew the meeting was not enthusiastically desired by the husband. *Ah, Sire! ce sera mon vingt Mars.*¹

Talleyrand had wit at will, both for sovereigns and ladies. He said to Alexander of Russia, when that emperor announced his intention of retaining the Prussian part of Poland, *Votre Majesté perdra le plus beau de ses titres, celui de LIBÉRATEUR.*²

A lady paid a visit to M. de Talleyrand: she had two qualities that do not usually much recommend the fair sex to the admiration of men;

¹ “ I give you joy, M. de Talleyrand: they tell me Madame de Talleyrand is coming to Paris very soon.”—“ Ah, Sire! it will be the twentieth of March to me.”—The day of Napoleon’s entry.

² “ Your Majesty will lose the finest of all your titles—that of Deliverer.”

she affected to be a profound politician, and, what was worse, she squinted very much. After some common talk, the lady said, in a coaxing way, “*Eh bien, Monsieur de Talleyrand, dites-moi donc un peu, comment vont les affaires publiques.*”—“*Comme vous voyez, Madame—de travers.*”¹

It is said not to be uncommon with politicians to take oblique and indirect views of things; I hope this is only an envious report without foundation. It is unfortunate when it is so; since the measures adopted may take their character from the furtive glance by which the object is apprehended. It is better for them to take the honest mode of following their noses. Though this advice is good for men of limited talents, it ought not to be adopted by all. The general good is an infallible guide.

The French are, in truth, a most amiable people. An Englishman of my acquaintance, a man of conversational powers of the first order, one capable of judging the French, says, “An Englishman must be glad to die; for his life is a constant scene of objurgation and quarrelling: he hears of nothing but beating and knocking down; restraint, suspicion, and sullenness; whereas a Frenchman, when about to die, is on the point of leaving what he must regret to leave; for in France, all is plea-

¹ “Well, M. de T., tell me; let me hear a little how public affairs go on.”—“As you see, Madame—all awry.”

~~where~~ every ~~man~~ ~~spoke~~ however, mutual suspicion, the apprehension if not the essence, of ~~revolutionary~~ ~~adhesion~~.¹ The picture explained by the general impression, is not too highly coloured.

When yet new in France, and with some John Bull prejudices still sticking about me, I said to a Frenchman, with whom I was talking, "Je n'ai pas l'honneur d'être Français." My master certainly bewrayed through ~~suspic~~ that I did not think it an expressi "honor" to be a Frenchman, and that I imagined at the French for having such an opinion. Be with whom I will, since my words conveyed a compliment, whatever my looks might do, adhered to the favorable interpretation: he replied, "Monsieur, vous avez le honneur d'être Anglais."² — "V'nez en l'autre," said I, referring to the unjust laws by which I am robbed of the rights of an Englishman, and anxious at the same time, as was inadvertent on me, to change the topic.

The French, though very quick and even violent in anger, are very logical in their quarrelling; and let this be another token of that exactness which I have elsewhere stated to be a characteristic of the people. They wait till they have proof irrefragable of malice preposse. They like to have

¹ "I have not the honour of being a Frenchman."

² "Sir, you have the happiness of being an Englishman!"— "Neither one nor the other."

the argument well adjusted before they begin; and never betray symptoms of impatience, at least not strong symptoms, so long as the case may permit the other party to turn round upon them with "Sir, I did not say that," or, "My words bear a different interpretation from that which you are pleased to give them." This is wise.

The eastern part of France had been the scene of the campaigns of 1814-15; and the English were more hated there than in other parts of the kingdom. Yet how often have the kind encouraging words, *soyez tranquille, Monsieur*, set me at rest in my little embarrassment when first I journeyed in the country! I found by experience that these words contained a pledge, always redeemed, of relieving me in the difficulties resulting from inexperience, and of affording me, in the language of my *passe-port*, *aide et protection en cas de besoin*.

They have a phrase that is in itself the mother and mistress of patience, with cheerfulness, and at the same time a proof of the happy disposition of the people; they say of such or such disagreeable occurrence, *c'est un petit malheur*. We have no *petits malheurs* in England; our humid climate, our gross feeding, and muddy ale, our puritanism and politics, keep us in continual ill humour. We take every thing *doggedly*:

This last word reminds me of a short list of Somersetshire epithets, given to me on a chance scrap of paper by my valued and ever-lamented

friend Richard Paget ;—all my readers know him. This list is curious as a specimen of provincial language ; and the contradictions included in it have the merit of being applicable to the English character :

Dogged cattish,
Deadly lively,
Desperate hopeful,
Cruel kind or pitiful,
Plaguy quiet.

Paget promised to lengthen out the list ; but death has deprived the world of this valuable addition to my Literary Memorials.

The Italians are not so quick, so *brusque* in manner as the French. I observed in them an air of fastidious astonishment at the crowds of us English who annually inundated their country during the winter. Under this feeling, I said to a *signore* of my acquaintance, whom I met in a large party, “ You Italians regard the other nations of Europe as barbarians.” He smiled intelligently, and replied, “ *Lei non lo è.*”—“ But history is full of your efforts *per cacciare i barbari al delà degli Alpi.*”—“ *Nei tempi passati,*”¹ said he.

The French consider French manners and good manners as synonymous ; to this there can be no objection ; the fact is so. Yet I used to tell them that *politesse Française* is an unpolite expression ;

¹ “ You are not one.”—“ To drive the barbarians beyond the Alps.”—“ In past times.”

for it is one thing to say the French are polite, and another to say that politeness is French.

A French gentleman asked another, who had lived as an emigrant in Poland, what were the manners of society at Warsaw.—“*Tout à fait Françaises.*” It is possible, however, that this answer may not have been conceived in the spirit of an *exclusive*.

The people of northern Italy have more of the French *tournure* than other Italians. The Florentines have a sort of nothing-to-doishness hanging on them. The Romans do not affect grandeur; for no Italian—man, or even woman, is guilty of affectation; but they seem to regret their grandeur past. The Neapolitans are “volcanic,”—impetuous; but frank, cheerful, kind; and all Italians are better cosmopolites than the French; less national, less given to make comparisons favourable to themselves and unfavourable to others. Reciprocal forbearance may lead to mutual good understanding, benevolence, good offices, charity.

XIV.

BENNET LANGTON, ESQ., LANGTON-HALL—JOHNSON'S ROLL
DOWN HILL—GEORGE LANGTON, ESQ.

As my grandfather, though a clergyman, and prebendary of Lincoln, had a manor and estate on the Wolds, he was considered as a sort of esquire, and was in the relation of neighbourhood with the

country gentlemen around ; amongst others, with the family at Langton, about four miles from his own house, near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire.

In early youth I knew Bennet Langton, *of that ilk*, as the Scotch say ; with great personal claims to the respect of the public, he is known to that public chiefly as a friend of Johnson ; he was a very tall, meagre, long-visaged man, much resembling, according to Richard Paget, a stork standing on one leg near the shore, in Raphael's cartoon of the miraculous draught of fishes. His manners were, in the highest degree, polished ; his conversation mild, equable, and always pleasing. He had the uncommon faculty ('tis strange that it should be an uncommon faculty,) of being a good reader ; and read ' Shakspeare with such animation, such just intonation and inflexion of the voice, that they who heard him declared themselves more delighted with his recitation than with an exhibition of the same dramatic piece on the stage.

He understood Greek ; I would say that he loved it, but that Dr. Parr—in his own way—has said of our late president of Magd. Coll., commentator on the Psalms, “ he understood Greek, and he loved Hebrew ;” meaning, as is inter-

* Certainly it would be well to adopt Bishop Horsley's spelling of this word in the oblique tenses, “ redde ;” but I have not audacity enough.

preted, that he did not understand Hebrew; by implication a dreadful charge against a commentator on the Psalms.

Bennet Langton passed an evening with me at my mother's house, in the Minster Yard. In the course of conversation he took out a small pocket album, containing bon-mots or heads and notices of bon-mots, which he filled out and commented upon in a most amusing manner. Among other witticisms was a short copy of macaronic Greek verses, of which I remember,

five-poundon elendeto, ah ! mala simplos;
and .

hoi de clubboisin ebankthen.

He said that Edmund Burke was rude and violent in dispute; instancing, "if any one asserted that the United States were in the wrong in their quarrel with the mother country, or that England had a right to tax America, Burke, instead of answering his arguments, would, if seated next to him, turn away in such a manner as to throw the end of his own tail into the face of the arguer."

I attended Mr. Langton to the door when he took his leave, and we found it to be a fine moonlight night; he broke out into a Doric line, ending with δῖα σελάνα. I asked him if his δῖα σελάνα would make a lantern unnecessary when he should come into the dark streets of the town; he said, "her influence will extend even there."

I formed an intimacy with his son, George Langton, nearly of the same age as myself, and went to pay him a visit some years later, at Langton, where he resided with his family. Mr. Langton was there, with Lady Rothes and their daughters. The house—not the *old* house, for *that*, my friend told me, was pulled down two hundred years before—but *this*, the *modern* house,—I hope it is still standing,—was entered by a porch that opened into a wide passage, on the left hand of which were the folding doors into the great hall; in this was an oriel, corresponding in the façade with the porch; in the wing of the house near the entrance were kitchen and spacious offices; at the other end of the hall a drawing-room and the grand staircase; behind the hall two good sitting-rooms to the “back front,” as Lord C. called it. Such is the ground plan of Langton Hall, about which I have known several persons to be curious, for whose sake this description is given.

When the ladies retired after supper, we seated ourselves before the massive chimney-piece surmounted by the family coat-of-arms; these arms had been altered by command of the king-at-arms, who declared the present bearings more *convenient*. What was more to the purpose than the picture on the shield, there was a cheerful wood fire on the hearth, and the evening passed most pleasantly. The father was his son’s guest as well as myself; it was not therefore incumbent on me to

retire before him: at one in the morning he lighted his bed-candle, and wished me a good night.

After breakfast we walked to the top of a very steep hill behind the house. When we arrived at the summit, Mr. Langton said, “Poor, dear Dr. Johnson, when he came to this spot, turned back to look down the hill, and said he was determined ‘to take a roll down.’ When we understood what he meant to do, we endeavoured to dissuade him; but he was resolute, saying, ‘he had not had a roll for a long time;’ and taking out of his lesser pockets whatever might be in them—keys, pencil, purse, or pen-knife, and laying himself parallel with the edge of the hill, he actually descended, turning himself over and over, till he came to the bottom.”

The story was told with such gravity and with an air of such affectionate remembrance of a departed friend, that it was impossible to suppose this extraordinary freak of the great lexicographer to have been a fiction or invention of Mr. Langton. As I do not know the date of Johnson’s visit to Langton, I cannot tell how old he was at the time of this “downward flight.” He died, as all the world knew at the time, and as hardly any one knows now, in 1785, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He must have been more than half a century old at the time of this *lark*. When old men, being also wise men, play fool’s tricks,

it ought to be considered as a good-natured condescension on their part.

George Langton had profited by the conversation and instructions of his father, so as to become a man of almost universal, though perhaps superficial, literary knowledge. Lusignan, descended, no doubt, from the ancient kings of that name, had been engaged to teach him the modern Greek; from this master he had learned to write the language currently, joining together the several letters of each word, as is the use in writing other modern languages as well as the Latin. I have seen beautiful specimens of manuscript in Greek; particularly one by Thomas Young, M. D.; but in these the pen had stopped at the formation of each letter.

Langton related an anecdote of Lusignan of that sort which is found so amusing in our countrymen's "Italian Tours." It had been imposed on him by his director as a penance to recite a certain number of times, before breakfast, the words *Kύριε Καστορ*. He paced his chamber impatiently, repeating, with what seemed practised rapidity, the words prescribed; ever and anon, however, opening his door and calling down stairs to the maid, "Is my breakfast ready?"

Langton showed me his pedigree with the names and arms of the families with which his own had intermarried: it was engrossed on a piece of parchment, about ten inches broad and from twelve to

fifteen feet long. “It leaves off at the reign of Queen Elizabeth,” said he.—“Humph! Half our peerage would be proud of being able to go back even so far as Elizabeth. Why do you not continue it down to the present day?”—“That can be done at any time. I should be proud of your Digbys, but I am not proud of the antiquity of my own family: it has not produced any famous men.”—“What is the first signature at Runnymede?”—“My ancestor signed first, as primate of all England; he had no more merit in obtaining Magna Charta than any other man.”—“If he had as much, that was a great deal for an archbishop. You ought, at least, to continue his *name* by giving it to one of your sons.”—“My eldest is called John-Stephen.”—“That is not enough; the name should not have been merged into a second name.”

Towards the beginning of the French revolution my friend was a furious aristocrat, but in later times he adopted liberal principles. He told me, “I said to Mrs. ——,” naming the lady, “You break out, on all occasions, into violent abuse of the Jacobins; but look round, and observe if there is any man of sense of your acquaintance who is not a democrat. She reflected a few moments, and then replied, It is very odd, but the fact is really so.” Langton had more than his share of abuse, on this head, from the ladies and gentlemen of his neighbourhood.

After ten years of absence and of foreign travel, it would have been a great consolation to me to have found, still in life and health, one whom, on many accounts, I esteemed highly; one with whom I could have conversed in entire confidence. But human life is like the retreat of Napoleon's army from Moscow; we are compelled to be satisfied to cast a look on those who drop by the way, and to march onwards.

XV.

LATE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND GIBBON.

The Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George III, permitted Mr. Gibbon to present to him the first volume of *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. When the second volume of that work appeared, it was quite in order that it should be presented to His Royal Highness in like manner. The prince received the author with much good nature and affability, saying to him, as he laid the quarto on the table, “Another d—mn’d thick, square book! Always scribble, scribble, scribble! Eh! Mr. Gibbon?”

Does not every reader of this anecdote judge it to be a most ingenious example of *persiflage*? How admirably does the prince *quiz* the Vo-Luminous Historian! “Your book,” he may be interpreted to say, “has the three extensions of magnitude:

its length is equal to its breadth ; for its thickness, I measure that by the rule or plummet line ; I will not undertake the labour of turning over every leaf and reading down every page."

It would be almost treasonable to suppose H. R. H. incapable of viewing more than the outside of a quarto. We must suppose Gibbon, too, to be a very silly man, if he could be flattered by the leave given to lay his works before so incompetent a personage. This was the second volume; the prince and Gibbon were known to each other; the tendency of Gibbon's writings was known, and he sustained a princely rebuff.

XVI.

A LATE PRECENTOR OF LINCOLN—FRENCH REVOLUTION— SLAVE TRADE.

That precentor of Lincoln, of whom Paley speaks in his "Conversations," and whom I have mentioned with the respect I sincerely bear his memory, was a man, like not a few others whom I have known, who had raised his mind to that level of literature and information, that he judged every thing, admired nothing, and was above all ambition of literary fame. Perhaps he thought he did his duty to society by attention to the duties of his ecclesiastical place, and by inculcating, by word and example, what he thought to be good and true principles in church and state. Besides, he had a

feeling of something like contempt for books, and quoted with approbation some one who had said that "books are only good to teach fools to think." His reading had made him independent of reading, and he kicked down the ladder by which he had climbed.

In his youth, however, he had been an author, and, in the caustic way peculiar to him, began his dedication, "To the reader—I omit the epithets—kind, gentle, courteous, benevolent—for fear of mistake." I remember little of this book, except that it asserted the superiority of the moderns to the ancients; and, amongst other topics to the same purport, that the treatise of Longinus on the Sublime was a mere school-boy declamation compared with the lucubrations of the periodical critics of the time; and this, before the appearance of the blue and yellow livery of the Edinburgh Reviewers, whose talents would have corroborated his theory, though their principles would have called down his anathema.

He preached occasionally in his cathedral church, and (but that I think him above affectation) I should say, that he affected the manner of Dr. South. "Two men went up into the temple to *pray*." This was the text; and then followed immediately the "counter-check quarrelsome"—"Twould be well if all who went there now-a-days, went for the same purpose."

Men whose memory cannot go back forty

years, can form to themselves no idea or apprehension of the excitement caused in England by the French Revolution, at its commencement at least; for measures, stronger than ever were adopted by any government not a military despotism, soon compressed and quelled all who favoured or desired to imitate it. But in 1789, and for some years after, the parties were declared—they were, according to the French phrase, *en présence*. About this time, G. preached a sermon; it was on the thirtieth of January; and the event commemorated on that day allowed fair and ample field for counsel and invective. “Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and to God the things that are God’s.” “Fear God—honour the king.” These, and other similar passages, were emphatically cited, and summed up with—“Such were the opinions of Christ and his apostles; but Christ and his apostles were not philosophers; they were not well read in the ‘social contract.’”

This was, in my humble judgment, unbecoming and irreverent; but it shows how spirit-stirring was, at that time, the CAUSE. He went on to say, “It has lately been discovered that all men are equal; all equally wise and equally good; all equally capable of governing the state or of managing a sheep-fold, of leading an army or driving a plough; and all equally fit and willing to command when their turn may happen to

This popular scheme he designated in conversation by the trivial and cant term of “French principles.” The expression was taken up, *relevée*, by my friend: “ You may as well talk of French triangles as of French principles. If the principles are true, they belong to the whole world; they are true every where, as triangles are triangles every where; if the principles are false, they are no principles at all. Prove them to be false.” Luckily, dinner was announced, and we were saved, for that time, from discussion of matters much more fatiguing to your fathers, my young readers, than the corn laws and Catholic emancipation to the present race of men.

In 1792 the inhabitants of Lincoln were invited by public advertisement to convene for the purpose of petitioning parliament for the abolition of the slave-trade. So long as church and state shall be united as they are, no measure, however just, and merciful, and politic, shall be thought by the church to be good for the state, if such measure be proposed by dissenters: the nurse will always be jealous lest its nursling should receive its milk, even the milk of human kindness, from other breasts than her own. The petitioners against the slave-trade had, in fact, mounted a machinery of mutual intelligence and union, which might be worked for other purposes; and the recent spoliation of the church of France might alarm persons less alive to the well-being of that of England than

was our precentor. He resolved to attend the meeting.

He entered the room, where a large company was already assembled; taking off his hat, and lowering it to his knee as he entered, and making a profound reverence,—“I come to receive instruction from this enlightened company.” He drew near the table, and taking up one of the many papers laid on it, “Who is this Mr. Hercules Ross? A strong man, I presume; at least he makes strong assertions; for he declares the slave-trade to be ‘contrary to the laws of God and nature.’” The chairman, a gentleman of high respectability, allied however to dissenterism, and suspected of being no friend to *the church*, called out to him, “Moderate your voice. Mr. Precentor!”—“I cannot moderate my voice; God and nature have given *me* a loud voice, and I must use it, such as it is. But I desire to be informed by the theologians here present, to what law of God and nature the slave-trade is contrary. The state of slavery has subsisted from the earliest times. Was not Joseph a slave? Did not his brethren sell him into Egypt?” A very worthy citizen, who gained an honest livelihood by his comb and his fiddle; who dressed the heads of the ladies in the morning, and addressed dancing tunes to their ears in the evening, answered this interrogation by proposing, mildly and respectfully, the question, “And wasn’t it very cruel of his brethren to

serve him so, Doctor?" To this demand, the doctor replied, with a good-natured smile and a "pish—pshaw!"

He was now reproached with having come thither to disturb the unanimity of the meeting. "Why," said he, "you call people together to consider of a petition: those who think it wrong have as much right to come as those who think it right." This was, in fact, an appeal to the argument of numbers. The chairman, therefore, called on all who approved of the petition to hold up their right hands, at the same time inadvertently holding up the left hand himself. This peccadillo did not escape the captious notice of the Precen-tor: "Mr. Chairman, you do not seem to know your right hand from your left." His own right hand was the only one there that day not held up in the cause of justice and mercy. He loved jus-tice, for he was a man of sound reason; he loved mercy, for he had a benevolent spirit; but he would not uphold them in unison with the enemies of his idol, church-and-king; with those who were ene-mies, not indeed of the church, nor of the king; but of church-and-king, one and exclusive.

On one point however, he prevailed. "Your petition begins, 'We, the inhabitants of Lincoln.' You are not *all the inhabitants* of Lincoln; *all* are not included; some are not here. I, who am here, do not join you." And the particle *the* was can-celled, in deference to this *particular* objection.

After an assize at Lincoln, a criminal was left for execution. The ordinary or chaplain of the prison was hindered, by some cause, from performing his office, and the other clergy, each of them, it may be supposed, in the hope that some other would undertake the painful duty, excused himself from attending the sufferer in his last moments. The precentor, on this occasion, gave a practical lesson of zeal, humility, and piety. He went to the poor prisoner, gave him the consolations of his religion, walked by his side from the jail to the gallows, and quitted him only when the last dreadful struggle was about to be accomplished. Then, staggering from the excess of his own emotion, he said to the nearest of the crowd, without seeing to whom he spoke, “Lead me away, I beg of you, lead me away.” The remembrance of this scene was, doubtless, a source of holy comfort to himself in his last illness—at the hour of death. That death he met with dignified resignation, and was sincerely regretted by all capable of appreciating his worth.

Since writing the above, I have recollect^{ed} that the work, mentioned as written by the subject of the present article in his youth, was an answer to “Brown’s Essay on the Characteristics;” a book which attracted great notice at the period immediately preceding the administration of the first Earl of Chatham; it charged the ill success of public affairs on the effeminacy of modern times.

The public likes to read abuse of the public: no man takes it to himself.

In the 30th of January sermon, after quoting “Render unto Cæsar,” &c., the preacher observed, “It is not here exactly specified what duty is owing either to God or to Cæsar; to set limitations on the precept, and to circumscribe its operation, was a task which might safely be left to human ingenuity; there was no reason to fear that men would carry their obedience too far in either case.”

XVII.

SURPRISES—GOLDSMITH—DR. RICHARD WOODDESON.

A lady, who had passed several years of her life in India, said to me, as she was sitting very quietly in her drawing-room, after a little pause in the conversation, “I was riding one day on an elephant”—I started. “What is the matter?” said she, “it is very common for people to ride on elephants in India.”—“I know all *that*; and that an elephant is not a tiger; but you must allow for the surprise.”

George Langton told me that he was present one day, when Goldsmith, (Dr. Oliver,) in a circle of good company, began with, “When I lived among the beggars in Axe-lane,—” Every one present was well acquainted with the varied habits of Goldsmith’s life, and with the *naïveté* of his cha-

racter; but this sudden trait of simplicity could not but cause a momentary surprise.

Richard Wooddeson, LL.D. Vinerian professor of the laws of England in the university of Oxford, gave lectures, which I attended occasionally. One day, the professor, preceded, as usual, by the bedel bearing the gilded mace, entered the schools and mounted the rostrum; he was robed in his doctorial gown of pink and scarlet, with a round cap of antique form, and of the same material as the robe. This cap he raised from his head as a signal that he was about to begin, and, replacing it, he did begin, announcing the subject of his lecture,—“On civil actions.” The sense in which he used the words was clear; but their equivocal meaning, to those who had not what has been called “a legal apprehension,” could but cause a momentary surprise. It was not his fault, and he ought not to bear the blame; but he certainly gave occasion to a pun. His horse ran away with him, and he was told that the accident was owing to his giving his horse too much *law*. As he was, however, for a professor of civil law, rather a bold rider, he tried to make his horse more manageable, by leaping him over a bar. This he did so cleverly, that the same punster exclaimed, “Ah! Dickey, if you had but been brought up to the bar on horseback!” The punster was Dr. John Shaw, editor of the *Argonautica* of Apollonius Rhodius.

Dr. Wooddeson was a man of great learning and

talents; on civil government he had an opinion, not very common, that the best of all forms was the aristocratical; and I heard him maintain this opinion with great force of argument. In monarchies, he said, too much is risked on individual character, and the scheme of rule changes with the person of the chief. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the evils of the democratic form; the dissensions and struggles for power that always disgrace it: indeed, it may be questioned if a pure democracy ever existed; it soon resolves itself into an oligarchy. The most permanent, the most prosperous states, have been aristocracies; they are uniform in their plans, never either old or young; one *mauvaise tête* is corrected by many wise heads; their quarrels affect themselves only, and do not disturb the people.

When speaking, in his lectures, of the House of Commons, he did it very superciliously; but of the Upper House with reverence and awe, for which he could hardly find expression. "The lords, with that transcendental dignity which has ever characterized their august assembly," &c.

XVIII.

TYPOGRAPHY—A LATE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Typography conveys meaning with skill almost emulative of the inflexions of the human voice, or the expression of the physiognomy: *e. g.*

What can ennoble fools, or sots, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

In these lines, thus printed, nothing more is read than a general moral reflection; no one supposes the name here set down to be mentioned for any other reason but because it is the most illustrious of the nobility; or perhaps, for the truly poetical reason that *Howard* rhymes with *coward*; no one ever doubted but that *that* family possessed its fair proportion of good sense, temperance, and courage. But—print in capitals the word *sots*—and this was done when these lines were first published—a censure, true or false, is thrown on the Duke of Norfolk of that time.

Benjamin Constant, whom to name, is to introduce to the reader one well known to him, complained that the *censeur* neglected so much of his duty as required him to protect from the insults of the journalists the *liberal* members of the Chamber of Deputies. Some impertinent remarks had been made in the public papers on *reunions*, at M. Lafitte's, of his constant friends. The *censeur* excused himself by saying, that he had read the article in manuscript; and that the personality complained of was effected by printing the word “*constant*” in Italics. Of this trick he, the *censeur*, poor man, was totally unsuspecting and unaware.

These are imperfect instances of the manœuvres of typography. Return we to the Howards.

One of them will be regarded by some of my readers as, *par excellence*, a man of good sense, for he renounced “the errors of Popery;” but of the validity of this Protestant proof of his good sense he was by no means sensible himself; he said, “I cannot be a good Catholic; I cannot go to heaven; and if a man is to go to the devil, he may as well go thither from the House of Lords as from any other place on earth.”

When he *qualified* for some office, perhaps that of Lord Lieutenant of the county—of Gloucester, I think—which qualification consisted in receiving the Lord’s Supper according to the rite of the Church of England, he returned the cup out of which he drank the sacramental wine, saying in hardly an under voice, “Port—by G—!” What does the church of England gain by conversions such as these?

In truth I never heard any member of the church of England take credit to his church for the conversion of this Duke of Norfolk: he was known to be a man of a strong and well-informed mind; it followed, as a matter of course, that no one suspected him of being, argumentatively and on conviction, a convert. He may have been suspected of infidelity, that is, of disbelieving the Christian revelation; but on this point it is probable that he wavered in doubt and uncertainty; perceiving, however, very clearly that the revelation, if it

ought to be received at all, ought to be received on the Catholic principle, and on the authority of the Catholic church.

A short time before his death, he had a conversation with Dr. Milner, the course of which led the bishop to remark that the respect professed by his Grace towards the Catholic faith could not be reconciled with the declarations he had made against it. “When? How?” said the duke. The bishop reminded him of the formalities he had complied with on taking his seat in the House of Peers. “Surely I never said all this?” exclaimed the duke. “Indeed, my lord duke, you have said it, or assented to it.”—“I shall be glad to talk with you more at length on the subject, Dr. Milner.” The duke, however, died suddenly not long after.

I remember a conversion, the converse, in one respect, of this; the church of England could not boast of its convert, because he was so very silly. So long as temporal motives shall be urged, every convert will be too wise or too foolish to be thought capable of sincerity.

To return to typography: I recommend to our printers to adopt the Spanish usage of placing the mark of interrogation at the beginning of the question, instead of putting it at the end of the interrogatory sentence. One of my daughters reads Spanish to me, and finds by experience the obviously greater convenience of this mode.

The mark of admiration is worn out: even the

triplication of it !!! has ceased to cause surprise at aught but the trick of the printer's devil, or of the poor author who is reduced to such shifts to point out what is admirable in his book.

The line, thus, — was first brought into use, at least into fashion, by Sterne and the sentimentalists: it is very useful in book-making, as it may occupy the space of a word of two syllables. The sparing employment of it may be commendable, where the sense is interrupted or suspended in such a way that the comma will not serve the turn, as is sometimes the case; for the comma unites while it separates. Let me not be charged with absurdity: grammarians know that there are such things as conjunctions disjunctive, as well as conjunctions copulative. The comma is the latter of these; the — is the former.

Three or four dots . . . may be used instead of the line —; they may be applied to mark an insinuation of which the meaning is to be left to the interpretation of the reader. Thus the author of “Transrhenane Memoirs” says, “Dresden has been called the Florence of Germany: it is the Florence . . . of Germany.”

The parenthesis () is now almost exploded; modern printers regard it as a deformity on the page; and so it is; and so are capital letters, and every thing that breaks out from the uniformity of the line: the Glasgow Homer is evidence of this; but since no one will be so hardy as to counsel, for

universal practice, the cutting off the heads of all the tall poppies, like Tarquin in Roman story, let the parenthesis subsist; it is wanted—for intercalation differs from suspension of the sentence. A writer needs not, like the bishop of Carlisle, to work up all the hooks in his printer's office; but if he will write parenthetically, let him give notice by the appropriate machine. Parenthesis makes composition to be involved, but it tends to conciseness and compression.

The *alinea*, improperly called the paragraph, is neither more nor less than a great full stop or period. Chapters, sections, numeros, articles; these are all but so many periods; each has its force and its degree of force; all enter into the scheme of punctuation, and are subservient to the conveyance of the purpose of the writer by typographical ingenuity.

XIX.

DUCHESS OF FLORIDIA—MOOKA RUMI—DR. PHILLPOTTS
AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Protestants have their name from protesting against the Catholic faith; by consequence, they ought to know what that faith is: nevertheless, their ignorance of it is astonishing. They ought to abstain from talking of that of which they know nothing; nevertheless, whenever they meet with a Catholic, they cannot help entering on the subject. A few evenings ago, I was in company with a very

dear and respected old friend, and with another person whom I then saw for the first time. The conversation turned on my travels—on Naples: when my friend, suddenly calling out my name as if about to repeat to me something very interesting, cried out, “What a disgrace it is to the Catholic religion that the late king of Naples should have been allowed to have a wife on the terms on which he had the duchess of Floridia!”—“What terms?”—“He did not acknowledge her as queen.”—“And what has the Catholic religion to do with that?”—“Why, she was a left-handed wife: such things are allowed by your church: what is the meaning of a left-handed wife?”—“I really do not know, unless it mean a wife to whom the royal or noble husband, on account of the inferiority of her birth to his, does not accord the honours of his own state and condition. This was the case of the duchess of Floridia: being a subject, she was not, though wife to the king, indulged, in public, with the ceremonial due to a queen. I cannot see that religion is at all concerned in this.”—“Well, but sometimes a man is permitted to have two wives.”—“I know no instance of such permission.”—“The Landgrave of Hesse.”—“Nay, in that case, the leave was given by your own Lutherano-protestant divines: I hope it is not to be charged on what you are pleased to call *my church*.”

Here the stranger interposed: “Such leave has frequently been granted by the Catholic church;

at least there is one instance I have lately read of in the case of a German baron, who went to the crusades, was taken prisoner and carried into Egypt, where a beautiful young woman took care of him in prison and in sickness: on his return to Europe, though he was already married, and his wife still living, he procured a dispensation from the pope, to take, as a second wife, the woman whom he regarded as his preserver and deliverer."

"I too have read the story," said I; "it is a very pretty romance, written by Madame de Montholieu, entitled *Langage des Fleurs*. It relates how this Bavarian baron, being made captive to the Saracens, is appointed chief gardener to the sultan of Egypt; how the daughter of the sultan, walking in the garden, is presented, on several successive occasions, by the baron on his knees, and with the humility becoming a slave, with several flowers. To the understanding of the young lady, though not to his, every one of these flowers has an amatory signification; and the casual order of the presents is so arranged by the authoress as to make a regular love story. The poor baron, ignorant of the *langage des fleurs*, at length offers the *mooka rumi*, which means a formal declaration of love: the damsel blushes and retires, but takes the flower with her. When the baron has made his escape, he finds the lady has concealed herself in the same ship; he asks her why she follows him; she says, 'To be your wife.' He

says, ‘I *have* a wife.’—‘That is no objection.’—‘The chief of my religion will not consent.’ They arrive at Rome; the young lady has an interview with the pope, and by her tears and her beauty, her entreaties and scolding, prevails on the holy father, and the baron returns to his *château*, where he fits up an alcove in his chamber with three beds, in the centre one of which he sleeps with a wife on each hand of him. Madame de Montholieu recommends this way of making love to the Parisians, *beaux* and *belles*; observing that, when gardens and conservatories fail, the makers of artificial flowers will furnish symbols of every tint and every meaning.”

Such was the proof that bigamy is allowed in the Catholic church! Turn we to an argument not quite so romantic, and, unhappily, not quite so innocuous.

Mr. Canning says, in his place in the House of Commons, that the members of the establishment cannot reasonably reproach the church of Rome with its intolerance, since in the repetition of the creed of St. Athanasius, they also damn all who differ from themselves. Dr. Phillpotts answers, that this is as if an Athenian in the time of Draco had said to a citizen of any other state, “ You have no right to blame our laws for awarding the penalty of death to every crime however trifling, since your laws also punish some crimes with death.” Dr. Phillpotts makes out the parallelism

of the two cases by observing that the church of England damns only for error in important, in fundamental points ; whereas the church of Rome damns those who do not believe that, according to the institution of Christ, it is essential that a little water be put into the chalice in which is the wine to be consecrated for the eucharistic sacrifice. The mild, equitable church of England inflicts capital punishment only for what is equivalent to murder, burglary, or forging one-pound notes ; whereas that old Draco, the pope, would hang a poor boy for robbing a fig-tree.

I have never read any of Dr. Phillpotts's political polemics, and I never will ; for I wish, notwithstanding his political enmity, to regard him as a personal friend. The substance of what is here noted down is taken from the Edinburgh Review. These reviewers are advocates of religious or ecclesiastical liberty, and combat the arguments of Dr. Phillpotts against emancipation with their usual ability : they deny the inferences he draws from his parallel of the damning dispositions of the Catholics and Anglicans ; but they do not seem to be aware that one line of the two that form the parallel, is drawn by the imagination of the now Dean of Chester. On this point, the knowledge of the reviewer does not criticise the invention of the polemic : they are both of them equally ill informed.

I stated the case to a Catholic bishop, and then

said, “ My lord, I may hereafter make use of your answer to the question you will give me leave to propose. I ask, if the rubric, which directs the pouring a little water, *parum aquæ*, into the chalice, regards a matter of discipline only ?” He replied, “ It is probable that there was some water in the wine which our blessed Lord himself consecrated ; as it is the usage of countries where wine is produced to drink it mixed with water : but this is not an article of faith.”—“ Insomuch,” said I, “ that if there were, by occasion, no water with the wine, the *matter* of the sacrament would be there, and the sacrament would be valid ?”—“ Certainly,” said the bishop ; “ the wine is the essential *matter* of the sacrament.”

It was superfluous for him to tell me, since I had quoted the rubric, that if there be no water, *conficitur sacramentum, sed conficiens graviter peccat*—in neglecting the prescribed ceremonial ; but this is a very different thing from requiring of the whole Catholic people an assent of faith, with a “ God eternally broil you if you do not believe it !”

But “ Tales of a Tub ” are read by that great whale, the public, and are rewarded by the government. Dr. Phillpotts might have seen in the rubric *requiritur ut sit panis triticeus et vinum de vite* : this is the *materia* : the water is spoken of in its place.

XX.

IPECACUANHA LOZENGES—COMPARISON OF MISSAL AND COMMON PRAYER BOOK—A CHURCH AND THE CHURCH.

“CAUTION. It is requested that all persons will be particular in sending or asking for SHEPHERD’s IPECACUANHA LOZENGES, prepared only at 176, *Fleet Street*; as the bill of directions, in which these *genuine* lozenges are enclosed, has been copied by an unprincipled druggist, *nearly verbatim*, for the evident purpose of deceiving the incautious.”

Such is Mr. Shepherd’s advertisement. The trick of which he complains is by no means a new one, but has been employed to recommend imitations of genuine medicines of a higher order. The Roman Missal and Breviary were hashed up into “The Book of Common Prayer.” Mr. Shepherd may inform us by what sort of person, and for what purpose, the latter both resembles and differs from the former.

Ward’s “*Errata to the Protestant Bible*” proves that the Anglicans of the sixteenth century took great liberties with books of still greater authority than missals and breviaries: let those who wish to be informed on this point consult Ward. In the *rifacciamento* above alluded to, I wish to remark at present on two passages evincing some skill in addition and subtraction, but a deficiency of good faith and good taste.

The hymn called *Te Deum* has this verse, *Tu, devicto mortis aculeo, aperuisti credentibus regna cælorum.* This verse is thus translated in The Book of Common Prayer, “When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.” The word ALL is, by no means, an insignificant addition: it favours the doctrine of salvation by faith alone, without good works; a doctrine maintained so extravagantly by some reformers, that Dr. South was ashamed of it, or of *them*, and said, in his witty way, that “no people were so ready to renounce their own good works as they who had no good works to renounce.”

In the communion service the Anglicans had a most beautiful model before them: let us see how they have copied it: *Qui, pridie quam patetur accepit panem in sanctas ac venerabiles manus suas, et elevatis oculis in cælum, ad te Deum patrem suum omnipotentem, benedixit, &c.*—“Who, in the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks,” &c. *Simili modo, postquam cœnatum est, accipiens et hunc præclarum calicem in sanctas ac venerabiles manus suas, &c.*—“Likewise, after supper, he took the cup,” &c.

All that is sublime and picturesque in the Catholic representation of the person of the Messiah is here omitted by the Anglicans, and a dry and ordinary phraseology adopted for the purpose of bringing down the story of the institution of the

blessed sacrament to the level of their conception of the mystery. *Benedixit* is replaced by “giving thanks”—grace before meat, to be sure,—what else should it be? Yet grace *before* wine, *after* supper, would be an act without a reason for it; especially in the case of those whose ordinary beverage during meals must have been wine. But let it be observed, that “the cup of the blood,” not “the blood,” was, on this occasion, “shed for the remission of sin,” and that this is so is proved by the participle “shed” agreeing in the Greek original with “cup,” not with “blood”—ποτήριον τοῦ αἵματος τὸ ἐκχυνόμενον: let this be observed, and *benedixit* assumes the force of sacrificial consecration.

“The day before he suffered,” is changed into “the same night in which he was betrayed!” Was this without a motive? No: it was intended to disconnect what the Catholic church always unites—the sacrifice of the altar and the sacrifice on the cross. Our reformers have a reason for every thing.

In truth, it would be an amusing occupation to trace them, by a running commentary, through all the mazes of the book. Its very title, *donne à penser*, gives occasion for reflection. It announces itself as “The Book of Common Prayer, and the Administration of the Sacraments and other Rites and Ceremonies of the CHURCH according to the Use of the CHURCH of England.” There is then another church? O yes!—the holy church *universal*;

not Catholic, observe. The church of England *was*, or *was not*, a portion of this universal church before the Reformation, so called. If it *was not*, then the church of Christ, which he founded on his apostle Peter, was not built till the sixteenth century after his birth, or of the æra which then commenced, or is computed from that event.

Here let us pause, between the horns of the dilemma. It is necessary to bear in mind that the question is not about *a* church, but about *the* church: no two matters can be more distinct from each other than are these two. *The* church is ONE. Of two churches (I must use the word in the plural for the sake of argument;)—of two churches, differing in faith, and separated in communion, not more than one can be *the* church: it may be that this privilege belongs to neither of the claimants.

Jesus Christ founded but *one* church; he shows great anxiety that there should be “one fold and one shepherd.” Where and which is the one fold?

In its nineteenth article the Anglican church defines the visible church of Christ to be “the company of the faithful, wherein the pure word of God is preached and the sacraments duly administered, according to the institution of Christ, in all those things which of necessity are required to the same (sacraments).” Any company of the faithful, anywhere, may arrogate to itself these qualifications; any church, set up at any time since the apostles,

or hereafter to be set up, may have put forth, or may put forth, the same pretensions : catholicity and apostolicity are not, according to the definition given in this article, necessary attributes of the church of Christ.

It was convenient for the Anglicans thus to define *the church* ; but they have given the definition of any *soi-disant* church. The existence of *the church*, if it ever existed, or now exists, must be a matter of fact, not of opinion. Whatever may be asserted by polemical divines, its existence ever has been and still is recognised, by all men who have the use of their senses. St. Augustin says, “ If, in any town, you ask of the heretics the situation of the Catholic church, none of them shows you the way to his own conventicle.” Fourteen hundred years later than the time of St. Augustin, I have tried this same experiment at Margate and at Manchester. In each of these distant places, I asked of the first respectable person I met, the way to the Catholic chapel, and was directed aright, according to my own meaning, in my inquiry.

Without *the church*, there can be no heresy or schism : the two latter terms are correlative to the former. It would be impossible for a man to go from home who had no home belonging to him, or who was of so accommodating a temper as to be at home every where. Yet Scripture, continued tradition, and The Book of Common Prayer, all speak of heresy and schism. The church of

England has a due detestation of these sins ; she must take her choice, however, between the *chance* of being guilty of them, and the absurdity of supposing the birth of the church in the sixteenth century : for if, while in communion with the bishop of Rome, she *was* a portion of the church, then they who are now in communion with the bishop aforesaid are also a portion of the church ; then, a separation having taken place, either the church of England or the church of Rome has committed the sin of heresy and schism. It is not for me to decide which of them has done this ; I say nothing : the presumption, however, is against those who made the change.

The pretence that, although no communion subsist between the churches, they are still one church, is contradicted by all the penal and disqualifying statutes ; by the oaths imposed on Catholics within this realm. It is absurd upon the face of it.

“ Yet our object is the same,” says the Anglican. There were two subscription news-rooms at Lincoln ; the object of both was the same—political instruction. But it never entered into the head of any member of either of these associations to fancy himself a member of the other. In the case of the two news-rooms there was no question respecting authority or pre-eminence long submitted to and finally renounced, respecting legitimacy of origin, transmission of powers, perpetuity of faith ; —questions that have a *slight* tendency to widen

the breach between the Catholics and their separated brethren ; while, on the contrary, the entire independence and equality of right of the two subscription news-rooms was recognized on both sides.

XXI.

DR. HORNE, PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Dr. George Horne was a man of unaffected piety, cheerful temper, great learning, and, notwithstanding his propensity to jesting, dignified manners. He was much beloved in Magdalen College, of which he was president ; the chief complaint against him being, that he did not reside the whole of the time in every year that the statutes required. He resigned his headship on being promoted from the deanery of Canterbury to the see of Norwich ; the alleged reason was the incompatibility of the duties ; though other heads of houses, when made bishops, have retained their academical situations.

He never manifested the least ill-humour himself, and repressed it, but with gentleness, in others. Having engaged in a party at whist, merely because he was wanted to make up the number, and playing indifferently ill, as he forewarned his partner would be the case, he replied to the angry question, “ What reason could you possibly have,

Mr. President, for playing that card?"—"None upon earth, I assure you."

On the morning when news was received in college of the death of one of the fellows, a good companion, a *bon vivant*, Horne met with another fellow, especial friend of the defunct, and began to condole with him: "We have lost poor L——."—"Ah! Mr. President, I may well say, I could have better spared a better man."—"Meaning *me*, I suppose?" said Horne, with an air that, by its pleasantry, put to flight the other's grief.

I was talking with Henry James Pye, late poet laureat, when he happened to mention the name of Mr. P. a gentleman of Berkshire and M.P., I think, for Reading; "That is the man," said I, "who damned the king's wig in the very presence of his Majesty; with great credit, however, to his own loyalty, and very much to the amusement of the king."—"I do not well see how that could be."—"You shall hear a story which our president (Pye had been a gentleman commoner of Magdal'en College) told at his own table. The king was out a hunting: P—— was *in*, and *of*, the field: the king's horse fell: the king was thrown from the saddle, and his hat and wig were thrown to a little distance from him: he got on his feet again immediately, and began to look about for the hat and wig, which he did not readily see, being, as we all know, short-sighted. P——, very much alarmed by the accident, rides up in great haste and arrives

at the moment when the king is peering about and saying to the attendants, ‘Where’s my wig? where’s my wig?’ P— cries out ‘D—n your wig; is *your Majesty safe?*’” Mr. Pye observed, “That’s just like P—; he is just the man to have done so.” Horne seemed to think that no “accusing spirit” would cavil at the “oath;” for he gave it forth *ore rotundo*, not “in good sooth,” swearing like a comfit-maker’s wife.

Horne sometimes condescended to a jocularity, which others, as highly placed, but of minds not so playful and good-natured, would have thought beneath them. An undergraduate waited on him, according to rule, to ask leave out of college, saying he was going to Coventry: “Better to go, than be sent,” said the president.

I have heard him preach at Saint Mary’s before the university, and it was amusing to see how he employed himself during the psalm usually sung before the sermon; beating time with his open hand on the cushion, ever and anon joining in the chant; then arranging his notes, or wiping his spectacles. His delivery on these occasions was somewhat too familiar, approaching, if the term may be permitted, to the *lack-a-daysical*: yet he was at once convinced and convincing; it seemed as if he was free and easy in his exterior, because religion was to him interiorly a source of ease, and freedom, and comfort.

He preached in the chapel of the college, some-

times, on what is called “Sacrament Sunday;” a phrase perfectly intelligible to an Anglican, but which to a Catholic ear sounds as strange as it would have done to our forefathers in the faith of the apostolic times. Yet the Anglicans say they are apostolical.

One of Horne’s sermons before the university was on the doctrine of the Trinity. In this discourse he stated that dogma as it has always been taught by the Catholic church, and as it is retained in the articles and Book of Common Prayer of the establishment; and, by way of conclusion, added, “In this faith I have been brought up, and for this faith, I trust, when called upon, I shall be ready to die.” His chance of obtaining the crown of martyrdom seemed so very remote, that this declaration of his willingness to accept it could not but provoke a smile. That this oblation of himself might not be entirely without consequence, my friend Richard Paget drew a caricature, now in my possession, representing the very reverend the dean of Canterbury, with his placid smile on his face, and his spectacles on his nose, both of which he bore as attributes,—chained to a stake, the faggots heaped around him, and the flames ascending to his wig. The design is inscribed “The martyrdom of Saint Horne.”

For one thing he wrote, he *did* deserve to have his wig singed. In a sixpenny pamphlet in defence of the corporation and test acts, now happily re-

pealed, and of which the repeal was sought at the time of his writing, he answers the argument that the test leads to hypocrisy, the profanation of a sacred rite, and aggravated perjury, by the remark, “What is this to the Dissenters? *They* are honest men.” This is the insolence of domination, which even this mild and good man could not avoid.

He wrote some numbers of the *Olla Podrida*, in one of which he recommends the study of the newspapers by the example of the Athenians, who passed their time in nothing else but in hearing and telling some new thing. “Would any man wish to pass his time better than the Athenians did? Indeed we may expect that ere long, nothing but newspapers will be read; since it seems to be agreed on by all men of the *ton*, that is, by all men of sense, that religion is a *hum*, virtue a *twaddle*, and learning a *bore*.”

In 1791, he went to take possession of his episcopal palace at Norwich. When on the steps, he looked round, and said, “Bless us! bless us! what a multitude of people!” Some one near, not out of malice, but because his head was filled with Norfolk dumpling, said, “O! my lord, this is nothing to the crowd on Friday last, to see the man hanged.” The bishop went into the house, without giving his blessing; for such is not the usage. Here I saw him in the September following, and saw him no more.

XXII.

DR. CYRIL JACKSON, DEAN OF CHRIST-CHURCH.

The old English country dance—the despised kitchen hop—will soon be exploded, and with it will be forgotten, or become unintelligible, the witticism of the—or a—late dean of Christ-Church, quoted, but not accurately, in the novel “*De Vere*,” “that it is a very round-about way of getting to the bottom of the room.”

A grave matter-of-fact Oxonian thought he had destroyed the effect of the sarcasm by observing, that to get to the bottom of the room was not the object of the country dance; and, had his auditors not thought all argument misplaced, he would have treated us with a dissertation on final causes.

It is not very generally known that Cyril Jackson affected also to despise music. In the crowded area of the theatre at Oxford, during a concert at what is called the Commemoration, I was standing close before him. He was reading the music bill, and coming to the words, “By a double orchestra,” he said to a young man, his companion, “What is a double orchestra? Is it an orchestra twice as full as it will hold?” I turned back involuntarily, and received from him a look that showed him pleased that the jest had been over-heard.

He affected a pompous air, and a nasal enuncia-

tion ; which, but that he was a man of good sense, and knowledge of the world, and of polished manners, would have made him ridiculous. To one who remonstrated against some order he had given as head of the college, he answered, “The dean of Christ-Church speaks but once.” To another, the affirmation of his will was declared by the brief commentary, “Westminster discipline.” In the hall or refectory of the college, I once read the following notice of the day on which the next term was to begin :—*Juniores cujuscunque ordinis, die—mens.—rebus divinis manè intersunto.* As it was signed “*Cyr. Jackson, Decan.*” I could not avoid exclaiming *Satis pro imperio!* In the case of another man, *intersunto* might have passed without captious remark : it is good Latin.

The words *cujuscunque ordinis* are a memorial of the glory of Jackson. He made no disgraceful *tuft-hunting* distinctions in favour of noblemen or gentlemen commoners, by exempting them from obedience to college regulations. In some other, I believe in all other colleges, before Jackson’s time, these noble and gentle youths came to reside in college when they pleased, and left college when it seemed to them good. Gibbon did thus ; and that he should speak of his college with contempt, and regard his expulsion from it as an advantage, is the reasonable result. It is reasonable, too, that the numerous *élèves* of Christ-Church should feel respect for their college and its head.

A statue of Jackson, by the first artist of this country, has been executed at the expense of the *élèves*, and a council of them, which might be called a cabinet council, since ministers of state were there, assembled at the request of the sculptor, to determine whether this object of their veneration was to be exhibited with, or without, his wig. A wig, more especially a close and compact one, like that borne by the dean, is an object of horror, considered in reference to the *belle arti*; but Jackson without a wig disturbed and confounded all preconceived ideas and habitual associations: so the wigs had it.

One rule made and adhered to by Jackson might have had the effect of attracting to his college the young nobility,—that is, as the term is understood in England, peers and their sons: he would not allow any but these to bear the splendid ornament of the golden tuft on the square cap. A baronet applied to him for admission: Jackson told him of the rule respecting the tuft: the young man pleaded the statutes of the university which accord the tuft to baronets as well as to nobles. “Then, sir, you may wear your tuft in High Street; but you shall not wear it in my college.” He was disposed to say, with the first consul of France, “*Je veux être maître chez moi.*” The conviction that such was the disposition of each of these despots secured obedience.

The dean kept a jealous and minute watch over

the fame and honour of his college. A young man having published "Verses by —," the name at full length, "student of Christ-Church," Jackson said to him, "If you had a mind to disgrace yourself, you need not have disgraced your college too."

He chanced in one of his preachings to use the words "Be that as it may: it is a frenzy; it is an intoxication." Some one observed, "that is an anticlimax; since intoxication is a weaker affection than frenzy." I said, "*Intoxication* is the longer word of the two, and rounds the sentence better." My friend R. Y., the result of whose experience and observation was, as given by himself, "All the world's a fudge, and all the men and women merely fudgers,"—R. Y. said, "Then he ought to have turned the phrase, 'it is a *tory*, it is a *phrenzication*.'"

Jackson did not like that his young men should seek their acquaintance out of college, but wished the Christ-Church men to associate, as much as might be, with each other. He said to my Lincolnshire Saxon friend, who was a gentleman commoner of Christ-Church, "Mr. Langton, you *knock in* very often: why do you visit so much out of college? I say nothing in disparagement of other colleges: no doubt there are clever men to be found in them; but as Christ-Church is the largest college in the university, there must be more men of sense in this college than in any

other, by the rule of proportion simply."—"Yes, Sir," said Langton; "and more fools too, by the same rule." This is an ungracious anecdote with which to take leave of the dean and his college; but so it must be.

XXIII.

ANCIENT LIFE OF MILTON—FRONTISPICE TO ICON BASILIKE—OXFORD UNIVERSITY ADDRESS—KING GEORGE III.

"John Milton was one, whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our English poets, having written two Heroic Poems and a Tragedy; namely, *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Sampson Agonistes*; but his fame is gone out like a candle in the snuff, and his memory will always stink, which might have lived in honourable regard, had not he been a notorious traytor, and most impiously and villainously bely'd that blessed martyr King Charles the First. Wynstanley's Lives of the English Poets, 1687."

This amusing extract from a book, which, though reprinted, is by no means generally known, may afford to the reader a curious proof of the uncertainty of fame. On how many seemingly accidental combinations does it depend! That of Milton, within twenty years after the publication of *Paradise Lost*, had not only become extinct, but

like a vile taper of mutton fat, had left a bad and offensive stench. England did not suspect, did not vaunt at least, that she possessed an epic poem, to produce which would have required the united genius of Homer and Virgil.

But the times change: veneration for the memory of the “blessed martyr” could no longer be professed by those who “cashediered” his son; and they who aided the Dutchman to dethrone his father-in-law could not decently bandy the name of traitor; since, by law, to dethrone a king is no less treason than to behead him. Addison, a whig, writes his critique on the *Paradise Lost*; Milton “looks through the horizontal misty air,” and at length rises to the meridian.

He seems now, however, to be somewhat on the wane: the approximations to perfection made by one lately lost and by other living poets, have rendered the taste of the public more correct and delicate; it is felt that the great epic poem of Milton includes as many absurdities as beauties. I know not, indeed, that it can be more highly praised than by equalling the number of the latter to that of the former.

It is strange that Mr. Wynstanley should speak of only three of Milton’s poems. Were the others unknown, or purposely omitted by him? Surely, *Lycidas*, *Comus*, and the brother gems, *L’Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, so resplendent with poetical imagery, “might have lived in honourable regard,”

notwithstanding the impiety of their author towards Charles I,—notwithstanding, I may add, his villainous adulation of Oliver Cromwell.

I may be permitted to give an opinion that the most faultless, the most finished parts of *Paradise Lost* are the episodical passages; the description of the creation in the seventh, and the prophetic vision and discourse of the angel in the last two books. Thus much I hazard.

Of King Charles I, I once possessed a “portraiture,” of which some of my readers may not be unwilling that I should give a short account. It was an engraved frontispiece to the very handsome folio edition of the *Eἰκὼν Βασιλική*. It represented Charles I on his knees before a table—not an altar: one knee was a little raised, that the foot might have the appearance of pushing away from it the royal crown of England lying behind this foot, on the ground. The king is in his royal robes, however; he holds in his hand a crown of thorns, and looks up at a crown surrounded by an aureole, and of which the several points are surmounted by stars. The crowns bear respectively the mottos; *Splendidam at gravem*, the royal crown; *Asperam at levem*, the crown of thorns; *Beatam et eternam*, the crown of glory; while three labels from the mouth of the martyr, directed towards each of the three crowns, declare his sentiment in respect of each: *Mundi calco*;—*Christi tracto*;—*Cæli spero*. May he have attained his hope!

The late King George III is reported to have said, on viewing a picture of Charles I, "A very good king; but did not know how to govern by a parliament." George III was known to make no secret of his own plans or notions: in this there might be wisdom, as well as in his (so called) obstinacy; his friends were assured that they should not be deserted by him.

He is said to have asked the late Lord Ellenborough, when attending the levée after his appointment to the office of Attorney General, "Mr. Law, have you ever been in parliament?" The answer was in the negative. "That is right: my Attorney General ought not to have been in parliament; for then, you know, he is not obliged to eat his own words."

In 1795 I waited on the king as one of those delegated by the university of Oxford to present an address. The delegation consisted of the vice-chancellor and proctors, a doctor of each of the three faculties, and two M.A.'s. Our chancellor, the Duke of Portland, gave *rendezvous* to all members of the university then in town, at the Thatched House, on account of its vicinity to St. James's palace, and we went in procession, in our academical dresses, headed by the beadle. A saucy lady said it was the prettiest masquerade she had ever seen by daylight. For this sneer may her sons not have the benefit of a university education! Such is my revenge.

The king received us on the throne, as is the use in regard to university addresses : his seat was only so much elevated as that his face, when he was seated, was on a level with that of a short man,—the duke of Portland, for example, who read our address. His Majesty read his answer : the eight delegates were presented to him by name, and were permitted to apply their lips to the back of his right hand, which he extended to them, resting his arm on his knee and his foot on a stool. While we were retiring, the king took off his hat to salute us ; and I had not before conceived it possible to throw so much grace and dignity into that action as did the king ; making it last during the whole time that we were bowing backwards out of the presence. The delegates, and about an equal number of other guests, dined at Burlington House, where it was seen—Hear it, Isis ! hear it, Rhedecina ! that “our honoured lord and chancellor” eat no flesh, drank no wine ! We ought to have elected his rival the duke of Beaufort.

One of the inconveniences of being a king, is, that a king is often obliged, *par complaisance*, to say something to those to whom he has nothing to say, and who are too much frightened to keep up the conversation. The vice-chancellor of Cambridge presented an address, when the following dialogue took place :

King. “ When did you come to town ? ”

Vice-chancellor. “ Yesterday, an’ please your Majesty.”

King. “When do you return?”

Vice-chancellor. “To-morrow, an’ please your Majesty.”

King. “The roads are very bad?”

Vice-chancellor. “Very bad indeed, an’ please your Majesty.”

Now if this vice-chancellor had not the wit to say that the roads were good when they brought him to his Majesty’s presence, and would be bad when they took him away from it, he lost an opportunity of earning a deanery; but he might, like Dr. Phillpotts, write a book against Catholic emancipation, and that would do as well.

Five or six years later, I saw the king taking his morning walk on the esplanade at Weymouth. He stopped to speak to some children, belonging, it may be presumed, to families that were known to him. “Well!” to a little boy, “what will you be? will you be a soldier?” Then, to one of his attendants, “I know the children by the nursemaids.” At my next turn on the walk, the king was standing close to the sea, with a telescope in his hand, which he held like a marshal’s truncheon. In passing, I could not help overhearing him say, “The little man over the water;” pointing, at the same time, to the coast of France.

Let me here record a speech of George III, worthy of all honorable memory; comprising in it the spirit of an ancient Roman, and the high feeling of a modern European gentleman. When,

for the first time, he received a diplomatic minister from the United States of America, the king said to him, “ I was the last man in my kingdom to acknowledge your independence, and I will be the last to call it in question.” ‘Tis pity that one who was capable of speaking thus, was not at all times free to show his real character. He has, no doubt, left many *traits* of equal merit, known to those who were near him.

XXIV.

ASSASSIN OF GENERAL KLEBER—LALLA ROOKH—SCRIPTURE PROPHECIES—DEAN OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE—THOMAS WARD.

In conversation with a friend, who was then a philosopher, but is since become a furious partizan of the legal religion, a remark was made by him on the insufficiency of the corporal sufferings of Christ as a cause of death. “ The scourging and the being nailed to the cross for three hours, would not have killed him.” I replied that the agony in the garden might be taken into the account ; or, that since his death was a voluntary sacrifice, he might give up his life by a supernatural act, although he had not sustained any mortal hurt.

This mode of reasoning may or may not be satisfactory : much depends on the dispositions of those to whom it is offered.

In the book entitled “ *Victoires et Conquêtes, Dé-sastres, et Revers, des armées Françaises depuis 1792*

jusqu' à 1815," a relation is given of the tortures which it was thought right to inflict, according to the custom of the country, on the assassin of General Kleber, who had been left with the supreme command in Egypt on the return of Bonaparte to France. The right hand of the assassin was burnt off, and he was about to be led away to be impaled, when he asked for some water to drink. An Italian, who superintended the execution, a man of experience in such matters, said, "The cunning fellow knows that if he drinks he will die immediately, and escape the remainder of his torments." When he had been four hours on the stake, the guard was changed; the Italian was absent; the sufferer again asked for water, which was given to him, and he expired. Our blessed Lord too expired on taking the vinegar.

In Lalla Rookh I find the following lines:—

Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies
To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies.

If genius could be subjected to admeasurement, I would say that Moore's learning is commensurate with his genius; and thus speak of him as of one of the most learned men living. What was unknown to the chiefs of the French army in Egypt, what is by no means popularly known in the north of Europe, is, in the above-quoted lines, referred to by Moore as a familiar fact.

Whether the vinegar, drunk by the Roman sol-

diers, of which a supply was at hand for the guard who watched the execution of our blessed Lord, was mingled with water; whether the admixture of water be necessary to that revulsion which brings on the immediate death of the tortured man; whether the quantity that could be absorbed by a sponge which the sufferer could take into his mouth, would be sufficient to produce the effect; or whether we must recur to the hypothesis of a supernatural surrender of the human soul in the person of Christ; however we may determine, an air of truth and reality is thrown over the narrative by this circumstance of the vinegar; a circumstance which, however minute, was foretold some centuries before it happened. The verification of the prophecy depended too on the future conquest of Judea by a foreign people whose soldiers should be accustomed to drink vinegar; a custom unknown to the writer of the prophecy.

In like manner divine inspiration suggested to Moses the order respecting the paschal lamb, "a bone of him shall not be broken." The sacrifice is celebrated for fifteen centuries; at the end of this period two malefactors are crucified with the Messiah, who being found alive on their crosses when it was necessary to remove their bodies, suffer what is wanting in their punishment by the breaking of their legs, and, probably, by what the French called the *coup de grace*, or blow on the

chest, by which the remains of life were expelled. The body of the Saviour is, as if by accident, exempted from the same disgraceful insult.

It may be said that the prophetic application of the paschal rite may be an after-thought of the Evangelist. Why this, any more than “They shall look on him whom they pierced ;” more than “They pierced my hands and my feet ?”

This last sentence foretells a mode of punishment which nothing but the insolent contempt with which power treats those who offend it, could have dictated ; and a wantonness in cruelty of which no one could have supposed man to be capable but He who knoweth the heart of man. We must suppose a concurrence of many fortunate guesses, if we refuse the prophetic spirit to the writers of the Bible.

Moses indeed was “learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians ;” and it might be part of the wisdom of the Egyptians to break the bones of criminals. That mild and gentle youth, Alexander the Great, was liberal in inflicting crucifixion on the Tyrians, in vengeance of their obstinate defence of their city : it is probable that this mode had been received, for some time past, in the neighbourhood. If it were thus, Moses and the Psalmist did not prefigure or foretell these particular circumstances attending the death of Christ by an inspired prescience of usages yet unknown. Their prophetic

spirit, so admirably exact, may well admit of this deduction.

In 1 Cor. xi, 24, St. Paul, reciting the institution of the eucharist, says τὸ ὑπὲρ ὑμῶν κλάμενον: one of the fathers says, “Christ suffers that on the altar which he did not suffer on the cross; for on the altar his body is broken; whereas, in reference to the sacrifice on the cross, it is written, ‘A bone of him shall not be broken.’” No enlightened Protestant supposes, that the Catholic church holds, in this dogma of the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, the gross notions of the people of Capernaum. The word “suffers” means, “is subjected to:” but neither the above-quoted father nor St. Paul was a sacramentarian. It is remarkable that κλάμενον is in the Vulgate, “quod pro vobis tradetur.” No dispute,—hence no caution.

If it be still insisted that even κλάμενον is used in a figurative sense, recurrence must be had to the argument of Nicole and Arnaud, “*La péripetuité de la foi de l’Eglise touchant l’Eucharistie.*”

This faith has ever been, that the eucharistic bread and wine are, after consecration, proper objects of that worship which is due to God alone. The change of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ is not miraculous, but sacramental. This may be explained by a reference to a miracle, and to another sacrament. At the mar-

riage of Cana, water was changed into wine: the external appearance, the natural properties of wine, took place of those of water. In the eucharist, the external appearance, the natural properties of the consecrated bread and wine, still remain. But a sacramental change is no less the effect of the immediate agency of the Divine power, than a miraculous change. In baptism, remission of sin, both original and actual, is annexed to the act of bringing water into contact with the person of the baptised. Yet "who can forgive sins but God alone?" To God it is equally easy to say, as our blessed Lord observes, "Thy sins are forgiven thee;" or to say to the paralytic, "Arise and walk!" to work a miracle, or to institute a sacramental mystery.

The bold assertion in the homily "that the whole Christian world was merged in idolatry *by the space of twelve hundred years*," though not cancelled by any public authority of the established church, is no longer popularly maintained. "The reformation is never right at first;" and this rhodomontade was found to be inconsistent with the promises of Christ, that the gates of hell should not prevail against his church.

The Catholics, Greeks, and others who believe in the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, do not worship "the creatures," as the Common Prayer very properly calls them, "of bread and wine :" they do not worship them till changed, as

they believe, by consecration, in which the words of Christ are used : that they have ever thus worshipped is a proof of their faith. That the divinity of Christ has ever been believed, is also proved by his having been ever an object of divine worship. The cult and the dogma are correlative.

It has been said that four of the five senses testify against this mystery, and only one sense in its favour. To observe the tone assumed by sacramentarians and unbelievers, one would suppose that they thought none but themselves to have the use of their senses. St. Thomas Aquinas says, with simplicity,

Visus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur ;
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur.

In confirmation of the dogma that the "creatures" used in the eucharistic sacrifice are changed into a divine substance, I refer—not now to modern controversialists who have written since the dogma was questioned—not to the fathers of the church resting in the undisturbed repose of libraries—but to extracts from these fathers which the reader may find arranged for the purpose in a book that he may borrow of any Catholic priest: the "Lectiones" in the Breviary for the feast of Corpus Christi, and during the octave. I wish they were translated from the Latin for the benefit of the unlearned; for of the learned who attend to such matters, the greater number are engaged in the service of some establishment, and have their

preventions ; but the unlearned will give due weight to the consideration, that Chrysostom and Cyril of Alexandria, Augustin and Ambrose, Pope Gregory and Hilary, all the doctors of the church from Antioch to Poictiers, taught the doctrine of the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, and that the Christian people throughout Asia, Africa, and Europe, listened to them as announcing a well-known and indisputable opinion.

Their preaching influences, down to the present day, even among those whose creed, dictated by law, has rejected the dogma. In vain does the "Common Prayer" assure the kneeling people that no adoration of the sacramental elements is intended, since the body of Christ is in heaven—not here ; a holy awe, a feeling of veneration, still subsists, inconsistent with the doctrine of the figurative sense, and, if the doctrine were true, inconsequent and unreasonable.

I have had many opportunities of observing this sentiment ; especially when, as dean of Magdal en College, it was my duty to remonstrate with those young men who neglected to receive the communion at the appointed times. These recusants were more pious and conscientious, it may be believed, than many of those who were more intrepid. "I am not worthy,"—one of them may be supposed to say in his excuse. "Repentance makes you worthy."—"Repentance is insincere without a purpose of amendment."—"Why not

form such a purpose?"—"I dread a relapse."—"You are not afraid to present yourself daily before God in contrition for the past and with good resolves for the future."—"But this—this communion is something more:" and I discovered that it was felt to be something more than a figurative memorial.

These were young men,—it may be said. I speak of a popular feeling; and they are the best witnesses of it: they testify not for themselves alone, but for those among whom they had been brought up. "We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us." Nay, the very stones of their churches cried out, and reported "the mighty things that were of old."

Indeed, the Church of England, in its "Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper," does too much, in the way of respectful veneration, for the figurative sense, and for the literal sense too little. Though it has in terms rejected the literal interpretation, as an *hocus pocus* trick—this slang being a delicate *travesti* of the words *Hoc est corpus meum*—yet it has followed the Missal too nearly, and imbibed too much of its spirit, for the figurative meaning.

Ward, in his "England's Reformation," relates how the bishops appointed by Queen Elizabeth to revise the devices of her little brother, when they came to the form of words by which, in King Edward's rite, the bread was delivered to the com-

municant, were much puzzled. The form began with, "Take and eat *this*;" it did not say what—bread or body. The old Catholic form, "The body of our Lord," &c. had been expunged. At length these bishops, after much discussion, reflecting on the expediency of conciliating a Catholic population, agreed to be, thus far at least, of one mind, that the two forms should be put together, and so it is to this day.

An inquiry concerning some circumstances of the death of Christ, and some prophecies relating thereto, led me to the words, "my body broken for you;" words which Saint Paul says he received from our blessed Lord himself; words by which the sacrifice on the cross is contradistinguished from that on the altar; words which, together with "the chalice of my blood, which (chalice) is poured out for you," indicate the real presence; the bread broken and the cup poured out—for *you*—in the figurative sense, would be contradictory, since the bread is really broken and the cup really poured out.

But as they who make the Bible the sole rule of faith, make their own interpretation the rule of the Bible, I have appealed against the figurative meaning to the faith of Christians of all ages and nations, a faith manifested by the *λατρεία*, or divine worship of the consecrated elements; a faith and practice which cannot be proved to have been introduced at any time subsequent to that of the

apostles ; and which influence, at the present day, the feelings of those even who have rejected them both ; of those who declare the cult to be idolatrous, and the doctrine to be priestcraft.

Martin Luther, who thought his own excommunication as valid and as efficient as that of the Catholic church, declared by its chief, the successor of Saint Peter : this “magnanimous” father of the Reformation, had not the audacity entirely to get rid of the doctrine of the real presence : he taught that the divinity was present in the consecrated elements as fire is present in heated iron. The Catholic church, from the words “This is my body,” infers that after those words have been pronounced, no other substance than the body is present. Such is the difference

Whether this be done by con-
Or transubstantiation.

“*England's Reformation*, by THOMAS WARD.”

The Lutherans, in worshipping the sacramental bread and wine, are not, in their purpose, idolaters ; since they believe the divinity of Christ to be there present ; but if nothing divine be there, they are, in fact, as much idolaters as are they who believe erroneously, if erroneously, that the “creatures” of bread and wine are changed by consecration into a divine substance. Yet the Anglicans, who equally reject both the one and the other mode of rendering the eucharist a proper object of adora-

tion, hail the Lutherans as brother Protestants, and the order of the succession to the crown was once disturbed that a Lutheran, not a Catholic, might be head of the Church of England. After all, the question occurs, what has the state to do with all this ?

XXV.

HENRY JENKINS—AGE OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

In the year 1798, I was introduced to a priest of the name of Lawson, a venerable figure of a man, aged more than fourscore years old, who was treated with signs of the highest respect by all around him. Mr. Lawson stated, that in his youth, his uncle, who also lived to a very advanced age, told him, that he, the uncle, when a little boy, used to be accompanied in his walks by Henry Jenkins, the Yorkshireman, famous for having attained to the age of one hundred and sixty-two years.

Jenkins related that, when a young man, he was servant to the Lord Conyers; that he sometimes attended his master to Fountains Abbey, where they were very hospitably treated, and, in particular, that the Lord Abbot always ordered for him, the servant, a quarter of a yard of beef, measured by the string. This mode of delivering out cooked meat by measure, is not unknown to antiquaries. I think there were even some traces

of it in the University of Oxford in my time; though a contempt for antiquarian studies, which I then foolishly considered as frivolous, has deprived me of all certain knowledge or recollection of it.

The ages of the antediluvian patriarchs have been calculated, to show that Noah might have known those who knew Adam. The life of man has been cut short; yet, not thirty years ago,—I write in 1827—there then lived one who conversed with one, who was the companion of one, who remembered the ancient faith established in England.

Put two men of ordinary longevity instead of Henry Jenkins: the present Anglican church, though it has forgotten its infancy, cannot hide that infancy in forgetfulness. Besides, Queen Elizabeth, not the reformer of monasteries, was its real founder.

XXVI.

~~WIDELY ASSUMED CARELESS TAKE IN—SOME CRITICS.~~

A gristman who had lived many years in a judicial situation in Jamaica, told me, that “once upon a time” there arrived at Kingston, from England, a ship laden with Cheshire cheeses and grindstones. From the demand that immediately took place for one of these articles, and the total neglect of the other, the owner of the cargo per-

ceived that he should have no market for his grindstones unless he could connect them with his Cheshire cheeses : he *ruled* therefore, that no one should be allowed to buy a cheese without taking with it a grindstone.

When I was a boy at school, one of my school-fellows, as I remember, a very simple lad, was persuaded by some of the bigger boys to expect from them a present of a gooseberry tart ; or, as it was called in the vernacular tongue of the county of Lincoln, “a berry pie.” The tart, wrapped in paper, was held at a certain height above the lad’s head, who jumped up at it several times with great perseverance and hope ; at length by some subtlety, the pie was conveyed out of its envelope, which though empty, retained its bulk and form ; the lad continued to catch at it, and was, at length, permitted to seize it. He bore his disappointment with great equanimity, only making the plain matter-of-fact observation,—“I thought I should have gotten the pie once, when I got the pie-paper.”

The moral, as Sir Roger L’Estrange would call it, of these two stories may be left to be deduced by the reader ; he will readily imagine, or remember, the many cases in which the good of life cannot be attained without the evil, and in which outside show is mistaken for solid worth. “Very silly stories indeed !” says my critic ; “and time is very ill employed in noting down or in perusing such frivolous reminiscences !” Be it so : the be-

nevolent reader will find, I hope, in my works, what is good for food and pleasant to the taste; while the ungracious critic may take to his share the grindstone and “the pie-paper.”

Indeed, but that my critics serve to bring my works still more and more before the public, several of them deserve no better present from me; their treatment of me has been unjust and ungenerous; and they—the hirelings among them, I mean—have gone beyond the intention of their employers. It was said in ancient time, *probitas laudatur et alget*: in the present day, probity is worse off than formerly; it is not only left to starve, but is deprived of its meed of praise. Is it right or decent that a man, admitted by the critics themselves to be a man of virtue, learning, and good sense, should be ridiculed as labouring, on one point, under a certain incurable imbecillity of intellect—as mad even, though “mad only when the wind is at north-west?”

Such is the sense of the decorum of the literary character manifested by critics who have engaged themselves to flatter the ignorant prejudices of a portion of the public, and subserve the interests of monopolists. I am contented to be as mad as were Pascal and Bossuet; as mad as our forefathers, the founders of the British constitution and of other establishments, the preservation of which is still deemed essential to the maintenance of piety and learning. I call those men hirelings who sell them-

selves to the purposes of a party opposed to the restoration of their civil privileges to those of their fellow subjects who are deprived of them. To the fanatics, who hammer their creeds out of the Bible, in defiance of that authority from which they receive the Bible itself, I recommend the consideration of a passage in which mention is made of “brute beasts who speak evil of the things that they know not.” 2 Peter, ii. 12.

However, to show my critics that I bear them no ill will, and that I have given vent to my indignation more out of charity to those whom they would pervert, than from any movement of offended self-love, I will tell them a story in confirmation of that well-known fact; the aberration of the human understanding in a path leading to one especial object, while in all other paths the same understanding walks wisely and securely.

XXVII.

A HARD FEEDER—A CRYSTALLINE HUMOUR.^{*}

While the late Edmund Burke was making preparation for the indictment before the House of Lords, of Warren Hastings, governor general of India, he was told that a person, who had long

* In the title to this article I am guilty of two most villainous puns. If my readers are angry with me for my puns I hope some of them may be more tolerant of those portions of my book that are of a nature to make them seriously angry. It may be wise to be guilty of petty offences that great ones may be forgiven.

resided in the East Indies, but who was then an inmate of Bedlam, could supply him with much useful information. Burke went accordingly to Bedlam, was taken to the cell of the maniac, and received from him, in a long, rational, and well-conducted conversation, the results of much and various knowledge and experience in Indian affairs, and much instruction for the process then intended. On leaving the cell, Burke told the keeper who attended him, that the poor man whom he had just visited, was most iniquitously practised upon; for that he was as much in his senses as man could be. The keeper assured him that there was sufficient warranty and very good cause for his confinement. Burke, with what a man in office once called “Irish impetuosity,” known to be one of Burke’s characteristics, insisted that it was an infamous affair, threatened to make the matter public, or even bring it before parliament. The keeper then said, “Sir, I should be sorry for you to leave this house under a false impression: before you do so, be pleased to step back to the poor gentleman’s cell and ask him what he had for breakfast.” Burke could not refuse compliance with a request so reasonable and easily performed. “Pray, Sir,” says he to his Indian counsellor, “be so obliging as to tell me what you had for breakfast.” The other, immediately putting on the wild stare of the maniac, cried out, “Hob-nails, Sir! It is shameful to think how

they treat us ! They give us nothing but hob-nails !” and went on with a “descant wild” on the horrors of the cookery of Bethlehem Hospital. Burke staid no longer than that his departure might not seem abrupt ; and, on the advantage of the first pause in the talk, was glad to make his escape.

I was present when Paley was much interested and amused by an account given by one of the company, of a widow lady, who was of entirely sound mind, except that she believed herself to be made of glass. Given the vitrification, her conduct and discourse were consequent and rational, according to the particulars which Paley drew forth by numerous questions. Canes and parasols were deposited at the door of her drawing-room as at the Louvre or Florentine Gallery, and for the same reason. “ You may be hurt by a blow,” said she, to one of flesh and blood ; “ but I should be broken to pieces : and how could I be mended ? ”

Madmen reason right on wrong principles : Catholics do the same : Ergo, Catholics are madmen. Let those who are not ashamed to argue thus, try to find out the paralogism by their own logic.

XXVIII.

OLD STYLE AND NEW STYLE.

Men, and still more, women, are unwilling to be thought old till they cannot help it : but then, this point of life once arrived, since poor human

nature must have food for self-love, they are vain of being old. I know a lady who never would tell her age till she was fourscore : she now bears it patiently, and in a manner creditable to her good sense.

There died lately at Bath, in his ninety-fifth year, a Somersetshire baronet, who was so well contented with his old age that he was much displeased by an attempt to convince him that he was one year younger than he thought himself to be : “ You calculate that you were born in the year 1733 ; but the year, in those days, ended on the 25th of March ; and, as you were born in the month of February, you were, in fact, born in 1734.” I was appealed to, and confirmed the calculation, tending to deprive the baronet of so much of his glory, by relating how my mother, who was born 20th December, 1733, was compelled, by the alteration of the style, to reckon the first day of $173\frac{3}{4}$, (so they then wrote it) as her lawful birthday. This baronet, much to his honour be it told, never parted from a servant on account of his age and infirmities ; so that many of his domestics, unable to attain the longevity of their master, died in his service. His sons said to him, “ Father, you will be obliged to get a set of new servants.” —“ Yes, and of new sons too.” A spirited reply for an octogenarian, in progress towards his hundredth year.

Nettlecombe is beautifully situated on the south-

ern shore of the Bristol Channel. The house, but that is built of stone, is very much on the plan of Langton Hall, already described. Near it stands a superb forest of oaks, of which the timber is valued at twenty thousand pounds ; but nothing on earth can resist time : even these oaks, being past their perfection, lose some of their value every year they stand ; but to cut them down would be to deprive the park of a most noble ornament, though an expensive one.

The manse or parsonage, on the side of a hill at the end of the park, enjoys but a Russian portion of sunshine in the winter : for the hill rises so abruptly before it to the south, that the sun cannot be seen by the in-dwellers till ten in the morning, when the days are at the shortest, and it disappears at two in the afternoon. It may be thought that this house, thus exposed to the sea on the north, is “lifted to the storm :” on the contrary, the hill embays the blast ; the wind, arrested by this barrier, becomes calm, and a body in repose checks the impetuosity of the current that follows. It is on this principle that a double window is useful ; and the dry blood of a cut finger is the best of all styptics.

The baronet, of whose country-seat I have given this short notice, passed the latter years of his life at Bath,—an excellent place for those who have nothing to do. “Country gentlemen,” said some one, “are of use only as canals to convey pro-

perty from one generation to another." What would these restless censurers have them do? He lives well who fills up peaceably and virtuously his place and his time in the world. It is satisfactory to think, that of him of whom we speak the life was curtailed by one year, not in measure but in number only, on account of a change in the mode of calculating.

It is remarkable that, before the alteration of the style, the common people indicated with tolerable correctness the summer and winter solstices by the proverb, or current saying—for a proverb it is not—

Barnaby Bright—the longest day and shortest night.

Lucy Gray—the longest night and shortest day.

The feast of Saint Barnabas, as my readers will discover when they look into the calendar of the Common Prayer, is on the 11th of June; that of Saint Lucy on the 13th of December. There is poetry in the epithets given to the two saints. Poetry is natural, and therefore vulgar, or a faculty of the common people. It may be corrected and refined, but is not given, by art and study.

I have an almanack for the year in which the style was altered. The space on the page, which would have been occupied by the suppressed days, is filled up with the substance and purport of the act of parliament. The act has nothing to do with the year's beginning on the first of January, but

with the change of the style only ; it was passed in 1751, and the change took place in 1752.

XXIX.

PHILLIDOR—JEDEDIAH BUXTON.

The person who gave such a romantic and *flowery* proof of the Catholic permission of bigamy, as has been related, was an excellent chess-player : he had played with Phillidor, who, while seated at a table and playing with him, played, at the same time, two other games carried on by his deputies and adversaries in a room adjoining. Towards the conclusion of the three games, Phillidor was told that a movement, which he had ordered in one of the games played by memory, was impracticable, as the square was already occupied. Phillidor insisted that his agent had made a mistake ; and to prove it, went through the whole series of moves from the beginning of the game ; and this, without looking at the chess-board. He said, moreover, that it was easier for him to play three games by memory, than two by memory and one by sight ; in the former case he could sit in a corner, abstracted and covering his eyes ; while, in the latter, he was liable to various interruptions, and could not so well keep separate the combinations of each particular game.

Jedediah Buxton, the Derbyshire peasant, could carry on in his head, without the help of written

ciphers, the most extensive and complicated arithmetical calculations. Phillidor's talent was more admirable, as the moves at chess are arbitrary; the will of one player depending on the act of the other. Phillidor's Games is an excellent book for teaching this imperial, royal, oriental, all but scientific warfare,—*ludicra bella*.

XXX.

AN ANGLICAN MONK.

Much outcry is raised by Protestants against the monastic institutions of Catholic countries, and great lamentation poured forth on the lot of unhappy children condemned by unfeeling parents to a conventual life, for the purpose of enriching their other children, who are to enjoy the delights of the world.

Some abuses have arisen from the recognition of religious houses as corporations; but unless the state had so recognised them, they could not have possessed property. Some abuses arise from the very permanence of these establishments; but this permanence is also an advantage. Much might be said both for and against the irrevocability of religious vows; but my purpose is not to discuss the question of the use or abuse of Catholic monstery, but to show that monkery subsists in England with all its evils, without spirituality, and at an enormous expense.

R. Y. was the younger son of a country gentleman of moderate estate in ——shire. This estate was destined, in its entirety, to be the inheritance of the elder son : there were daughters also to be portioned off, as our wise reformers have reserved no nunneries. The father and elder brother of R. Y. had been of the number of those who, in Cambridge, where they mess with the fellows of the college, are called fellow-commoners ; but in Oxford, where they eat at a table appropriated to them, bear the silly name of gentlemen-commoners ; for the silliness of this name, however, not that famous university, but popular usage is responsible, since their Latin title is *commensales superioris ordinis*. The university has, no doubt, good reasons for this superior order, independent of literary merit, in the republic of letters. Their “grace of life” is not “unbought.”

To R. Y. the silken robe and the velvet covering of the square trencher, were unknown as personal ornaments ; he became a scholar on the foundation of that college in which his father and brother had borne them. Yet he was always neatly and even smartly dressed. His knowledge of the usages of good company, and its refinements and enjoyments, was exact ; his manners, though shy, were polished ; and his insight into the character of others was both quick and just. He was reserved, at least while young ; for he felt that fortune had used him ill, and had, moreover,

placed him in circumstances that by no means agreed with his taste, nor with the habitudes acquired in his father's house. A commission in the guards would have suited him to a hair.

He was obliged to wait a long time for a fellowship, as the scholars of his college succeed according to an established order; and he declared that a scholarship was "a d—d take-in." Certainly the residence required more than consumed the *præbenda* of the foundation; but it may be supposed that it was the residence, not its expense, that he found most grievous. He would loll on his sofa in the evening, and rail at our way of passing that portion of the twenty-four hours, without female society, without music, without topics of conversation. He was fond of light reading, and read the English Classics with taste and feeling: had eight years, passed at a school of high reputation, enabled him to read either Latin or Greek with facility, he would have enjoyed those classics also; but these languages were *dead* to him. He attempted by their means to increase the range of his pleasures, but the labour repelled him.

The time approached when he was to enter into the orders of the Anglican church: in what manner the contemplation of this change affected him may be judged of by the following anecdote. I was walking with him in the sort of promenade held in the High Street: we chanced to follow a party of

three or four very gay, spruce undergraduates, who made themselves somewhat remarkable by their airs of coxcombry. R. Y. as if in soliloquy, yet speaking loud enough for me to hear, said, “D—n you, do not be so conceited: in two or three years your tails will be cut off, and then it will be all over with you.” Hair-powder, and the fantastic mode of dressing the hair with curls, and that *dependence* to which R. Y. alluded, had not yet given way to the more serious and manly fashion introduced at the commencement of the French revolution.

R. Y. was ordained, however; though no man ever uttered *nolo episcopari* so willingly as he would have refused this profession. He used to exclaim, with fantastic humility, that he was ordained διακονίη τραπέζαις. Disgusted with a college life, he took a country curacy. Here he lived, with a man to take care of his horse, and a woman to take care of his house; and with a bitter affection of contentment, he used to sing, in reference to the name of his housekeeper and cook, who was called Mrs. England,—

Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the roast!

Whether the attentions of the neighbouring gentry were accorded or withheld, was equally mortifying to the pride of the young curate. He could not brook to receive civilities which he was not in a condition to repay after the fashion in which

they were exhibited. Besides, he sometimes met with those whom he used fastidiously to call “the neighbouring clergy,” with whose manners and opinions his own did not, in all instances, coincide. He considered the *gentleman* as an indispensable ingredient in the composition and character of the clergyman; and would willingly have abolished all eleemosynary aids of ecclesiastical education, declaring, that “there are raffs enough in the church, without bringing up servitors on purpose.” He soon resigned his cure.

In college, he might at least mix with those of the same mode of life as that to which he should himself be condemned; and he returned to live in college. Here he lived for five-and-thirty years: “he had nothing to do, and he did it”—to quote a witticism of George Horne, commentator on the Psalms, and sometime bishop of Norwich; a witticism not indeed applied by the reverend prelate to my poor friend R. Y. but certainly applicable to him and to others. He lived the life of a Protestant monk for thirty-five tedious, useless, monotonous, self-reproaching, hopeless years. His elder brother’s eldest son came to college as a gentleman-commoner; perhaps a younger brother of that eldest son was provided for by the liberality of the pious founder in the same manner as his uncle; for the generations of men succeed each other

—velut unda supervenit undam.

R. Y. died when his stomach could no longer properly dispose of a daily superfluity of roast beef and old port. This period arrived to him soon after he had attained his grand climacteric. Eating was, to him, not merely a sensual enjoyment, but an occupation : nay, still more, one of his “ pleasures of the imagination ;” for example, in a country walk we approached a farm-house, near which ran a rivulet ; on the waters of this stream, a duck was swimming followed by her young ones : “ D—n you ! ” said R. Y. This was an usual expletive with him ; it was on this occasion addressed to the ducklings, which, with an eye at once poetical and gluttonous, he saw were plump and well grown ; “ D—n you ! I should like to see you nicely roasted, with sage and onion in your crops.”

His literary amusements have been mentioned ; I recommended it to him to acquire so much of the French and Italian languages as to be able to read authors whose tasteful and beautiful compositions would have delighted him ; but so habitually slothful was he, that he would have foregone his share of the venison, had it been necessary for him, as for Æneas and his companions, to shoot it and prepare it himself.

In religion he had no prejudices, except against jacobins and radicals, who, he suspected, were inclined to make wild work with pious foundations. He had not settled his faith, and, like every unsettled, unprejudiced man, wavered between

believing *all* or *nothing*. A fellow collegian having declared that he comprised his own creed in three short words,—“*Here we be,*”—R. Y. unhesitatingly admitted that all beyond this brief formula was at least doubtful. Yet when he first met me after my conversion to the Catholic faith, he said, “I’ll be d—d if I do not think that yours

Is the old red cow and the right;
The other is but set up in spite.”

I lament the fate of this amiable, honourable man: good talents, excellent disposition, were useless to him: he was a man lost, both in respect to himself and to society. He who adopts from choice a religious life, and conscientiously complies with his rule and institute, is rendered happy by the continual discharge of duties which, he believes, secure to him what he hopes for beyond the grave: he prays too for the world. He who loves literature, will find in a college life, if not so many as he may expect of the same taste as himself, at least leisure and resources and independence. He may instruct the world. But college idleness is, of all idleness, the worst. To this life many victims are doomed in both our universities, of those for whom no provision can be made by their families. Some pass away the years of their durance in gross and stupid content; some, of more refined feelings, suffer under the irritation of

unavailing regrets, or sink into dull and morbid despondency.

XXXI.

LINES¹ ON THE BIBLE SOCIETIES,²
 BRITISH, FOREIGN, AUXILIARY, BRANCH, ASSOCIATED,
 AFFILIATED.

As unsuited to verse, this long title I'll dock,
 So let "Bible Societies" shrink to "Bib. Soc."

* The religion of Protestants ALL is the Bible;

* The Bible, the Bible, and nought but the Bible.

* So said Chillingworth once, full of logic and grammar;
 And knock'd down old Popery dead—as with hammer.

* Hence a hundred and seventy differing sects
 Contradict, misapply, quote, vex, and perplex.

* My verse limps for a syllable;—'tis but eight score:
 But surely Bib. Soc. will soon make the ten more;
 For he scatters his Bibles with such a profusion,
 As, of course, will create "worse confounded confusion."

* England's bishops, good Protestants, shrink from the
 plan:

But Bib. Soc. drives as hard and as fast as he can.

These bishops no longer "try all things;" that's past:
 But to "that which is good" they still strive to "hold fast:"
 Like wise men and prudent their seats they maintain,
 And "false doctrine, heresy, schism," restrain.

* In perverse imitation Bib. Soc. stands alone
 Of him who for bread gives his children a stone.
 On Bib. Soc.'s liberality this is no libel:
 The poor man begs a loaf; Bib. Soc. proffers the Bible.

And is not the Bible the true bread of life?
 Fire, meat, drink, and clothing, for self, babes, and wife?
 * But perhaps you can't read, or you won't? 'tis no matter:
 There's a virtue comes out on't: 'twill make you grow fatter.

" Doctor Swift says 'twill do for a night-cap, or cure
Corns, tooth-ache, or belly-ache : nothing more sure !

" This dean's jokes on Lord Peter for currency pass :
But " they should not throw stones who have windows of
glass."

On Lord Peter his jests you're well pleased he should crack :
Bear his jests then, Bib. Soc. ! on your Martin and Jack.
What is sauce for a goose is sauce too for a gander :
But this dean from the Bible will lead me to wander !
'Tis fit to be read too in churches ; no doubt :
Though of women assembled the modest go out.

" Are not the kisses
Pretty things to be talked of to boys, wives, and misses ?
That such phrases in Scripture are found, there's good reason ;
But to read them in public is quite out of season :
It raises a blush on fair modesty's cheek,
And make some look for that which they else would not seek.

" Nay, rebellion and murder may here go to school :
And the covenant heroes oft quoted the rule.
With the praises of God and a two-edged sword,
(And this two-edged sword, we all know, is The Word)
To bind kings in chains is the honour and glory
Of the saints : Jack and Martin prove this by their story.

" Our Bib. Soc. has made England "of Bibles the land :"
But can all who possess it the book understand ?
Is the sense then so clear ? Alas ! 'tis but in vain
That you hunt for this sense, to the church only plain.

Bib. Soc.'s "authorized" version pray who authorizes ?
This their zeal for authority really surprises ;
" Since "without note or comment" they make their do-
nation.

Is no comment convey'd then in *managed translation* ?
Tom Ward tells of "Errata :" you see through his meaning ;
And of such in a quarto has gather'd a gleaning.
" Besides ; here's a puzzle : Bib. Soc., only look !
What see you before you ? 'Tis nought but a book.

But who vouches its authors divinely inspired ?
Our assurance of *that* must be elsewhere acquired.
In things human, to man a safe trust we resign :
But no mere human proof can prove writings divine.
That 'tis Scripture how prove you ? Because in red leather,
Or in black, with gilt edges, 'tis bound all together ?
" Because "Holy Bible"'s impress'd on the back on't ?
" And jurors and perjurors oft take a smack on't ?
That 'tis Scripture how prove you ? You're left in the lurch :
For no Scripture can come but through old mother church.
From the church you've the word : take from her, then, its
sense :

Save your souls by her rules ; spare your speeches and pence.
" Ere the canon was fixed of what Scripture consisted,
Think you all Christian people believed as they listed ?
No—the Catholic church they were willing to hear,
" And work out their salvation with trembling and fear :"
What was "every where, always, by all" entertain'd,
They received as true faith, and true glory they gain'd.

Now to Ireland Bib. Soc. sends his Bibles in ships ;
And in steam-packet takes evangelical trips :
But the sons of Saint Patrick their true faith preserve,
And laws, Bib. Soc.s, and bayonets, ne'er make them swerve :
'Tis the faith of all ages ; 'tis built on a rock,
And defies all new creeds and the schemes of Bib. Soc. ;
" While poor England is blundering and cobbling religion ;
Of the bubble Bib. Soc. both the dupe and the pigeon :
While her jumpers, and ranters, and canters, all find
In the Bible alone a true faith to their mind.

Then behold ! They will teach it and preach it about
To "all nations, and kindreds," and make such a rout,
" All with Bibles in hand, of each household the pest,
That until you're converted, they'll ne'er let you rest.

"Tis a fine thing this charity ! let it at home
Both begin and abide, nor for Irishmen roam :

For Eng's sons pay what to Caesar they owe,
 And their duty to God from the ~~ONE~~ CHURCH they know.
 Then let's have no more, dear B. Soc., of your bother!
 You'll have business enough to convert one another.
 "While our rights are refined, while the tithe-proctor
 grows,
 Come your vile hypocritical care for our souls.

1. Note 1. The greater part of these lines was written before my leaving England; a few have been inserted since my return, and an addition made in reference to the conversion of Ireland by the Bible Societies; an enterprise almost as easy, as was observed by an Irish orator, as to teach all that people to talk cockney English.

2. Since the Scriptures are "able to make men wise unto salvation," and since a copy of the Scriptures, which before the invention of printing would have cost four hundred pounds, may now be had for four shillings, what could be more laudable or less difficult than to secure the salvation of all the world? Hence our British Society became Foreign, and translated the Bible for the use of those even who had not learned to read. Ramifications were protruded in all directions; alliances formed between societies of independent origin; and co-operation and a good understanding established among the members of the mighty mass. Thus much for the *title*.

3. So say all Protestants. Differ as they may, "Hither, as to a fountain," &c. Yet some Pro-

testant sects might be puzzled to say on what authority they permit the eating of blood and things strangled—forbidden in the Acts of the Apostles ; who gave them leave to abolish the Jewish sabbath, their almost Judaical observance too considered, of the first day of the week commonly called Sunday ; by what right they substitute aspersion or affusion for immersion as the mode of administering baptism ; a change as audacious as the refusal of the cup to the laity : or, to pass from practices to dogmas—by what plain and direct words of Scripture they prove the double procession of the Holy Ghost—a dogma that did not happen to fall under the censure of “ the magnanimous fathers of the Reformation ;” but, for a belief in which, many of their descendants take refuge in what is called Socinianism ; i. e. Unitarianism, or Antitrinitarianism.

So much—though more might be said—concerning the religion of Protestants without the Bible ; for those points in which Protestants go against the Bible, reference may be made to a little book, that may be had of Messrs. Keating and Co. Duke-street, Grosvenor-square ; it is entitled “ The Catholic Scripturist.” He who shall read this book, will be astonished at the modest assurance with which it is asserted by Protestants, that their several religions are conformable, and that of Catholics contradictory to Scripture.

4. The Bible is the written word of God. All

who receive it as such must regard it with most profound reverence: but it is the sense of the Bible that is the Bible. Concerning its sense, questions have arisen in all ages. Experience has proved that it cannot serve as a rule of faith without an authorized interpreter. Heresiarchs themselves arrogate the authority which they refuse to the church, and exercise it in a tone that cannot but provoke the question, "Came the word of God forth from *you*; or hath it come to you only?"

5. Chillingworth seems to write in such agitation of mind, that it is marvellous how he could command repose of body sufficient to enable him to be seated and guide his pen over so much paper as furnished the *type* of his folio. The title of his book may be a clue to the cause of this irritability,— "The Religion of Protestants a safe way to Salvation." Who ever talked of his courage but a coward? of his state of safety, but he who believed himself in danger? Chillingworth's book is, indeed, an answer to one entitled, "Charity maintained by Catholiques;" wherein the contrary (to this safety) is pretended to be proved; but when, in the sixteenth century of the Christian æra, certain reformers pretended to prove the ancient faith to be idolatrous and damnable, its adherents, though they might tremble, like Gil Blas, *pour les biens de l'Eglise*, by no means felt alarmed for their spiritual security.

With great fairness of proceeding, Chillingworth

has published his adversary's book with his own ; so that the impartial reader may judge on which side is to be found soundness of reasoning, equality of temper, meekness, gentleness, charity.

6. “*Idem Valentinianis licet quod Valentino,*” said Tertullian fifteen hundred years ago. And, in a late debate on an important subject, when a certain Irish primate denied the right of private judgment in matters of religion, a newspaper asked by what right he was Lord Archbishop of ——.

7. See “Evans's View of Religions,” or some such title. I quote this popular book merely for the number of sects ; among which the ignorant author reckons Popery. In the beginning, Christianity was a sect, in reference to philosophy and paganism ; but the Catholic faith is not that of a sect among Christians, being the faith of the mother church.

8. A very intelligent people in the northern part of our island, with the Bible in their hands, have no bishop in their kirk. The ecclesiastical orders of the Catholic church are those of subdeacon, deacon, and priest. The consecration of a bishop does not confer on him a new order ; episcopacy is the completion and perfection of the priesthood. Neither Anglicans nor Presbyterians retain the four minor orders, nor that of subdeacon ; but both are in the right, the former in maintaining bishops, the latter in denying them to be of a distinct order. We shall all agree, when we understand one an-

other. It is to be remarked that the Common Prayer talks of “ordaining or *consecrating* bishops.” Is this a rag of Popery, or a studied ambiguity? Be all this as it may, since other sects, as well as Presbyterians, can find no bishops in the Bible, and other sects might arise of the same anti-episcopalian tendency from the seed thus plentifully sown, it was time for bishops to look to it.

9. On reading in the public prints an account of the dearness of corn, and the cheapness of Bibles, the two ideas got entangled in my mind, and wove themselves into those four lines, which I mistook for an epigram, and which have increased to a hundred. *Principiis obsta.*

10. No disrespect is here intended towards the Bible; nor are miraculous powers attributed to the societies; both the one and the other imagination is equally improbable. It is merely hinted that, before presenting to any one the Bible, that is, a voluminous collection of books, it might be as well to have some little assurance of his disposition and ability to read. From the frequent neglect on the part of the societies of these trifling preliminaries, it may be supposed that, in the opinion of these distributors of the word, the possession of the Bible produces its effect in the way of what theologians call an *opus operatum.*

11. See Tale of a Tub. I certainly disapprove of this railing, as both extravagant and indecent; and have cited it only in the hope of rendering

Protestants more cautious in reviling the faith of their forefathers. If they blame scurrility, let them not employ it: if they think it good in argument, let them see that it may be turned against themselves. After all, if we believe in the genuineness of the verses which Lord Chesterfield was so anxious to send as an agreeable offering to Voltaire, Swift was a disbeliever of revelation: no wonder then that he was impartial in his ridicule.

12. One of Swift's charges against Lord Peter is, that he secreted the knowledge of their father's last will and testament from his brothers Martin and John: i. e. kept the knowledge of the Scriptures from the people. To repel this calumny it is right to advert to the times before and subsequent to the invention of printing. During the former period, not only was the high cost of a written copy a hinderance to the plentiful distribution of such copies; but as in those days it was thought useless to give books to those who could not read, and as the laity in general, having no books to read, did not trouble themselves to acquire that faculty, the Scriptures were hardly anywhere to be met with but in churches and religious communities, where the clergy kept them; not *from* the people, but for their own use. The Vulgate translation, too, sufficed, since all of those who wanted to read the Holy Scriptures understood Latin. The very name given to this translation may show that it is no part of Catholic

discipline to make a secret of the Word of God. The Latin language was the “vulgar tongue.”

The press has been regarded as the great engine of the Reformation: no doubt it facilitates the dispersion of all sentiments and opinions, good, bad, or indifferent. The call for vernacular translations of the Bible was raised at this period by curiosity and enthusiasm, and would have existed had there been no printing press; thus far the Reformation, so called, was independent of the art of printing. Besides, though the means of multiplying books was now obtained, it was requisite that several generations should pass away before a sufficient number of the people could learn to read so as to form, in every nation of Christendom, what may be called a reading public. It was still later ere the common people generally learned to read: in Great Britain and in France the Sunday schools and *écoles primaires* have done much towards this desirable object; and the Lancasterian system, it is earnestly to be hoped, will extend this advantage to all the world. It had been so far obtained towards the latter end of the eighteenth century, that a question arose, how far an extensive and indiscriminate distribution of printed copies of the sacred books might be useful as a mode of religious instruction.

My Lord Peter, or the spirit of the Catholic church personified, encourages the dispersion of the sacred volume on two conditions; first, that

it be faithfully translated ; secondly, that it should be put into the hands of those only whose studies and dispositions shall exempt them from the number of those whom Scripture itself designates as “unlearned and unstable.”

I have given here my apprehension of the general opinion of Catholics as to the popular use of the whole of the Old and New Testament. I will presume to add my individual judgment, that the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles may be read, by every one informed in the elements of Christianity, with the hope of good fruit both of knowledge and piety.

13. I remember the furious outcry raised against Matthew Lewis, Esq., then commonly called “Monk” Lewis, from an extravagant but ingenious novel which he wrote, bearing that title ; it is a development of the story of the Santon Barsissa. Mr. Lewis takes occasion to declare, that of all books in the world, the Bible is the most unfit to be read by young women.

As furious an outcry may await me for daring to opine, that it is inconsistent with decency to read the Bible consecutively in public assemblies. Yet, in one instance at least, I am borne out by the Church of England itself ; the chapter in Deuteronomy, which, in due course, would be read on the morning of the fifth of March, is *too bad*. Why the same condemnation was not award-

ed against some of the preceding and following chapters, a casuist in such matters might be puzzled to discover. Perhaps the bishops consulted Queen Elizabeth on the occasion : it was a *dignus vindice nodus*; no less an affair than the keeping back from the people a portion of holy writ ; besides, this queen, unless she is much belied, was, like her father, a person of experience. However this may have been, by whatever counsels the omission of this chapter was commanded, none can rail against me, without railing against the Church of England : since it has admitted the principle for which I contend, and the question is a question only of more or less.

14. We all know the history of the middle of the seventeenth century ; towards the end of it, Claverhouse is represented in “The Tales of my Landlord,” as pointing out to Milnwood how easily a text of Scripture might be adduced to justify the putting him, Milnwood, to death. The fanatics of Scotland or of England were not the first to recommend violence, by examples found in the Old Testament. The disciples of our blessed Lord say to him, “Lord, why dost thou not command fire to descend from heaven and destroy them, as Elias did ?” Assuredly, they who offended against Christ offended against a “greater than Elias ;” and he at whose orders were “legions of angels,” could command fire from heaven ; but the

Saviour rebukes the intemperate zeal of his followers by the reply, “ Ye know not what spirit ye are of.”

I would ask—the question may alarm the favourers of Bible Societies, and be considered as suggested by the spirit of my Lord Peter—yet I would ask,—Is it necessary for every Christian to read the whole of the Old Testament? With the short account of the creation of the world and its destruction by the deluge, with the establishment of the Jewish polity and law, “ the shadow of things to come, whose end is Christ,” and with the prophecies of the Messiah, it is fit that a Christian should be acquainted; but it does not follow that *he* is ignorant of them who may not have read them in the Old Testament. The rest is matter of instruction or curiosity, of edification or perversion, according to the mind and temper of the reader; and some caution, some discrimination of persons and circumstances, might be wise and prudent.

15. When Chillingworth gives forth his frantic exclamation, “ The Bible, the Bible, I say, the Bible is the religion of Protestants”—I repeat quietly, “ The sense of the Bible is the Bible.” If he means any thing else, he talks nonsense. When the sense is disputed, who is the interpreter? The society that has subsisted from the beginning is to declare in what sense the disputed passage has, from the beginning, been understood: in its decision it is aided by tradition and the una-

nimous consent of the fathers. In this mode, there is somewhat more of security than in that of private judgment, even the private judgment of Claude or Lardner. This mode is a security against the introduction of novelties; for the church claims not a right to teach a new doctrine. "Let nothing be innovated; let nothing be done but what has been delivered," said Pope Celestine to St. Cyprian, on the dispute concerning the rebaptizing of heretics.¹ The opinions of Claude or Lardner may be given by themselves as apostolical; but they are discoveries, not inheritances; if apostolical, how happened it that they were not inherited by the Catholic church? The proprietor of an estate, devolved through many generations, does not suffer his landmarks and boundaries to be disturbed by every new and rival claimant.

If the sentiments of the most learned men are of no weight when set against the immemorial prescription of the original society, how are we to deem of unlearned commentators, of men whose occupations and habitudes are incompatible with a skill in biblical criticism? Dr. South approves by anticipation of the principle of the division of labour; and laughs at the notion that there can be any convenience or advantage in a carpenter's being able to make his own pulpit.

¹ More correctly, concerning the rebaptizing those who had been baptized by heretics. Celestine determined in the negative.

16. How can the Bible Societies take it upon their consciences to invite the people to make their own systems of religion out of the Bible without any other help? The Reverend Peter Gandolphy, chaplain to the Spanish Embassy in London, and a celebrated controversial preacher within the memory of many of my readers, said in a sermon, "Without pretending to any extraordinary faculty as an instructor, I will be bound to teach any man of plain understanding more of the Christian religion in two hours than he would be able to learn from the Bible *alone* during the whole course of his life." Common sense, and a due consideration of the circumstances of the case, nay even the use and practice of those who profess to leave men at liberty to find their faith in the Bible, all confirm this declaration of the learned divine.

17. Catholics every where, and all Protestants that I know of, believe that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God; but in deciding what books are Scripture and sacred, they proceed in different manners. The rulers of the church, protected from error according to the promises of Christ, determine what writings are to be received by the members of the church as dictated by divine inspiration: among Protestants, an evidence, such as recommends a profane writer, is sufficient for the authenticity of a scriptural work, and its inspiration is presumed from the facts, that its author was a teacher of the Christian religion and wrought mi-

racles. From the truth of these facts, inspiration is not necessarily proved. These facts were true respecting some whose writings are not admitted as Scripture. Besides, if the book be entitled to its authority by external evidence only, that evidence is liable to perpetual question and discussion. Experience has shown this to be the case.

18. There is no doubt that the Bible is Holy: the doubt here suggested is as to the mode of proof that such a book is the Holy Bible. Moreover it is right that the epithet "Holy" be applied to the Bible, in common parlance even, as a mark of due respect. Some one objected to this, as too ceremonious; "You prove it to be Holy by calling it The Bible."—"Yes," said Richard Paget; "but you do not prove that you think it to be so."

19. It is very laudable and decorous that they who hold in their hands the book of the Gospels in attestation of the truth of what they swear to, should kiss the book in token of respect. But the book is sworn by, because it is Scripture; it does not follow that it is Scripture, because it is sworn by. This observation is made for the benefit of those who, like the dupes of the Bible Societies, have not a very accurate apprehension of the difference of *cause* and *effect*.

20. The Reverend Peter Gandolphy, aforesaid, preached a sermon on "Christianity without the Scriptures;" in which he inquired how far, if it had pleased God that there should have been no

Christian Scriptures, religion might have subsisted by the church alone, preserving, by the divine help, the *depositum* of faith and morals, and delivering it down from generation to generation. In point of fact, the Christian religion did subsist for some ages before a generally recognised body of inspired writings was formed and enjoined to be received by the faithful every where.

Catholics have been accused of arguing in a circle when they prove the Scripture by the church, and the church by the Scripture. They prove the Scripture by the church, because they conceive that none but a divinely-inspired authority is competent to determine that such or such a book was written by inspiration. The Protestant reads the Gospels of St. Luke or St. John : he believes them to be inspired : he does well ; but *he* is not inspired to know that *they* were inspired.

When a Catholic is asked by a Protestant how he proves his church, he endeavours to do this to the satisfaction of the Protestant by quoting Scripture ; he says, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against the church :"—"It is the ground and pillar of truth," &c. The Catholic employs the *argumentum ad hominem*, since the Protestant must admit an appeal to the book from which he professes to derive his faith. But to an unbeliever, a Catholic proves the existence of the church by the fact of its existence : its establishment is matter of history. Thus, there is a British constitution.

Why? How? Because there is a British constitution ; and the Scripture is to the church what the statute law is to the civil polity ; with this difference, that the Scripture cannot be repealed or abrogated.

21. As if religion were intended

For nothing else but to be mended.—**HUDIBRAS.**

Butler forgot the successful attempts of the sixteenth century. The *menders* of that time had the law on their side, and took care to be well paid for their work. The reformers of the present day are, in general, zealous, disinterested, conscientious men, who take the “errors of Popery” for granted, and reduce their polemics to a sectarian controversy with the establishment.

22. Many worthy persons, whom I should be sorry to offend, will say it is horrible to call a man “a pest” because he brings an offer of the Bible. Shift the scene : let it be supposed that Irish priests come over to convert the people of England, and the *pest* will be intolerable even to the imagination. These bringers of the Bible do not introduce themselves civilly like Paul Pry, with “I hope I don’t intrude.” They say, “Your priests want to keep you in darkness : I wish to enlighten you : here is a Bible.”—“Thank you,” says the Irishman ; “I don’t want one.”—“But you cannot know any thing of your religion without reading the Bible.”—“Yes ; I have been in-

structed sufficiently in my religion."—"But you will certainly be damned if you do not read the Bible."—"I need no more fear being damned than yourself."—"No! Why, if the devil was to come here now, which of us two do you think he would take?"—"Troth, I think he would take *me* now; for he would be sure of *you* at any time." This dialogue really took place.

23. So Mr. Sheridan, more than thirty years ago, told the ministers—I was in the gallery of the House of Commons and heard him;—"You offer to restore to the Dutch the House of Orange and the legitimate government; but you say not a word of giving them back the spice islands." It may be politic, however, to turn the inundation of Bibles upon Ireland: the scheme is a good *tub* for the whale to play with.

XXXII.

CONVERSATIONS OF PALEY.

There are fifty-two prebendaries of the Cathedral church of Lincoln, of whom four, the dean, subdean, chancellor, and precentor, each in his turn, reside for three months in every year. Paley's residence began on the day "commonly called," as the prayer-book has it, and still called, such is the pertinacity of tradition, "Christmas day;" but he continued his abode at Lincoln for six weeks or two months after his trimestral duty

was terminated. I had frequent, almost daily opportunities of meeting him, and I hardly ever met him without his saying something worthy of being recorded in his *ana*. The anecdotes now offered to the public I have repeated very often in conversations with my friends, many of whom have suggested to me the scheme of making a collection of them and giving it to the world. At length I have followed this advice, and have found the renewed recollection of Paley's sayings a very agreeable occupation. I employed a few days in making *heads* of the "Conversations," and then sat down to reduce them into form.

Paley is by no means forgotten ; his works are in the hands of every one ; the circumstances of the times in which he lived and *talked*, are still fresh in the memory of every one, and have an intimate connexion with the state of things at the present day.

I cannot affirm myself to have been an ear-witness of every saying here set down : the far greater part of them I heard with my own ears, but some of them have been related to me by persons worthy of all credit, members of the society of the place, who, like myself, were frequently in company with Paley,—men incapable of attributing to him what did not justly belong to him ; admirers of his talents and jealous of his fame.

I may be blamed (for belonging, as I do, to the proscribed and tolerated, and therefore insulted

and calumniated, Catholic people, any reproach, however unjust, may be thrown upon me, not only with impunity, but with applause to the censurers) —I may be blamed for violating the confidence of social intercourse, for reporting what would not have been uttered but with an implied reliance on the discretion of the hearers.

I have certainly had private interviews with Paley ; but I have taken care to avoid all mention of whatever may have passed between us when alone. When he spoke of what I call his “retreat to Longtown,” I believe no one heard him but myself ; but there can be no ground for the charge of indiscretion in the relation of an anecdote which, though very interesting, is perfectly innocent. In his talk respecting Dr. Jebb, he was particularly cautious ; a proof that he considered his hearers as free to interpret him unfavourably, and that he guarded himself therefore beforehand against representations that might “not much contribute to his glory.” These “Conversations,” then, whatever may be the merits or demerits of the speaker or his editor, I submit to the reader, in the usual hope of “benefiting and delighting” him.

When I went to live at Lincoln, in 1797, I knew that Archdeacon Paley had been, some few years before, appointed subdean ; and as his place obliged him to three months’ residence every year, I anticipated much delight and instruction in the con-

versation of the author of “Moral and Political Philosophy,” of “The Evidences of Christianity,” and, above all, of that sagacious and original work, “Horæ Paulinæ.” On his arrival to perform his duty of residence, in the year above mentioned, I made him a visit without finding him “at home.” It was known afterwards that he was at this time occupied in the composition of his “Natural Theology.” He returned my visit: unfortunately, I was “from home.” My curiosity was not, however, long to wait for its gratification. I was soon invited to meet him at a dinner party,—at one of those dinners which I have elsewhere spoken of as regularly interchanged between the residuary and the society of the place. I entered the drawing-room with some degree of awe: the greater part of the company was assembled, and Dr. Paley was amongst them.

Imagine to yourself, reader, if you never saw Dr. Paley, and many of my readers may not have seen him, since I write about twenty years after his death,—imagine to yourself a thick, short, square-built man, with a face which, though animated and cheerful, could not but, at first sight, appear ugly; with bushy brows, snub nose, and projecting teeth; with an awkward gait and movement of the arms; a decent and dignified, but by no means excessive, protuberance of belly; wearing a white wig, such as suited his place, and a court coat; but without what would also have

s suited his place, a short cassock. To this part of the dress of the dignified ecclesiastic he had a particular dislike, and ridiculed it by calling it “a black apron, such as the master tailors wear in Durham.” The whole of his dress was of course black. He wore silver buckles at his knees and in his shoes.

He was talking as I entered ; and I perceived, with much surprise, that he spoke a very broad northern dialect. He had passed, indeed, great part of his life in the north of England ; but he had been educated and lived long at Cambridge, and had seen a good deal of the world. Perhaps he was vain of this singularity : perhaps he would not seem to wish to correct what he found he could not cure without difficulty, and so gave up the attempt. I heard him repeat three or four times the word “noodge,” pushing his elbows at the same time towards the sides of those who stood nearest to him : this motion explains the meaning of a word not very generally in use among scholars, nor in good company. But Paley’s merits, though they might have been recommended by polished manners, were superior to them, and wanted them not ; and his learning was the more agreeable by being entirely free from formality, pedantry, or assumption of literary importance. I could not learn to what all this “noodging” referred, as the story was finished ; and, soon after, dinner was announced.

When we were seated at table, the mistress of the house said, “Mr. Subdean, what will you be pleased to eat?”—“Eat, madam? eat every thing, from the top of the table to the bottom—from the beginning of the first course to the end of the second.” Then, putting on an air of grave doubt and deliberation:—“There are those pork *staakes*: I had intended to proceed, regularly and systematically, *through* the ham and fowls *to* the beef; but those pork *staakes* stagger my system.” I sat next to him: he turned suddenly upon me:—“Mr. ——, what would you do in such a case?” As I had to answer the first question proposed to me by the great Dr. Paley, I endeavoured to do so in choice and correct phraseology. I said, that when the end was the same, and the means equally innocent and indifferent——. Paley had a quick and nice tact on all occasions: whether he understood the preciseness of my sentence as in jest or in earnest I know not; but, not allowing me to finish it, he cried out—“Ay, I see you are for the pork *staakes*. Give me some of that dish:” —naming neither pork steaks nor ham and fowl.

Every one who has heard Paley converse must be aware how much his talk loses by being written down: no speech of the greatest orator,—not even that to which was applied “*quid si ipsum vidisses?*” could lose by transcription more of its force and effect. Paley’s eloquence, however, did not, like that orator’s, consist in his action: that was

by no means graceful. His utterance was at times indistinct; and when the persons to whom he talked were near him, he talked between his teeth; but there was a variety and propriety of inflexion in the tones of his voice—an emphasis so pronounced, and so clearly conveying his meaning and feeling, assisted too by an intelligent smile or an arch leer,—that not only what was really witty appeared doubly clever, but his ordinary remarks seemed ingenious.

A party was assembled in the subscription news-room. Some one came up to him and made an excuse for a friend, who was obliged to defer an intended visit to the subdeanery, because a man who had promised to pay him some money in April, could not pay it till May. "A common case," said Paley.—We all laughed. Paley, by way of rewarding us for our complaisance in being pleased with what was recommended chiefly by the quaintness of his manner, went on:—"A man should never *paay mooney* till he can't help it; *soomething maay* happen." These last three words were pronounced slowly, and with much affected seriousness.

At another time he said—"I always desire my wife and daughters to pay ready money. It is of no use to desire them to buy only what they want; they will always imagine they want what they wish to buy: but that paying ready *mooney* is such a check upon their imaginaation."

I will not trouble the reader with any more northern *orthography*, but observe, once for all, that Paley's *patois* added much drollery and fun to all that he said, and he said much with such intent; and, after I had been accustomed to it, it by no means weakened the impression of what he said seriously and logically. It did not appear like vulgarity, but the mere carelessness of force in one conscious that this fault was redeemed by his matter. Sometimes he did not disdain to use purposely a vulgar phrase. Having won a rubber at whist, he cried out, "Pay the people: U. P. spells geslings."

We, that is the society of the place, dined at the subdeanery. The weather was excessively cold; the fire in the room in which we dined had been lighted but just before dinner; we were all chilled. Paley felt it to be useless to make apologies for what might have been so easily prevented; he talked of a dinner-party, "an improvement upon this room, for *they* dined out of doors." To one of the company who was helping to the *trifle*, as it is here called—"Captain ——, you seem to be up to the elbows in suds; send me some of that; dig deep." I observed, that immediately after dinner he sent for his tooth-pick case, and was impatient till it was brought; that he drank very sparingly, of white wine chiefly; and that some gingerbread was served, not as part of the dessert, but to him alone.

After dinner, one of the party said, "Mr. Sub-dean, if you will give me leave, I'll stir the fire." Paley rushed from his end of the table: "I understand your trick! you want to have an opportunity of warming yourself. 'These are reflections of a mind at ease:' I have been farther from the fire than any of you: give me *the poker*." When we were seated round the fire, he gave me a letter: "It relates to the hare we had at dinner. It is written by a farmer, a tenant to the dean and chapter. Nay, read it aloud." I read:—"Reverend Sir, I request your honour's acceptance of a hare, as I mean to ask a favour in a short time. I am, &c. &c." Paley said, "As the dean remarked, so many thousand presents have been made with the same intention, yet the motive was never so honestly avowed before." I said, "I hope the farmer will obtain the favour."—"Very likely he will."

"A little girl, not quite four years old, came to me one day with a pink ribbon tied round her throat:—'Why do you put on that silly bit of ribbon?'—'To make me look pretty.' Purposes may be divined, but ingenuousness is rare; nay, it is a bad compliment to the understanding of those who are to be conciliated, and therefore may very fairly be laughed at as a blunder, but still a venial blunder."

Paley came to dine with me. On entering a room of which two sides were covered with books

—“Mr. —, you are not of my mind: I make it a rule never to buy a book that I can either beg, borrow, or steal.” I did not expect much success in any of those three means. “Well, however, I do make it a rule never to buy any book that I want to read only once over.” I said there are very few books here that you would consider as of that sort. I thought I observed that, when he had perceived his “Evidences” and “Horæ Paulinæ” among the divines, he looked about for his “Philosophy.” He might reasonably doubt whether it would be allowed a place on the shelf of an honest man’s library. There it was, however, the rascally book; and I did not say that to read it once was to read it once too often. The effect of reputation is, that one is obliged to procure of the works of a famous author those of which one does not approve; and even this, my censure of Paley’s “Morals and Politics,” may induce some one to read the book. The tutors of Cambridge, no doubt, neutralize, by their judicious remarks, when they read it to their pupils, all that is pernicious in its principles.

Three reasons have been given why Paley was not made a bishop. He was said not to be *presentable*; he was said not to be orthodox; it was said, too, that the late king, (than whom none went more directly to the conclusions of good sense, when not led by conscience-keepers) having seen or heard of the ingenious but most imprudent il-

lustration of “Property,” towards the beginning of the work in question, replied to some one who recommended Paley, “What? Pigeon Paley!”

He said, “I have always asserted, and still maintain it, that all tailors are cowards. They brought against me the example of many tailors that had enlisted themselves as soldiers. No argument at all in disproof of my assertion: these men had minds impatient of tailoring.” This Latinism, and the importance he gave to the subject, were amusing enough.

“The appearance of ——, the butcher, answers admirably to my idea of a lord. So long, and so lank, and so pale and unwholesome, with something of the shabby-genteel about the fellow: he was *intended* for a lord.” It may be a question whether he meant to ridicule, or really had adopted such a vulgar prejudice. Probably he had no serious thought on the matter.

“When I lived at Carlisle, I used to send half a guinea to market on the market-day, and that supplied my family with provisions for the week.” A proof, notwithstanding the cheapness of that country, of the straitness of Paley’s circumstances. His family was numerous, and he had, he said, three servants. He talked without reserve of passages in his former life, which a man of ordinary character, in the situation he then filled, would have been careful to keep out of view. There was latent pride in this, perhaps.

"When I went to town to teach a school, I pleased my imagination with the delightful task to teach the young idea how to shoot. The room stunk of p—, and a little boy came up, as soon as I was seated, and began—b, a, b, bab; b, l, e, ble, babble." Was this babbling or truth?

"I wanted a waistcoat at this time, and went into a second-hand clothes-shop. It so chanced that I bought the very same waistcoat that Lord Clive wore when he made his triumphal entry into Calcutta."

"I went to the play; and, on coming out of the theatre, felt six hands all trying to pick my pockets: whether they were *rival* or *conspiring* hands I cannot say. They took from me a handkerchief not worth twopence. I am sorry for the disappointment of the poor pickpockets."

His education had been sufficiently hardy. "My father rode to Peterborough, and I rode after him, on a horse that I could not manage. I tumbled off. My father, without looking back, cried out, 'Get up again, Will.'"

"When I set up a carriage, it was thought right that my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms; none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or had ever been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which

was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these *must* be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months afterwards that we found out that the tankard had been *bought at a sale!*" His looks and manner were an admirable running commentary on this story, and rendered it superfluous for him to make, and he did not make, any remark upon it.

We talked about the great schools. He said, "A lad came to us at Cambridge: he had been seven years at Eton, and could not spell *but*." Part of the fun of this consisted in the circumstance, that next to Paley was seated an Etonian, one, however, whose literary attainments were worthy of the fame of his school. He affected to laugh incredulously, though he must have known the story to have been but too probable. Paley rejoined: "I tell you the plain fact; the lad had been seven years at Eton and could not spell *but*; but we cooked him up."—"I suppose you taught him to spell *butter*," said the Etonian. The difference in Paley's pronunciation of *but* (the same as that of an Italian in the word *buttare*) and the Etonian's pronunciation of the same vowel in *butter*, almost spoiled to the ear the jest intended,—that *butter* should be the comparative degree of *but*, the positive.

I knew at Oxford a young man from Eton, who,

after seven years of education, though he could spell *but*, no thanks to his masters, certainly could not decline *muse*. I asked him how they could contrive to keep him so long at the school, and teach him so little. “They gave me the run of the school, and flogged me now and then to show they had not forgotten me.” The reproach of making boys serve an apprenticeship to Greek and Latin, without learning either, is shared by Eton with every other great school; ay, and little school, and private school, and by seminaries for a select number, where “the strictest attention is paid to the health and morals of the young gentlemen:” but Eton may boast that the manners of the young men there educated are gentle, polished, and manly; free from boyish rudeness or bashfulness, in a degree superior to those of the youth of any other school, public or private; though in this most important point the former will always have the advantage of the latter. Yet, in manners, a youth of eighteen at Eton is as correct as a man of the world at five-and-twenty.

This “could not spell *but*” has its pendant, resembling it in playful exaggeration, and even in the form of the sentence. “I was driven by the rain into the News-room this morning,” said Paley; “there I found Mr. —— alone; he was poring over the map of Italy, and could not find Rome. I showed him how and all about it; traced out to him the march of the armies, and made a politi-

cian of him." Mr. —— had that claim to kind attention which is derived from having passed threescore and fifteen years in this miserable world; and it is much to Paley's credit that he acknowledged it so good-naturedly.

He talked of education at the universities: " You may do any thing with young men by encouragement, by prizes, honours, and distinctions: see what is done at Cambridge. But there the stimulus is too strong; two or three heads are cracked by it every year." He was asked, " Do you mean that they really go mad from over-studying the mathematics?"—" Why, some of them go mad; others are reduced to such a state of debility, both of mind and body, that they are unfit for any thing during the rest of their lives. I always counselled the admixture of the study of natural philosophy, of classics and literature, and that university honours should be accorded to all. One thing I always set my face against; and that is, exercises in English composition: this calling upon lads—(lads, be it understood, is the old-fashioned university word for undergraduates)—this calling upon lads for a style before they have got ideas, sets them upon fine writing, and is the main cause of the puffy, spungy, spewy, washy style that prevails at the present day." These four epithets, being all of them words capable of the grace of northern pronunciation, had all and each of them the advantage,—and it was by no

means an inconsiderable one in point and effect,—of the “vulgar tongue” learned by Paley in his youth.

Whether a few hundreds of young men, at Oxford or Cambridge, shall learn a little more or less of Greek and Latin, or a little more or less of mathematics, is of little importance to the community at large. The former university excludes *in limine*, and the latter excludes from its degrees, all who will not subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England. This subscription is no security to the religion by law established, as no man can think himself bound by an act of this sort imposed upon him in his infancy. Before I went to Oxford, being then sixteen years of age, I consulted a friend whom I thought capable of advising me. “I am to subscribe the thirty-nine articles; I cannot understand them.”—“You will understand them hereafter.” To how many does this “hereafter” arrive? To some who consider the subscription as a take-in, and reconcile their consciences to it as well as they can; to some who think then that they are bound in duty and in honour to reject it, and whose rejection causes discussions not always favourable to the reputation of Anglican orthodoxy; to some few who, after inquiry, retain it in sincerity: but the great mass persevere in their primitive indifference; having once subscribed as a matter of form, they subscribe again. It is an old college joke, that a youth, on

his matriculation, being told he was to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles, very readily took out his purse, and asked, “ How much ?”

Thus academical institutions and establishments sufficient for the education of half the world, are reserved for the sole use of a comparatively insignificant number. Four-fifths of his majesty’s subjects are excluded from what ought to be regarded as the patrimony of all of them : yes, four-fifths of them : for, if we allow that there are four millions willing to sign the *confession* of the Church of England, we rate very high the number of its faithful adherents. Foreign nations are excluded : the Anglo-Americans are excluded. Proud of their English origin, and speaking the same language, they would gladly avail themselves of the advantage of educating at Oxford or Cambridge the youth of their leading families ; and we ought to avail ourselves of the means we possess to unite to us this great nation—for a great nation it already is—in bonds of parental and filial affection. This would be our glory : it is our interest : it may be our safety. Let, indeed, the aspirants to degrees in divinity subscribe “ with a sigh or a smile,” to use Gibbon’s words ; but the arts, and sciences, and languages, and law, and medicine, have nothing to do with theological orthodoxy.

No man could have a better right than had Paley, to criticise the faulty style of the imitators of Johnson, including the great names of Gibbon and of

some of the Scotch historians. The vices of this style are its latinisms, its verbosity, and, above all, its monotony. A friend of mine at Oxford called it the *swing-swang* style. "Yes," said I,

"——— each period has its brother ;
And half a sentence just reflects the other."

But we are improved, I think, within these last twenty-five years. Paley's style is eminently terse and correct and animated, and purely English ; his cadences are sufficiently harmonious, without being fatiguingly uniform.

There was a book-club at Lincoln, the members of which assembled once a week, at tea-time, and after tea each one took of books what he wished to read during the week following. The secretary said, "Mr. Subdean, what books do you choose?" He, casting a look as of doubt and dismay on the table covered with pamphlets and new publications, said, "I will try not to take more than I can read ; but one's eye is always bigger than one's belly on these occasions." One of these evenings, being unable to attend, he wrote me a note, desiring me to choose his books for him ; giving me to understand that he rather inclined that they should be light reading. When we next met, I asked him how he liked his books : "You have done very well : I was afraid you would have been too serious for me ; but you have hit my taste exactly." I fear I have lost this note

which I should now consider as a precious autograph.

After selecting our books, we usually formed a party at whist. Paley held out the pack of cards for me to draw one; but suddenly withdrawing his hand, “Short reckonings make long friendships; pay for your cards.” I laid down my shilling; “Do not forget on what consideration, Mr. Subdean.”

After whist, we entered into talk. Some one, speaking of a very worthy man, a clergyman in the city, said that he was a jacobite. One of the company cried out, “What? Mr. D. a jacobin?” —“No,” says Paley, “*bite*, not *bin*; who ever thought Mr. D. a jacobin?”—“No,” said I, “Mr. D. is a very honest man: no one here will say that a jacobin *quatenus* jacobin, is an honest man; and a man must be either *bite* or *bin*.” I was called on to show the necessity of the alternative: “As no one will say that we have a right to do now what was done in 1688, no one can consistently say that what was then done was done rightfully.” The Precentor said, “I presume that it is in consequence of the change in your religious opinions that you have taken up jacobitical principles.”—“No,” said I, “it was at Oxford that I learned them.” The Precentor opposed my argument that the right of deposing kings either did exist at all times, or did not exist at any time, by distinguishing between the present time and

1688 ; hinting that James II. was deposed because he endeavoured to change the religion of the country. “Admitting the fact,” said I, “other sovereigns had not only endeavoured, but done the same thing before him.” Paley interrupted us, perhaps he thought it high time ; addressing himself to me, “So, you are a jacobite?”—“Yes.”—“And Mr. D. is another?”—“He is so reported.”—“Then there are two of you. Well, I did not think the Pretender had been *so strong*.”—“At this time of day,” I replied, “it is merely an historical question ; there is no one for Mr. D. and me to fight for, even if we were so inclined.”

Paley said, “The writers of novels have a very fair ground of quarrel against Mr. Pitt ; he has made so many new lords, with such pretty-sounding titles, ending in *mont* and *ville*, and such novel-like terminations, that the writer of a novel can hardly have a lord in his work without fear of incurring the penalties of *scandalum magnatum*.”

Paley did not very easily brook that any one should maintain an opinion different from his own. On these occasions he usually cut short all argument in a rough and sudden manner. He asserted that old age had more advantages, and was, on the whole, happier than youth. I ventured to differ from him, and amongst other obvious arguments put forward the remark that age has lost all hope ; and that hope, even though it be an illusion, is still a consolation. “Hold your tongue : you know

nothing of the matter. I could write a book about it." I replied quietly, "I wish you would." This was in pure good-nature; he behaved, however, rather pettishly to my friend —— on a similar occasion, and by way of making an *amende honorable*, invited him to partake of a barrel of oysters the following evening.

One day after a dinner, he laid it down as a rule that when an author had once defined a word, he had a right to use that word in the sense so defined, be the sense whatever it might. I contended that a writer could not be allowed to pervert words from their known and ordinary acceptation. He got warm: "A man has as much right to his words, once defined, as to the breeches on his backside." A careful old gentleman of the party said, "If he has paid for the breeches." I retreated from all further, now useless, argumentation with a pun: "that is fundamental," said I.

Observing that female infants learned to talk earlier than males, he said, "Boys begin to tell lies at two years old, and girls at one."

At a card-party, I was standing with him near the fire, leaning on the chimney-piece; I took up an ornamental stone peach and showed it to him: he said, "It is not harder than many that are served at table."

A *skeleton* regiment, such is the phrase, arrived from the West Indies, and was quartered at Lincoln. This skeleton had been clothed with flesh

brought from Ireland; in other words, had been recruited there, and on a peculiar plan. The regiment was intended to be sent to India after three years; boys, therefore, of from fifteen to seventeen years of age had been enlisted, with the intention of giving them a particularly good military education before their embarkation and during the passage, that they might be qualified for non-commissioned officers in the native regiments. Meantime, the cat-o'-nine-tails, though administered, as was supposed, with due regard to the tender age of these young soldiers, was not idle. One boy died a day or two after a punishment: the officers, shocked at the event, wished to impute it to some other cause; the previous state of the boy's health; some mismanagement. We met at dinner on the day of the poor lad's burial; of course the conversation fell on this topic. Paley said, "It is a pity that the officers should endeavour to excuse the matter; all the world must see that if the boy had not been flogged he would not have died; it is an unlucky accident." One officer of the regiment was present, a very young man; he was praised for the unaffected sensibility which he manifested on the occasion; he was not ashamed to shed tears. If he is still living, I hope I may recall to his memory what then did him so much honour. I forget the number of the regiment; Lord Southampton was colonel.

A strange tale was circulated about this time of

a farmer's wife, who, returning from market, fell from her horse and was buried in the snow, under which she lay for nine days, and was then dug out alive: in fact, she lived for more than two years after. Remarking on the seeming incredibility of this story, Paley said, "Formerly I used to believe nothing; now I believe every thing: men tell lies about circumstances, but they do not invent."

He had been in Ireland, and had passed some time with his friend —, who was a bishop in that country. He observed: "There are two orders of the Irish peasantry: the lower order live with the pig; the higher order apart from the pig."

He said, "A good harbour is not sufficient to make a commercial town; Ireland has the finest harbours in the world, and but few commercial towns. Where there is a rich country, ports are made; but the harbours of Ireland, especially in the west, are backed by a country poor and miserable."

Some one was explaining to him that the matter used in vaccination was the same as what is called the grease in the heels of horses. "The ostler kisses the dairy-maid," said he; "and so the disease is communicated and conveyed, from the heels of the horse to the dugs of the cow."

"A friend of mine told me, that when he was about to undertake any building, or to have any thing to do with masons or carpenters, it was his

practice to order three estimates, and to take the middle one as that to be relied on. ‘Nay,’ said some one present, ‘surely the highest is most likely to be true in fact.’ I told him he had better take the three estimates, and add them all together.”

“Mr. Subdean, we saw you this morning in a situation that must have been very distressing to you:—in the midst of the crowd that was accompanying the poor man who was going to be hanged.” “Why,” said he, “I got into the crowd without intending it; but, being there, I waited to see the poor fellow pass by. I looked in his face to see the expression of it; he was amazed and stupefied, and that was all: I observed that the nails of his fingers were perfectly white.” Soon after, he said, “How strange it is that we should be so much under the influence of our habits! the poor man who was executed this morning was a miller; had been brought up a miller: after the commission of the felony, when he knew that they were in search of him, he hid himself in a mill, and in a mill he was apprehended.”

He told me, “When I wanted to write any thing particularly well,—to do better than ordinary,—I used to order a post-chaise and go to Longtown; it is the first stage from Carlisle towards the north; there is a comfortable quiet inn there. I asked for a room to myself: there then I was, safe from the bustle and trouble of a family; and

there I remained as long as I liked, or till I had finished what I was about." I said, "That is a very curious anecdote;" and I said it in a tone which, from a certain change in his countenance, I believe to have set him on musing how this anecdote would appear in the history of his life.

Paley took his rides on horseback occasionally, but always alone, without the attendance even of a servant. "I am so bad a horseman, that if any man on horseback was to come near me when I am riding, I should certainly have a fall; company would take off my attention, and I have need of all I can command to manage my horse and keep my seat: I have got a horse, the quietest creature that ever lived, one that at Carlisle used to be covered with children from the ears to the tail." Understanding all this, and seeing him gambadoing on the race-course, I turned my horse's head another way. "I saw what you meant this morning; it was very considerate of you: I am much obliged to you."

Paley was too careful of petty expenses, as is frequently the case with those who have had but narrow incomes in early life. He kept a sufficiently handsome establishment as subdean, but he was stingy. A plentiful fall of snow took place during an evening party at the precentor's; two of Mr. Subdean's daughters were there; he showed great anxiety on account of the necessity that

seemed to have arisen of sending them home in a sedan-chair: taking the advice of several of the company, whether such necessity really and inevitably existed, he said to me, "It is only next door."—"The houses touch," said I, "but it is a long round to your door; the length of both houses, and then through the garden in front of your house." He consulted the precentor, who, to put the matter in the right point of view, cried out, "Let the girls have a chair; it is only three-pence a-piece."

We all admired Paley's talents; we were all proud of having him for subdean; we all sought and delighted in his conversation: he was liked; yet it cannot be said in an unqualified sense that he was respected. The familiarity of his manners, his almost perpetual jests, his approximations to coarseness of language, weakened that splendour of his literary reputation by which we should otherwise have been dazzled. Yet he was, though rough and unpolished, perfectly well-behaved; if ever he stepped aside from conformity with the order and regulations of good society, it was in the spirit of fun, and understood to be so: he was, in all ordinary cases, gentle and good-natured; his tact enabled, and his seemingly-benevolent disposition prompted him to say what might be pleasing to those with whom he conversed, and to avoid what might be disagreeable. He certainly was not by nature of a selfish character: how far the

example of the world, and the necessities of his own situation might have engendered this sentiment, which every man finds unamiable when exerted against himself, it is not for man to judge, who cannot know the heart, and can seldom impartially decide on the conduct of his fellow-man. The carelessness and indifference which he not only affected in politics, but which he really felt at this time, may be accounted for by the failure of the hopes of his party: had the party succeeded, he would have adhered to it; but he seems, as will soon be perceived, to have always secured for himself a retreat in this very indifference. Of the sincerity of his attachment to the doctrines of the Church of England, I care not to give an opinion. I regard him as a most able champion of the cause of Christian revelation. Let all those who, as Paley was suspected to have done, subscribe the thirty-nine articles without believing them, all those who know nothing, all those who care nothing about them, be deducted from the number of his judges; and how many will remain to condemn him?

I have now done with his miscellaneous talk, and henceforward

— major rerum mihi nascitur,
Majus opus moveo.

I am now to record some conversations which may exhibit Paley in his own colours as a politician and ecclesiastic.

“ We had,” said he, “ a club at Cambridge of political reformers ; it was called the ‘ Hyson Club,’ as we met at tea-time ; and there a great variety of schemes was proposed and discussed. Jebb’s plan was this : that the people should meet in their several districts, and declare their will—there it was—their WILL ; W.I.L.L. : if the House of Commons should think fit to pay due attention to the WILL of the people, why, well and good ; if not, the people were to appoint other representatives or delegates to carry their WILL into effect. We had no more idea that we were talking treason than that we were committing bestiality ; ‘ it is treason now, and very properly.’ ” This assertion of innocence of intention was well acted, with an air and tone of affected simplicity : the word that concludes it, though unfit to be committed to paper, is too characteristic to be omitted ; the pause before the words “ very properly ” was significant enough. He went on : “ *I* was always an advocate for *bribery* and *corroption*. ” I cannot resist the temptation to give these words as they were enunciated. “ They raised an outcry against me, and affected to believe that I was not in earnest. Why, said I, who is so mad as to wish to be governed by force ? Or who is such a fool as to expect to be governed by virtue ? There remains then nothing else but bribery and corruption.” He argued for some little time in defence of a government by bribery and corruption ; then said, “ The club had

a vast deal of talk," adding, in an under voice, as if somewhat ashamed of himself, at least, it is to be hoped that such was his feeling, "I did not care much about it; I got what I wanted."—"So much for Buckingham."

The political circumstance of the most important and home-felt interest to us all about this time was the income-tax; it gave occasion to much pleasantry on the part of Paley, and to several *bon mots*. The inn at which the commissioners assembled was opposite to the news-room; Paley looked out of the window on the crowd of farmers on the market-day waiting to make their appeals. "I dare say most of them contrive to wriggle themselves down to sixty pounds a year." The phrase, "wriggle themselves down," seems, to my apprehension, not only expressive, but picturesque. Paley's manner must, however, be taken into account, as well as the merit of the choice of the terms; a look, half scowl, half smile, and the voice kept back almost in the region of the *epiglottis*, while the words came from between the teeth in a sound partaking of the semblance both of a growl and whisper. Such were the graces which beggar all description, and which must plead my excuse if I appear sometimes to esteem Paley's pleasantries more highly than they deserve.

There was good cause for "wriggling," for, at and below sixty pounds a year, there was a total or partial exemption from the operation of the act.

This agreed in part with Paley's notions, who said that "There also ought to have been an ascending scale of income-tax; Tom Paine proposed it, and it was just and reasonable; but, as Tom proposed it, it could not be adopted. Tom was the *black dog*, and his name was sufficient reason for rejecting the measure: nothing could be good that came from Tom."

He said, "If the income-tax could have been foreseen, we should have had no war; and now that it is put on, I wish my head may never ache till it is taken off again." The income-tax is taken off; Paley's head is past aching; but should that tax ever be put on again, many heads and hearts too will ache. Mr. Pitt's successors have been, let us hope they always will be, men of more feeling than himself; men of earthly mind, not "heaven-born!"

Some one brought word that the commissioners had served a schedule on —— the butcher, formerly mentioned as Paley's *beau idéal*, or representative of a lord. This man was one of their number. Paley cried out, "What schedulize ——, himself a commissioner? Dog eat dog, that's too bad!"

He said that ~~indirect~~ taxation was the best mode of taxing; that it would be found that direct taxation would lessen the produce of the ~~indirect~~; that the argument in its favour, that it made misers pay their share, was a very slight one, since the number of those who did not spend their incomes was

very small in proportion to the whole people ; that if a man chose to be a miser, he ought to have leave to be one ; while, the taxes being laid on articles of consumption or domestic establishment, every one has the privilege of taxing himself.

Paley used sometimes to cite opinions delivered in his own works, beginning with “ I have said—I have always said.” Whether or not he has done so in this instance I cannot recollect, and my readers will pardon me if I do not take the pains of looking through his books to ascertain the fact ; of course I have taken care to avoid such repetition whenever I have been aware of this self-quotation, by which Paley seemed merely to identify himself with the author of that name, naturally, easily, and without vanity.

“ If I had been prime minister,” said he, “ I would have followed up the battle of Aboukir, just upon the neck of it, with a proposal for peace. Instead of that we were to electrify all Europe—that was Mr. Dundas’s own word, electrify. And so the King of Naples, he was electrified ; and the King of Sardinia, he was electrified.” He paused a moment ; I thought he refrained, out of complaisance to me, from mentioning the Pope among the electrified ; for I and another were his only hearers ; he went on, “ And then we were to disturb the opium slumbers of the Grand Turk. Where is all this to end ? we must have peace at some time. They treated about the basis of a

peace ; one would think they had been making triangles. We boast that we have destroyed their commerce and manufactures ; why, in ruining their manufactures we have created their armies, and such armies, they fight to the water's edge ; nothing stops them but *that* : and our asses," meaning the ministers,—Paley did not manage his terms—“ our asses could not foresee all this. And then they boast that Egypt is hermetically sealed : Bewonny party will get out somehow or other.” I have represented as well as may be in letters, his way of pronouncing this once terrible name, which, had it not been exchanged for that of *Napoleon*, might have been terrible still ; or at least till the King of Terrors had disarmed it of all terror.

“ The war might easily have been avoided : the French at first did all they could to avoid it ; but Mr. Pitt wanted to be a great *war minister* ; and so it was settled that he should try to be a great war minister ; and so the war was begun : however, they soon wished to get out of it, and would have treated with Robespierre, on the condition of guaranteeing, so far as they could, his situation at the head of the French people.”—“ What,” said I, “ such a horrible wretch as that ?”—“ Ay, the business was to stop the spread of republican principles ; any head would have answered our turn that could hinder the revolution from coming over here.” It must be remembered that this conversation refers to a time anterior to that at which Mr. Pitt,

without repealing a single indirect tax, established, what he pleasantly called, “a solid system of finance,” shortly after the introduction of a paper currency, which, no doubt, he thought to be a solid circulating medium: he thus obtained twelve or fourteen millions a year, and the faculty of borrowing in paper what we now are paying in gold. A war of a quarter of a century has inflicted on this empire wounds which half a century will not heal. It is no imputation on Paley’s sagacity that he could not foresee all this.

During the campaign in which the Archduke Charles so skilfully and successfully opposed Jourdan and Moreau, it was often a question with us in the news-room which side had the advantage; with so trembling a hand did victory for a long time hold the balance. Paley asked “Which army advances? that one army advances proves the other army is retreating.”

In the following year, an invasion of England by the French was so seriously apprehended, that a military man, skilled in such matters, was sent down to Lincoln by his Majesty’s government to organize the means of defence for that county. It was supposed that the enemy might land an army on our flat coast, where, on account of the shallowness of the water, a large vessel could not reach them, and so penetrate across the county, into the midland manufacturing districts, in which it was feared many would join them. A public meeting

was called, at which the Lord Lieutenant presided. The commissioner of government was a German; he conducted himself with great good sense and imperturbable phlegm, answering all questions without any sign of impatience, unless, indeed, taking snuff were one; this expedient certainly gave him time to recollect himself. It was amusing to hear with how much coolness he talked of driving cattle, burning corn-stacks, destroying mills and ovens. To reconcile us to these measures, repayment of damages was promised on the part of government, and the son-in-law of the Lord Lieutenant, he himself being infirm and deaf, made us a speech. The speech was appropriate; but Lord —— was betrayed by his zeal and by the spirit of the time, into the use of two epithets, against one of which I took exception, and Paley against the other. Lord —— called the French "our atrocious and implacable enemy." " 'Implacable,'" said I afterwards to Paley; "that is too humble: we do not want placate, to appease or soothe our enemy."—"Ay," said he, "and 'atrocious': they have a right to come, and we have a right to knock 'em on the head: there's nothing atrocious in all that: it is fair in war. We have done them as much harm as we could, wherever we could: they have a right to serve us the same sauce."

An important cause was tried at the assizes at Lincoln, in which Mr. Perceval, then a barrister

attending the Midland Circuit, was counsel for the defendant : a large estate depended on the decision of this cause, in which the defendant obtained a verdict. Mr. Perceval happened afterwards to be prime minister, and this circumstance may make Paley's opinion of him worth recording. "I think," said he, "I think Mr. Perceval contrived to insist on the only weak part of his own client's cause." Perhaps Mr. Perceval owed his elevation to his known ability in this way, considering what was expected of him. Of Edmund Burke, Paley spoke in the highest terms of admiration ; adding, "as for eloquence, Demosthenes was a fool to him."

Game, and the game-laws, were, of course, frequently a subject of conversation. Paley said, "I have always thought that the best way of settling the matter, was to make game private property ; the property of him on whose land it is found."

Religion is also POLITICS : very few people care about dogmas ; very few believe in them ; and I am inclined to think that Paley believed and cared for them as little as any man. His proposal for establishing the Catholic religion in Ireland, spoken of in "Four Years in France," was grounded by him on political expediency ; "for," said he, "the Presbyterian religion is established in Scotland, not because it is true, for the religion of the Church of England and of the Kirk of Scotland,

being different, cannot both be true; but the Kirk is established in Scotland because it is the religion of the people of Scotland; for the same reason the Catholic religion ought to be established in Ireland :" and he proceeded to point out the political advantages that would, in the ordinary course of human interests and passions, result from the adoption of such a measure : on the justice of the measure he insisted a little, and but a little. With him, things are just, because they are expedient ; it consists with his principle, indeed, to say that justice is the greatest possible good : but he was not always consistent. Such will be the usual march of his philosophy.

I was talking with him on the subject of Catholic Emancipation ; our discourse was carried on with a reference to Ireland chiefly : it always happens thus ; the number of Irish Catholics is so great, that the injury and injustice inflicted on about half a million of British Catholics, is not worth consideration. "Protestant ascendancy," said he, "must be maintained ; this would be impossible, (the Catholics out-numbering the Protestants in so great a proportion,) if the Catholics were admitted to equal civil privileges." I replied, "This maintenance of Protestant ascendancy against a superior population is not the true, at least not the only reason for depriving Catholics of their civil rights, since the disqualifications in England, where they are not one in thirty, reach to more objects than in

Ireland."—"That is true, and the reason for it is this: whatsoever should be granted to the English Catholics, the Irish would expect and require something more; besides, if the English Catholics were put on the same footing as the Irish, England would be over-run with Irish Catholics: to prevent this, it is necessary that the law should be more severe against English than against Irish Catholics." No Orangeman could have spoken better. Paley's spirit animated those who rejected Mr. Canning's bill for restoring to the English Catholic freeholder his elective franchise. And this is the way to make of Great Britain and Ireland an united kingdom!

It is but fair to observe, that Paley's proposal of establishing the Catholic faith by law in Ireland, was subsequent to this last mentioned conversation, by an interval of some months. Had I converted him to a sense of justice? Had I set him on seeking an expedient for stifling that monster, Protestant ascendancy? I do not believe it: I rather believe that he never cared about the subject on which he conversed, except as a subject of conversation. He never seemed to care seriously about any thing. He was a very pleasant fellow, after all.

It is the custom at Lincoln for the residentiary to entertain at dinner the judge of the assizes, on the Sunday on which he makes his public appearance at the cathedral. Paley received in this man-

ner the late Sir William Ashurst, and surprised him not a little by saying, in his table-talk, “Formerly, my lord, the dean of Lincoln had so much to do, that he was obliged to have a subdean to help him; but *now* I cannot find out, for the life of me, that there is any thing for either of us to do.” I have already given an instance—namely, in his *beau idéal* of a lord, that Paley sometimes indulged in what is called *common-place*; though he certainly brought it forward in an uncommon manner. That a subdean should say this, and to a judge too, and at his own house, and at an official dinner, on Assize Sunday, as our people call it, all this was strange. The judge looked grave, as a judge ought to do; and Paley well deserved to be repressed by the gravity of the judge. Paley must have known that these places of “repose with dignity” are the encouragement and reward of talent and exertion; he was himself at the moment a living proof that they do not always miss their designation. If they are sometimes given to men of no extraordinary ecclesiastical merit—to the younger sons of great families—to persons of large property, on the recommendation of powerful patrons, even such distribution, in the present relation of the church to the state, is not without its utility. The utility of that relation of the church to the state, is an entirely different question.

It was Paley’s way, however, to treat dignities and dignitaries ecclesiastical with great familiarity;

and what is the consequence of too much familiarity, an old proverb will tell us. Speaking very contemptuously of some one, he said, “ What can one do with such a fellow as that? What is he good for? One *might* make a *dean* of him—he would do for a *dean*.” Yet it is my intimate conviction that Paley would most willingly have effaced the letters S.U.B. from his own title ecclesiastical.

Some one mentioning the name of a late primate of all England, Paley cried out, “ What! such a fool as that?” and this in a large company; adding too, at the same time, something very scandalous, and not fit to be repeated, respecting the cause of that prelate’s promotion.

“ Law”—it was thus, and without further addition, that he designated the bishop of Carlisle—“ Law was vapouring about residence; declaring, that in riding through a parish he could tell whether a clergyman was resident there or not; as, if it were so, that circumstance always threw an air of civility over the people who inhabited it. Why, said I,” Paley continued, “ I know a great many parishes to which I could take you, and, let the whole population pass in review before you, you shall not be able to tell which is the *parson*: I know him by certain signs that I have learned by long practice: he has usually a black silk handkerchief round his neck, and he is more *greasy* than any

man in the parish, except the *butcher*. And these are your men to throw an *air of civility* over a people!" And he seriously removed the doubts of the incredulous among his hearers, by re-asserting that a large proportion of the clergy of his former arch-deaconry were men of this equivocal exterior.

"We had a good joke against Law; you have read his works? Well; no matter: the fact is, he is very fond of parentheses in the structure of his sentences; he will set a pair of hooks at a great distance one from the other, and then have another little parenthesis in the belly of *that*. He had a book printed at Carlisle; they were a long time about it: he sent several times to hasten them; at last he called himself to know the reason of the delay. 'Why does not my book make its appearance?' said he to the printer. 'My Lord; I am extremely sorry; but we have been obliged to send to Glasgow for a pound of parentheses.' Law heard of this often."

"I approve of his having written a letter to Ching, and given him leave to publish it—the letter that appears in the advertisements of the worm-medicine; there was great good sense in not allowing his dignity as a bishop to prevent him from doing a good-natured action. I am only sorry for a mistake in the letter: he talks of an obstruction between the stomach and the viscera: now the stomach is one of the viscera." The appearance of



the “Natural Theology” shortly after, explained how Paley came to be better acquainted with anatomical terms than his former bishop.

He had some particular cause of dislike of Watson, bishop of Llandaff, some old college quarrel perhaps. I told him I had been reading a work that Watson had lately published. “What is it about?” said he, “is it a proposal for paying off the national debt? Mind—every cracked man proposes to pay off the national debt: that is a rule; nobody but a cracked man would think of it, and Watson has been thinking about it for several years past.”

The income-tax again. He put on one of his grave, risible looks—one is obliged to make use of contradictory epithets, and, after all, can give but a very inadequate idea of the oddity of his manner—“I have but one objection to declaring the amount of my income; but for that objection, all the world should be welcome to know it; and that objection is,” he paused and made us wait a little; “I am afraid of exciting the concupiscence of the younger clergy.”

He had a very low opinion of the talents and learning of the Abbé Beaumont, who is mentioned in the account of the author’s conversion to the Catholic faith, which precedes the “Four Years in France.” Some one spoke to him of M. Beaumont as the cause of that conversion. “*He convert!* He never converted any thing but a rump of beef

into steaks." It may be supposed I was not present; but the anecdote has been repeated to me from several quarters. Paley did not know, and men who cry down the Catholic priesthood do not know, that a Catholic priest, by merely complying with the daily obligation of reading his breviary, is better informed in matters of religion than ——; but comparisons, it is said, are odious: let each one fill up this sentence according to his own observation of the degree of knowledge possessed by those who take upon themselves to talk about such matters, from motives of interest or party spirit.

Paley was, however, in the right; Beaumont had neither learning nor powers of reasoning sufficient to have aided in my conversion, but for a certain predisposition on my part. This predisposition was not puerile, nor fanciful, but strictly theological; it consisted in high-churchmanism, a religion differing much more from low-churchmanism than from popery. The high and low-churchman profess the same creed, subscribe the same *confession*; but the low-churchman may believe any thing except popery: whereas the high-churchman is, in principle, a Catholic; nothing is wanting to him but consistency, and the admission of three or four points of doctrine, in which points only the Anglican church, *according to its "Book of Common Prayer,"* differs from the Catholic.

Yet so completely has the Protestant faction of Queen Elizabeth succeeded in misrepresenting,

disguising, and even in keeping out of view the tenets of the faith of our forefathers, that Beaumont was of great use to me. He proposed to me the argument of the *perpétuité*: he explained the difference between articles to be received as of faith, and those that are to be admitted by a pious belief only (as Gil Blas believed himself to be the father of his own children); between points of discipline, which the church regards as essential, and those that are indifferent. But I was converted by my own deductions from principles previously adopted; and by a desire to avoid the sin of heresy and schism, from which, in the litany of the established church, it prays to be delivered; classing it with hardness of heart, and contempt of God's word and commandment.

Sir Kenelm Digby was educated a Protestant, but became a Catholic, although Archbishop Laud, with whom he corresponded on the subject, did all he could to dissuade him. My ancestor gave as a reason for returning to the faith of his fathers, that tenets which they did not profess, and practices which they did not follow, had been falsely imputed to the Catholics by his instructors in religion. He was a brave man who, in the beginning of the long parliament, rose in his place in the House of Commons, from which Catholics were not yet excluded, and professed his faith in that assembly which detested popery even more than prelacy; though this latter was the more immediate

object of their attack. The reader will, I hope, pardon this digression, which I conclude by observing that Paley well knew that, in order that beef-steaks should be good, it is requisite that the rump be well prepared ; and that the converting it into steaks is an operation that demands but little skill, provided the cook's knife be a good one.

M. Beaumont told me that Paley made him a visit and had a long conversation with him on the ecclesiastical affairs of France, and the state of religion in that country, previously to the Revolution. On two subjects Paley expressed the greatest astonishment : he inquired concerning the residence of the parochial clergy, and was told that the *cure*, not a substitute, but the principal, was resident in every parish : he sounded Beaumont as to the sincerity of the French clergy, and expressed much surprise when assured that they really and truly believed what they taught. We have seen that Paley called his diocesan's commendation of residence a “vapouring about residence :” it was too highly coloured, perhaps, but certainly ought not to have been qualified as “vapouring,” especially by an archdeacon : the circumstances of the case allowed Paley the opportunity of turning it into ridicule ; yet clergymen with white cravats and jet-black coats are not, it may be, those who pay most attention to the instruction of the poor ; and Christian instruction, be it remembered in confirmation of Bishop Law's sentiment, is the great

civilizer of the human race. On Paley's orthodoxy as an Anglican, I give, I have said, no opinion ; I never heard either himself or any one else assert it, though I have heard many deny it. He was asked why he had not affirmed the divinity of Christ in his “Evidences :” he answered, and the answer was a perfectly fair one, that contested doctrines made no part of his plan. This work, with the “*Horæ Paulinæ*,” I earnestly recommend to the younger members of the Catholic church. I draw no inference from what is *not* there ; what *is* there is good.

He said, “I have often thought that if I was to turn swindler”—Boswell, if I remember right, makes some whimsical remark on Johnson’s beginning with “Sir, I have often thought that if I were to keep a seraglio :” let us not be hypercritical, nor suppose that seraglios, or harems, were the frequent subject of meditation to one of these worthies, or swindling to the other. Paley said, however, “I have often thought that if I was to turn swindler, I would try to swindle in the character of a dignified ecclesiastic. It would be quite a new thing, and nobody would suspect it. Bishops, however, are too well known : it would not be safe to pretend to be a bishop. Even an *English* dean might appear *in propriâ personâ*, and push one out of one’s place : but an *Irish* dean ; ay, that would do very well : even the titles of Irish deans are, many of them, unknown in England ;

for example, the dean of Aghadoe. Well, I would take a house at the west end of the town, or in Marybone, and I would have a fine brass plate on my door, on which should be inscribed, in grand uncial letters, ‘ Dean of Aghadoe.’ Then I would wear a short cassock—nothing to be done without a black apron. So I would begin to run in debt; nobody would refuse to trust the dean of Aghadoe: I would order in goods—every sort of thing that could be easily disposed of; and before I had exhausted my credit, before any one began to suspect, I would be off, and the dean of Aghadoe would be returned *non inventus.*”

He spoke of Dr. Ogden, author of “ Sermons on Prayer:” he did not think highly of Ogden’s works, but, as he had acquired celebrity as an author, an account of him was interesting. “ Ogden had the strangest tone of voice I ever knew; a most solemn, drawling, whining tone; he seemed to think he was always in the pulpit. I met him one day in company with a friend, who said, ‘ Ogden and I went into the country yesterday to dine with —.—‘ What had you for dinner?’—‘ Nothing but a boiled leg of mutton:’ to which Ogden subjoined, with a cadence as if concluding a sentence in delivering a sermon, ‘ No capers!’ ”

“ Ogden laid a trap for G—— (naming the late precentor of Lincoln); you all know that he played a skilful game at whist, and liked for his partner to do so too.”—“ Yes,” said I, “ he used to tell the

whist-players here that they called it ‘*playing at whist*,’ and, therefore, never could acquire a right notion of the game.” Paley went on; “Ogden placed himself quietly at the side of the whist-table, at which the late precentor was playing: his partner played in such a manner that, according to all the rules of good play, he ought not to have held a certain card; G— directed his own play accordingly: at last comes out from the hand of G—’s partner this very card. G— complained aloud to his partner, ‘I have been playing all the while on the supposition that you had not that card.’ Ogden put in, with his usual preaching tone, ‘It could not be *demonstrated* now that he had not that card.’ G— impatiently cried out, ‘Why yes, it might: because —.—’ ‘What?’ said Ogden, ‘what! when he *had* it?’” It must be remembered that the scene lies at Cambridge, where the force of the word *demonstration* is most accurately apprehended.

Of this precentor, thus brought to my recollection, let me say that I always looked up to him with respect as a man of honourable mind, of great sensibility and right feeling, of an enlarged and comprehensive, though somewhat prejudiced view of things. He treated me with benevolence in my youth, and gave me good counsel. He was a high-churchman, and paid as much attention to order and ceremonial in his cathedral as it was possible for him to do. He once said, “ You have got rid

of papery, and what have you got instead?" He answered the question himself at some length. I leave it to the reader to do the same.

On the evening when Paley told the story of the Wyson Club, as recorded in the POLITICAL subdivision of his table-talk, he was in an admirable flow of conversation. Now let us hear him "reason in divinity." There were present some who could well understand him—an advantage which he did not always enjoy, but which always seemed to incline him to garrulity. One of the company was a Catholic: another who, for the time, was supposed to have adopted the tenets of Arianism; I say, for the time; because he once said to me, "I know what are my religious opinions to-day, but I do not know what they will be to-morrow: no man can be sure of his creed, unless, like you, he pins his faith on an infallible church." A pretty good argument for the necessity of an infallible church. Animated by the presence of these two heterodox, the orthodox Dr. Paley launched a sort of defiance against *them*, as follows: "Mrs. Jebb was a very sensible pleasant woman, and almost as great a theologian as her husband. They had no children. I said to Jebb, 'I suppose you and your wife pass your nights in dissertations on the eternal generation of the Logos, or in disputes about the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary.'" Having thus thrown down the gauntlet by a sneering allusion to Arian controversies and a

question of Catholic doctrine, Paley, without waiting for a reply, went off into the drawing-room with an air of infinite self-content. In the course of this evening he had assumed to himself the merit of indicating, or of seeming to indicate, that the political and religious tenets of Dr. Jebb, supposed to have been heretofore adopted by William Paley, a young man, were, "very properly," discarded by the subdean of Lincoln.

As many persons, after having laughed at the "immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin," have asked me the meaning of the words, I beg leave to offer an explanation of them, that the laugh may proceed *avec connoissance de cause*. They mean that the Blessed Virgin was, by a particular providence, conceived and born without the stain of original sin. Such is the belief of many members of the Catholic church; but the church itself has given no decision on the subject. It becomes me to limit myself to an explication of the terms, requesting the members of the Establishment not to forget that they themselves believe in original sin; lest, as is not unusual with them, they should wound Protestantism through the sides of Popery.

It may, to some persons, be matter of curiosity to know in what manner Paley behaved to me with reference to my desertion of the established church. On his return to Lincoln, in the winter after I had

taken this step, I called on him to welcome (as is the usage) his entrance on his trimestral residence. He received me with an air of affectionate regard ; but did not then, nor at any time or on any occasion afterwards, make the most remote allusion to the subject. His manner, at our first meeting, was even more friendly, and, if it may be permitted to me to say so, more respectful than usual : it was gentle and encouraging. Had he ever spoken sneeringly or contemptuously of my conversion, I should certainly have had, what Sir Fretful Plagiary calls, “ some d—d good-natured friend ” to tell me of it ; but I heard only that he said of it that it was evidently disinterested. He never entered with me into any theological discussion.

I have been blamed for representing Paley as less dignified and venerable than such a man is and ought to be in the popular apprehension ; I therefore wish to show that there existed not the slightest motive why I should “ set down aught in malice.” My feeling towards him is the entire reverse of disrespect or ill will. *On ne s'imagine d'ordinaire Platon et Aristote qu'avec de grandes robes, et comme des personnes toujours graves et sérieux. C'étoient d'honnêtes gens, qui rioient, comme les autres, avec leurs amis ; et quand ils ont fait leurs lois et leurs traités de politique, ç'a été en se jouant et pour se divertir : c'étoit la partie la moins philosophie et la moins sérieuse de leur vie. La plus philosophie étoit de vivre*

simplement et tranquillement. Pascal thus corrects the exaggerated ideas we so naturally form of great and wise men. *Pensées Diverses*, 32.

Paley was present at the inauguration of his friend the bishop of Elphin. The congregation consisted of sixteen persons. One of them said to the bishop, “It must have been out of compliment to your lordship that there were so many people at the cathedral this morning; for I never before saw so large a number.”

Near the episcopal palace of Elphin is a convent of monks. The members of the community were invited by the bishop to dine with him. The monk who received the invitation said, in the name of the rest, “I hope your lordship will not treat us as your predecessor did—he made us all drunk.” This last word must be understood relatively to the parties concerned, as well as to Irish hospitality. The bishop politely assured them that they should not be required to drink more than might be agreeable to them.

The Anglican hierarchy, not contented with the ecclesiastical revenues of England, retain for themselves those of Ireland also. They have practically proved two things—that a state establishment may subsist without religion, and that religion may subsist without a state establishment. *En attendant*, it is pleasant to hear of good fellowship between the “haves” and the “have-nots.”

A friend remarked, on Paley’s scheme of per-

sonating the dean of Aghadoe and swindling in the character of a dignified clergyman, “ Ay ; that was what he did all his life long.” I cannot state whether my friend was an Anglican or a *philosophe* ; like many others, he was either, just as it suited him : if the former, Paley believed too little for him ; if the latter, too much : for Paley was, at least, an historical Christian. The censure was too severe : so many honest men have been in Paley’s case—unable to “ afford to keep a conscience.” He, at least, was not a hypocrite.

Strange as were many matters advanced by Paley, his veracity was always confidently relied upon. A friend said, “ I never suspected Paley of telling a lie but once ; and that was when he said that, being in a stage coach, one of the hind wheels came off : one of the passengers, an officer in the navy, told us how to sit so as not to bear on the part that wanted support. It was evident that if the coach stopped it must be overturned ; so we run the remainder of the stage, a distance of eight or ten miles, with three wheels only.”

“ See,” said Paley, “ how beneficial is the influence of a good government ; more so than that of climate, or soil, or all natural advantages : Scotland is inhabited and prosperous ; Greece is a desert.”—“ And Ireland ?” said I.—“ Ireland is under different circumstances.”—“ Yet the government is the same.” Something prevented the continuance of the conversation.

My collection of Paley's *bon-mots* is formed of such as I myself heard him utter at Lincoln, or of such as were bruited and current in the society of that place: it may be regarded as a local collection; it does not, to my knowledge, contain anything that has already been printed. An anecdote which has been told of him when a young man at Cambridge, shows, however, so strongly the early formation and the perpetuity of his character and manner, that I cannot help going thus far out of my way for it. In a company of young men, of whom Paley was one, arose a discussion concerning the *summum bonum*: the argument was carried on by the different speakers with due seriousness and gravity; and several opinions, both ancient and modern, were sifted and examined in relation to this most important topic: at length Paley cried out, "You are all mistaken; *I* will tell you in what consists the *summum bonum* of human life: it consists in reading Tristram Shandy, in blowing with a pair of bellows into your shoes in hot weather, and roasting potatoes under the grate in cold." This whimsical extravagance has indeed long since been published. My Lincoln *bon-mots*, "undoubted originals," will assuredly be received by the public with due gratitude. The above *sallie* is repeated to demonstrate their probability; for the French proverb is peculiarly applicable to the sayings of Paley,—*Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable.*

He confirmed the story of his feeing counsel to assist the thievish servant whom he prosecuted; adding, "A gentleman called on me to give the man a character after his acquittal: I said all I could in his favour. I was asked if I would take him again myself: I was puzzled: I could not go so far. The fellow, I believe, left Cambridge."

"Part of the town of Bishop's Wearmouth is built on soil brought from the banks of the Thames: the colliers come back in ballast, and throw it out when they load again with coal, and this soil has been built upon as the town extended."

"The day seems to me to be darker at Wearmouth than at Lincoln: there is a mist, a haziness—may that is not it?"—"A suffusion," said I.—"Ay, that is the word; and this suffusion hinders the sun from shining so bright in the north as it does further south."—"And yet," said I, "the late precentor was much offended when we talked of Durham as in the north, crying out, 'As if Durham were the *ultima Thule!*'"—"It is very near it," said Paley. It was curious to observe in him this sensation or sentiment: he was not independent of sunshine.

"The sequestrators of church lands in Oliver Cromwell's time were very clever fellows, and understood their business well: they have left us excellent documents, surveys, and statements,"—(I do not remember if he said charts or terriers)—

"of which the chapter makes use at the present day: they would serve the purposes of another sequestration. There has been great talk of a money payment to the clergy instead of land. I should not like it so well; but I had rather be paid that way than not at all."

Another occasion that Paley took of declaring his dislike of the bishop of Llandaff was when some one quoted a phrase in a pamphlet by Watson on the subject of the invasion of England,—“I am an independent man,” says Watson. “Independent!” says Paley; “I do not know what he can mean by ‘independent,’ unless he may mean—unhanged.”

Paley's prediction of the escape of “Bewonny-party” from Egypt being accomplished, and the first consul of the French republic having called around him, as may be remembered, deputations of the Jewish people from all quarters, some one said that probably the Jews would consider Bonaparte as the Messiah: “Ay, to be sure,” said Paley; “you know ‘Out of Egypt have I called my son.’”

Being in Derbyshire, he was told that he should be introduced to Mr. Bakewell; and it was explained to him that Mr. Bakewell was a great lover and improver of agriculture; and, by a long-continued series of trials, had learned the method not merely of fattening the sheep to an enormous bulk, but of laying the fat on the most profitable joints or parts of the animal; “and this,” said the

explainer, "was formerly a great problem."—"It is a lie," said Paley; "It is a lie; and that is the solution of it."

He preached a sermon at Lincoln for the benefit of a charity school. In the course of this sermon he related in familiar, but sufficiently dignified language, a story of a man who, giving evidence on a trial respecting some prescriptive right claimed by the trustees of the charity, was browbeaten by the questioning counsel: "I suppose the fact to which you swear, happened when you were a charity boy, and used to go to school there?" The witness calmly replied, "I *was* a charity boy, and all the good that has befallen me in life has arisen from the education I received at that school." Paley drew hence an argument in favour of the institution for which he pleaded. The whole discourse pleased his auditors, and a deputation waited on him to request he would print it. He said, "Gentlemen, I thank you for the compliment; but I must give the same answer that I have given on other like occasions; and that answer is—The tap is out."

"The Archbishop of York," said he, speaking of a late primate, "preached one day at Carlisle: I was present, and felt muzzy and half asleep; when on a sudden I was roused, and began to prick up my ears; and what should I hear but a whole page of one of my own books quoted word for word; and this without the least acknowledgment, though it was a *white bear*; a passage, that

is, often quoted and well known." "Now," said Dr. Milner, dean of Carlisle, who related the anecdote, "guess what inference Paley drew from this plagiarism. No; if that court were full of people, not one of them would be able to guess: it was this—'I suppose the archbishop's wife makes his grace's sermons for him.'"

Paley said of Dean Milner, "It is lucky he is not a bishop; for the whole bench of bishops would be fools to him." Did he reason thus in his own case also?

Paley said, "My name is a corruption of the words Pealea: *lea* means a ploughed field." Some one quoted, "The little ploughboy that whistled o'er the lea :" "Ay," said Paley, "in the same manner we have Wheatley, Oatley, and Riley; nay, Barley ley, though spelt Barley ligh."

The Reverend Mr. Peters, prebendary of Lincoln, and a painter, gave to the cathedral an altarpiece, his own work; the subject, "The Annunciation." It so happens that the Blessed Virgin is, in this piece, represented as very far advanced in pregnancy. Paley, with an arch look, first at the prominent part of the Virgin's person, and then at the angel, said, as if speaking to the latter, "You 're come too late."

On Madame Piozzi's book on French synonyms, he said, "What can she know about synonyms? There are shades of difference between words that

seem most alike in meaning: in fact, there are very few synonyms."

He had great confidence in the principle of population. "If half the people of England were smashed to pieces to-day, provided the property and produce of the country continued the same, the loss would not be felt in twenty years' time."

We were discussing the probability that the French armies would march upon Vienna. One of the company asked another, an elderly clergyman, what strong places there were between Bavaria and Vienna. "What do you ask *him* for?" Paley cried out: "he knows no more about it than a horse." *Laughter*—as the reporters of parliamentary debates observe.

No one but a man vulgar from the narrowness of his own mind, could see in Paley's vulgarity any thing but a playful contempt of politeness. Being seated in a small rush-bottomed chair, he rose and pushed it from him impatiently, "I hate these nasty little chairs: they sink in the middle and *throost one's goots up into one's braans*."

"The criterion of a good style of writing is, that it should be intelligible without punctuation; that the sense should be clear without the help of stops." I do not think that any composition, not even Paley's, would stand this test. Be this as it may, a very valuable hint is here suggested.

It may be matter of curiosity to know what sort

of a story Paley thought a good one; not for the sake of the story, but as helping to indicate Paley's turn of mind and converse. I said to him, "My attention was arrested this morning by a show-man, who was exhibiting all the fine sights in his show-box to a number of little ragged boys and girls who were gathered round him in the street, each having made the accustomed offering of a halfpenny." I imitated the monotonous, indifferent, *grandiose* voice of the show-man,—" 'Here you see the king and the queen walking upon Windsor Terrace.' It should seem the figures were not very clearly delineated: for the children cried out, 'Which is the king and which is the queen?'—'Which you please, ladies and gentlemen, which you please.' A turn of his hand brought up another scene." Paley said, "A very good story, indeed!"

XXXIII.

DR. SAMUEL PARR.

Dr. Samuel Parr, οὐκ ὁ τυχῶν ἀνὴρ, as he would have said of himself, was much given to talk *come un libro stampato*—like a printed book—to use a phrase borrowed from Goldoni. Speaking of Cyril Jackson, dean of Christ-Church, Oxford, Parr said, "Stung and tortured as he is with literary vanity, he shrinks with timidity from the eye of criticism," &c.—meaning that Jackson had

never presented himself to the public through the medium of the press.

Jackson said, "he never saw any man who did not mean to get drunk, drink so much wine as Parr." Parr was, however, a little critical in his toasts: "I will not drink Church and King," said he: "I will drink, The Church of England—and I will drink, The King of Great Britain; but I will not drink, Church and King; for I do not know what Church and King means, unless it mean a king without law, and a church without gospel. Church and King is the watchword of rebels and incendiaries." These last words had a reference to the pious and charitable endeavours of a mob at Birmingham to convert Dr. Priestley from the error of his ways, by burning his house, library, and laboratory. Priestley denied the divinity of Christ—a doctrine by no means so clearly announced in Scripture as is that of transubstantiation. Parr found the former dogma in Scripture, but not the latter (*credunt quod volunt*). But Parr was a just and liberal man.

Parr used to attend the examinations of the school, at Rugby. The trustees of the foundation, some of the most respectable gentlemen of the neighbourhood, were present officially. To one of these, Parr gave a Greek book, which the gentleman, that he might seem to be occupied, looked at very attentively. After some little time had elapsed, sufficient to establish the fact of the

trustee's ignorance of the Greek character, Parr bustles up to him, and in a hurried manner taking the book out of his hand, exclaims—" My dear Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons; I have given you the book with the wrong end upwards."

Dr. James, the master of Rugby school, was represented, by those who knew him, as a weak, amiable man, and a very good Greek and Latin scholar. He went to Parr one day in great distress of mind, and opened his business with, " Dr. Parr, I want to consult you: I am very much afraid there will be a rebellion among the boys; what am I to do ?" Parr replied, " Buy a large cocked-hat, James." Dr. James rejoined, " Pray, be serious: consider what serious consequences these symptoms of insubordination may lead to." Parr insisted, " Buy a large cocked-hat, James: an immensely large cocked-hat.

*Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.*

Dr. James could not resist an opinion backed by such authority. The experiment was, no doubt, tried, and succeeded to admiration.

Parr was invited to dine with one of the members of Magdalen College, who having newly-furnished his apartment, pointed to a sofa as a handsome and well-contrived piece of furniture. " Ah !" says Parr,

πολλὰ τὰ δεῖνα, χ' οὐδὲν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει.

When Parr made his *début* in the London literary world, he was introduced to Dr. Samuel Johnson, and a party of his friends. When Parr retired from the company, Johnson was asked what he thought of Dr. Parr : “A very *fair* man, Sir.” The answer is admirably characteristic both of Parr and Johnson. A man who quotes Sophocles on the subject of a sofa, and is voluble, and correct, and scholar-like in English talk, must be a *fair man*, according to Johnson’s understanding of the epithet. But, if it be true that—*quicquid recipitur, recipitur ad modum recipientis*—it is not less true that whatever is said, is said in the sense of the sayer. Besides being *fair*, Parr was a disinterested, benevolent, and, when flattered, a good-natured man.

Parr said to the very learned Dr. Routh, “President, you read Plato, and you understand him.” This was, in fact, to say, “I am able to understand that you understand him.”

I am told that in a “Life of Parr,” lately written by the Rev. —— Field, the interpretation of the church-and-king toast is spoken of as given on a public occasion. I heard Parr give this version of the toast after dinner at the lodgings, or the president’s house, of Magdalen College, and did not hear him say that he quoted himself. This I mention in my own justification : Parr’s sentiment on this matter is, however, so just and well-founded, that the more widely it is known, the better.

XXXIV.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD LECTURES ON NATURAL
PHILOSOPHY AND DIVINITY.

Many things are thought to be worth what is asked for them; since there are many men who can judge of the value of objects in no other way. Of the public lectures in the University of Oxford the greater part is gratuitous; and for this reason, and, in some cases, from the want of talent in the professors, was generally, in my time, but thinly attended. Neither of these causes of neglect existed in regard to the lectures in Natural Philosophy. Dr. Hornsby received an *honorarium* from the several members of his class, and was known to be an able and scientific man.

His mode of instruction was peculiarly clear, his language correct, with choice phrases and well-turned periods; with something too much of precision, and, if the word may be permitted, of pedantry. To show some experiments of the air-pump, he procured a cat, which he placed under the receiver: on beginning to draw away the air, he would say, "You will observe, gentlemen, that the animal exhibits symptoms of uneasiness:" after two or three more pulls, "the animal now seems to be considerably incommoded;" and such was his forgetfulness of consequences, while contemplating the wonderful effect of the subtraction of vital air, that, but for the admonition of his ser-

want, who declared that Mrs. —— would never forgive him if he did not bring back her cat safe and sound, the cat would have been in the category of the loss of nine lives.

The professor loved a joke; as was evinced, notwithstanding the imperturbable gravity of his look, by the sparkling of his eyes, when occasion was given him to repeat that which he kept in readiness for his lecture on the prism. When any of his pupils crossed the room in such a manner as to intercept the rays of light in their way to the spectrum, he would say, "Sir, the head is an opaque body." And he generally met with a head of sufficient opacity, as well as incapable of reflection.

He was subject to epileptic fits: the symptoms of their access were well known to his servant, who, placing an arm-chair behind him, laid him gently in it, and administered the usual helps. When the fit was over, the lecture was resumed by the professor, precisely at the point where it had been interrupted; in the midst, it might be, of some abstruse or subtle explication. This fact may be subject of reasoning to physicians and to metaphysicians. If matter be *all* in man and the sole agent of thought, it should seem as impossible thus to renew, *renouer*, a suspended and broken discourse or mental operation, as for a dead body by its own instinctive energy to raise itself to life. Perhaps the same reasoning might be applied to

other phenomena of thought and memory, and convince those who are already persuaded ; the usual success of reasoning.

Dr. Hornsby was a man of whom all his friends spoke with affection, and all strangers with respect.

A certificate of having attended the lectures of the Regius professor of divinity, was required by some bishops as an ingredient in the qualifications of those who presented themselves for orders : moreover, Dr. Randolph was a man of great learning ; and his notes (for he delivered his lectures from notes) were very well written. They were given at seven o'clock in the evenings of the Sundays in Lent—a season of “fasting or abstinence,”¹ and, by consequence, of sobriety. This last point, at least, was tolerably well secured : dinner at three, dessert at four, surplice-prayers at five, and tea at six, preserved us from excess in wine till seven.

But oh ! if any one arrived too late ! The door of the room was behind the professor ; the seats of his audience before him. As the tardy wight entered, the professor paused in his reading, and with his eyes followed him as he passed to his seat at the other end of the room. The look of the professor, on such occasions, was expressive of dignity too elevated to be angry, but rather re-

¹ See Book of Common Prayer.

joicing to inflict the punishment of a torturing sensation so richly merited by a defect of due observance :—

Μειδιόων βλοσφροῖσι προσώπασι.

Words are but empty air ; looks convey terror to the inmost soul. The reproof was always efficacious.

In the course of his lectures he arrived at the momentous question, *Πόθεν τὸ κακόν* ; “ Why does not God prevent the existence of evil ? *Aut vult et non potest, aut potest et non vult, aut neque vult neque potest* : the first supposition impeaches his power ; the second, his benevolence ; the third, both his benevolence and his power.” I forget the solution of the difficulty adopted by the Regius professor : I remember only the monotonous drawl and air of *pococuranteism* and indifference with which it was stated ; amounting almost to hebetude.

In Lincolnshire I ordered the building of a wall : some mistake was made that caused some perplexity as to the carrying on the work : the master mason reproached his journeyman in the words, “ There you stand, as *unconsarned* as if you had nought to do wi’ it.” Dr. Randolph seemed to feel as little concern respecting the origin of evil ; both he and the man of the trowel were engaged in handling subjects familiar and habitual.

XXXV.

ANECDOTE OF DAVID HARTLEY.

The celebrated David Hartley entertained, I believe, at his apartments in Merton College, of which he was fellow, a party of his friends: they dined well, *comme de raison*; and there was every likelihood that the evening would conclude with the utmost festivity, when a letter was brought to the naturalist: after due apology, he opened and read it; then starting up, he rushed out of the room. He soon returned, with horror on his face and a basket-full of feathers in his hand: “Gentlemen, what do you think we have been eating?” Some of the guests began to fear they had been poisoned: even the boldest felt qualms. “Oh! that the letter had but arrived before the bird!” Then holding up some of the feathers, and letting them fall into the basket to display them to the company, he relieved their apprehensions while he revealed the cause of his own grief,—“we have eaten a nondescript.” Though no blame could attach to him, there was something in all appearance so disreputable in the untoward accident by which, under his auspices, a scientific object had been treated in so vulgar a manner, that Hartley did not quickly recover from the mortification. It is to be hoped, for the honour of human nature, that his friends were serious.

This story I heard when a young man: it may have found its way into some publication. Readers are many; books are more: all read some books; none can read all: I may have the pleasure of telling it to those to whom it may be new.

XXXVI.

DR. GEORGE SHAW.

Dr. George Shaw, brother of the editor of the Argonautica, was curator (I believe that is the title) of the British Museum, and author of the scientific descriptions of the Naturalist's Miscellany. These descriptions are written in most elegant latinity; for Dr. G. Shaw was a scholar, as it is called, as well as a man of science. The peculiarity of his conversation was a phraseology, adopted for the sake of the jest, in which science and scholarship were forced into the service of common life. If he meant to tell you that some one offered to shake hands with him, he would say, "The animal protruded its tentacula." He excused himself to his brother, the Argonaut, who reproached him for appearing before breakfast in a well-worn coat, "it is my ante-jentacular coat, Jack;" and answered his apologies for troubling him with a letter to London, by saying, "I shall put it into the denarian post, and there my trouble will end."

I spent a day with him most agreeably at the Museum; and saw that well-guarded collection to

great advantage. We even went down into the cellars, where was a vast vault filled with coal. "This puts to shame the subfenestral carbonaria of your alma mater." Every university-man knows how the coal-porter brings his sack on his shoulder, and empties the load into the hollowed-out window-seat;

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

XXXVII.

LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW AND HIS BROTHER.

That generation of men is not yet passed away who remember Edward Thurlow, lord high-chancellor. His brother was a fellow of Magdalen College; and Thurlow thought it for his own honour that his brother should be preferred in the church: he intimated thus much to the premier, Lord North, who, with complaisant promptitude, soon after sent him word that his brother was appointed dean of Rochester. Thurlow returned an answer, expressing his thanks to the minister for making his brother bishop of Rochester. Lord North replied, "Dean, not bishop." Thurlow rejoined that he had read "bishop," and that there could be no mistake. The hint was taken, and Thomas Thurlow became bishop of Lincoln, afterwards of Durham.

While fellow of Magdalen College, he had distinguished himself as a man of taste, by planting

with poplars the southern angle of the meadow. Complain not, reader, of these minute notices of localities. You tread on classic ground: you may

Seek for truth in Maudlin's learned grove,

especially in the *allée* on the north side of the mead, still called Addison's Walk. The oak, indeed, (an old oak it was even at the time of the foundation of the college in the reign of Henry VI.) the old oak fell forty years ago, and all attempts to make another grow in its place were unavailing. I remember when its torn-up base presented a dark and gloomy cavern, fringed around by its shaggy roots, and when Malchair seated himself to take a drawing of it, declaring it to be one of the most picturesque objects he had ever beheld. That the timber of this venerable tree might not be entirely dispersed in bottle-stands and tobacco-stoppers, a chair of Gothic form was made, in which sits the president when he dines in the hall, on the festival of the patroness.

But the purport of this article is to instance the respect borne by Chancellor Thurlow, to the body of which he had made his brother, as it should seem he thought, a worthy member. The bishop dined with the chancellor; and venturing to make some remark, was stopped by the fraternal admonition, “ Eat your fish, Tom.” After dinner (for we *must* suppose the servants to be withdrawn), Thurlow, in talk with his other guests, spoke of

some proposed measure which “Tom” dared to say the bench of bishops would not approve. To this remark the chancellor replied, in his own proper style, “D—n the bench of bishops!”

There are yet living persons who when young read the “probationary odes,” and remember Thurlow’s. The editors thought they could find for Tom Warton no ode more ridiculous than his own, and his own they have given. I have an etching by my friend Paget of the chief editor of these odes, which I was very gravely assured is not a caricature.

XXXVIII.

LINCOLN CRIES—A GERMAN JEW.

Among all the cries of London, or of other towns, there is one cry which the oldest of us never yet has heard, and the youngest never will hear—the cry of “Stinking fish.” Thus we have “our glorious revolution,” “our blessed reformation,” “our happy constitution,” “our two famous universities,” &c. Far be it from me, on the present occasion, to dispute the justness of the epithets applied to these several objects! I would merely caution the juvenile reader of history not to be led away by sounds, but to give himself time to reflect on the use of words, and to examine into the foundation of things.

There was, however, a crier of fish at Lincoln who would not compromise his veracity: he was

wont to say, “Fish, fish ! they were alive :” and this reticence obtained for him at least as much credit as would have done the epithet “fresh,” a hundred times repeated. He cried the lists of the horses at the races of Lincoln ; and after announcing the contents of the lists, “the horses’ names, their owners’ names, and the colours of the riders,” he endeavoured to excite the sympathy of us, his townsmen, by adding—“Poor Lincoln races ! they are worser and worser !” Public criers do not usually proclaim unwelcome truths : truth is as often found at the bottom of a well as on a race-course. True it was, nevertheless, that coaches and six, which the crier and others had formerly regarded with admiration, were no longer the mode ; and that Yorkshire Doncaster afforded better sport to the amateurs, and a better harvest to the black-legs, than did our ancient colony.

These races were in my boyhood a holiday to me : the scene was animating. Among other attractions was a German Jew, whose cry was, “Up mit it again—alsvays a woman.” He carried before him a basket of cakes to be sold at a halfpenny a-piece ; but, accommodating himself to the genius of the place and the spirit of the time, he offered to the public the chance of winning two cakes or of losing a halfpenny, pledging himself to risk his own fortune in the toss-up, on the event of the obverse of the coin being uppermost ; this obverse bearing the figure of Britannia, not yet deprived of her cap

of liberty. As this man was a Jew, and I belonged to the religion by law established, I thought it right to insult him; and so asked him when the Messiah was to come. He evidently resented my impertinence; but suppressing his anger, quietly replied, “He vas nefer tell me;” then turning to the business of the day, uttered forth his cry—“Up mit it again—alsvays a voman.”

XXXIX.

MY APOLOGY.

Why—it may be asked—why does one who places himself before the public in the important character of instructor of that public, abuse their leisure and his own by recording fooleries? Why these transitions from grave to gay—from subjects of the utmost weight to trifles lighter than air? I will make my apology to the reader; and be it observed, the word *apology* is here used in its etymological sense: not as an excuse for something wrong, but as a proof that what may be blamed in my case is right.

The prejudices of the public deprive a Catholic of a hearing: in vain does he address them,

Friends, neighbours, countrymen, lend me your ears; they will not listen. Milner’s End of Controversy will be read by those only with whom all controversy is ended, by their acquiescence in the means

by which he would end it. Lingard's great historical work, though written with much deference to opinions by law established, is gotten rid of by the previous question—"Is not the author a Catholic priest?" Other excellent Catholic works of the present day are read by those only whose faith is the same as that of the writers of them. The disbeliever of revelation ridicules the credulity of the Catholic: sure that in this he shall have the equally credulous Protestant on his side. The Anglican cries out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"*—the dissenter retains his honest horror of the enormities of the bishop of Rome, as well as of other prelates.

From the peculiar circumstances of my life, I know more of the Anglicans and of the Catholics than almost any other man: I can tell the former many things relating to the creed of their forefathers that are forgotten or misapprehended among them: I can explain to them many things relating to their own religion; the meaning of which they do not well conceive, for want of being able to compare it with that which they have quitted,

* The Wesleyan Methodists, I am told, forbid to themselves the reading of Catholic theological works. What are they afraid of? The disqualifying statutes are laws enacted by the Anglicans themselves against possible conversion: they dare not leave to themselves a full, fair, and free right of judgment. There must be something fascinating in Popery, for it to be thus guarded against.

and from which their own is derived. But were I to attempt to do this in a formal and professed treatise, I should only alarm and repel. Neither does my enfeebled health and almost quenched eyesight permit me to carry on a consecutive literary labour, requiring references or other reading; and, after all, a book would be formed that, from its very nature, could not be popular.

That which is trifling may be innocent, amusing, interesting: the public may be persuaded that the Catholic is not so wild a beast that it should be necessary to tie “hay on his horn;” and an admixture of anecdote and light reading may prepare the way for the more favourable reception of arguments that may advance the cause of truth, of justice, and of liberty.

XL.

• THE JEWS—A JEWESS AT BRIGHTON.

I willingly avail myself of the opportunity of my German Jew to bespeak, in favour of the Jewish people, more consideration and regard than they usually meet with from those who bear the name of Christians. The author of Ganganelli’s Letters says, “The Jews are tolerated even at Rome:” I hope to see the word *toleration* cancelled, and expunged from all political dictionaries, in virtue of a due discrimination of the religious from the civil concerns of man. *En attendant*, it may be re-

marked that, if the Roman government wished to counteract the prophecies that foretell the conversion of the Jews,—a confidence in which Pope Clement XIV. is made to say is the motive of this toleration,—a more effectual method could not be taken than that of confining them to one quarter of the city called the *Ghetto*. There, if they must live, they will die Jews.

A respect for the prophecies has been urged as a reason for refusing to them the *civil state*, or right of citizens, in several Christian nations. While I was in Italy, there was a talk of restoring matters, in regard to the Jews subject to the king of Sardinia, to the condition in which they were before the annexation of his continental territory to France. God, who ruleth in the kingdoms of the earth, will dispose human affairs according to the designs of his divine wisdom: He has, however, before all things, established benevolence as a moral virtue, and charity as a Christian duty: be these our care.

It is prophesied, too, that the Jews shall be dispersed among all nations, and be a hissing and a scorn to them: but is the scorner therefore approved? The Jews fulfilled the prophecies by rejecting Christ: was *their* act laudable? They who treat the unfortunate with scorn, reject the spirit of Christ.

Twenty years ago, at Brighton, I had an apartment near the Steyne in the house of a Jew.

The man was reserved ; but I induced the wife, an elderly, intelligent woman, to think me worthy of confidence by writing the name of her husband, Cohen, in Hebrew letters, which she immediately recognized. The zeal and piety of her people, the austerity of their fasts, their care for the dead, and other particulars related by the Jewess, inspired me with respect for them : they ought to be honoured by us Christians as depositaries of the body of evidences of the truth of our religion, anterior to the first advent of its Founder ;¹ as the unsuspected because unwilling witnesses of prophecies accomplished and to be accomplished ;² as those to whom, on his second coming, Christ will be made known. If the temporary reprobation of the Hebrews was the riches of the Gentile world, what shall their restoration be, argues a great Apostle, but the fulness of the knowledge of God ?

In speaking of our blessed Saviour, the Jewess expressed herself thus : “Him whom you call Christ.” She was right : “Christ” being equivalent to “Messiah,” she could no more use the word without that qualification, than Bossuet could speak of *la réforme* without adding the epithet *prétendue*.

I attended the synagogue, where I was distinguished in a mode the converse of that which marked Henry IV. among his courtiers ; I was the

¹ See *Pensées de Pascal.*

² *Acts vi.*

only man whose head was uncovered. I was requested to put on my hat: but my theological conscience opposed itself to this as a token of assent and consent: in any other sense I thought it uncivil. The women were behind *cancelli* at the side of the room. The unfolding the book, or roll of the law, appeared an imposing ceremony. Even the Jew seemed here to bear himself proudly, as one of a nation the most ancient on earth, and in past and future time the favourite of Heaven.

On the society established within these few years for the conversion of the Jews, I will only remark, that that great work is not reserved for any separated community of the Christian name.

XLI.

LADY FAWKNER'S EPITAPH—THE GREAT CHURCH AT CORUNNA—A VISIT TO LINCOLN.

In the cathedral church of Lincoln may be read as follows. It is quoted *memoriter*. The reader will see that I have reason to trust my memory:—

Here is entombed

Dame Harriett, daughter of Lt. General Churchill,
Wife, in her first marriage, to Sir Everard Fawkner, Knt.

In her second, to Governor Pownall.

She died February 7th, 1777, aged 63.

Her person was that of animated, animating beauty;
With a complexion of the most exquisite brilliancy,

Unfaded when she fell.

Her understanding was of such quickness and reach of thought
That her knowledge, although she had learning,
Was instant and original.

Her heart, warmed to the highest degree of sensibility,
Had a ready tear for pity,
And glowed with friendship, as with a sacred and inviolate fire.

Her love, to those who were blest with it,
Was happiness.

Her sentiments were correct, refined, elevated ;
Her manners so cheerful, elegant, and winning-amiable,
That while she was admired she was beloved ;

And while she enlightened and enlivened,
She was the delight of the world in which she lived.

She was formed for life ;
She was prepared for death :

Which being
A gentle wafting to immortality,
She lives where life is real.

An exact critic may remark that the mode of inserting the quotation from Shakspeare is somewhat unhappy ; since Shakspeare does not make “a heart” to have “a ready tear for pity,” and that the line from Milton does not, when verified, end in “ality,” being in fact that line, beautiful both in sound and sense,

A gentle wafting to immortal life.

But then the word “life” precedes and follows in the epitaph ; and the governor made Paradise Lost bend to his purposes : his own double use of “life” may be antithetical, and Milton’s “life” would have spoiled the antithesis.

This epitaph, inscribed in red letters on a blue slate-coloured stone, was placed close to a handsome sarcophagus of white marble near the eastern window of Lincoln Minster. But when the Minster was repaved on the smack-and-smooth system, monuments that obtruded themselves too much, or interfered with the plan, were obliged to give way, and some of them (Lady Fawkner's amongst others) were placed in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, at the right hand of the great south door on entering the church. This monument, here spoken of, was first erected soon after the date mentioned in the inscription. Of the visitors at our house, which, as I have said elsewhere,¹ was situated very near the Minster, all who had any admiration for the sublime and beautiful, or who were endowed with that faculty which has sometimes been called "the sense of the ridiculous," took occasion, from the association of nearness (see Hume's Essays), to talk of this epitaph. The wonder lasted more than nine days; and more than nine times was I, a little boy of nine years old, sent into the Minster to copy it for the curious; besides being required, ninety times at least, to repeat it in my best manner.

He who could not only write, but set up in a church, this precious tract of bombast, could take upon himself to declare, that, to have been con-

¹ See "Four Years in France," p. 7.

verted to the Catholic faith was the same thing as to have taken an *odd turn*.¹ He is not singular: there are many who judge thus. I would willingly enable the public to take the measure of their ability for judging. I would wish this to be done, however, with perfect good-humour; and I beg it may be remarked, that in noting down this epitaph, as it well deserves to be noted down, as a "Literary Memorial," I act in furtherance of my friend the governor's own purpose; since a monumental inscription, whether on the road-side with *Siste, viator!* or in a Christian church, is addressed to the public; and there is no ground of suspicion that the governor ever read any part of it with other sentiments than those of self-complacency—except, indeed, the first three words.

The public too may still read the same, paying for the privilege,—admission 1*s.* When I was a little boy, and transcribed this choice piece for the *amateurs*, I had only to observe to take off my hat on entering within the consecrated walls. The doors and grates, except those of the choir, were open all the day long; you might pass across the Minster; you might go in at one end and out at the other; which usage, though now reprobated, as making the house of God a thoroughfare, was extremely convenient in so windy and cold a region. And pray why should not the

¹ See "Four Years," p. 5.

house of God be a thoroughfare? It may be entered with indifferent thoughts, and the view of it may excite to thoughts of piety. By locking it up, you hinder all occasional visits of devotion; you repress every desire to pray in a cathedral other than what may arise in the mind between ten and eleven in the morning, and between three and four in the afternoon. You will not say that people may pray to as much good effect at home as in a cathedral. To prove this would be to prove too much: and yet the hours above-mentioned, if one may judge from the small number of unpaid attendants, do not seem to suit the convenience of the people:

But abuses would ensue were these churches to be open all day long. I deny it: during twenty years I heard of no abuse of the cathedral of Lincoln, except that a baker's boy once carried some tarts through the church, whether *to* or *from* the oven I cannot now tell. A slight hint to the boy's master sufficed to prevent a repetition of the scandal, not done in time of prayer.

My friend Mrs. K., widow of his Majesty's consul at Messina and Corunna, a lady very fond of using the privilege of a traveller and Protestant in talking of Popish countries, like many others; one to whose recitals no more credence ought to be given than prudence may warrant,—this lady told me, “The great church at Corunna is situated in the market-place; and I have seen, when the

bell gave notice of the consecration, the farmer's wives seize their baskets of poultry, and run into the church: there they would squat down on their knees, setting the baskets before them; and they would be saying their prayers, and the ducks would be saying 'Quack! quack!' all the time of the canon; and then, when both women and green geese had received the priest's benediction, they would return to their places in the market, all happy and contented."

This same lady gave an amusing description of the festival of *Madonna della Lettera*, held at Messina, in commemoration of a letter received by the people of Messina during a time of famine, and containing a promise of speedy relief; which followed accordingly, by the arrival of some ships laden with corn. Although my friend agreed with me that this letter, thus gratefully remembered by the Messinese, instead of being, as was pretended, of the hand-writing of the Blessed Virgin, was a forgery adroitly practised by the magistrates to keep the people quiet, yet did this consul's widow not fail to adorn her description of the *fête* with so much of the usual colouring of the English tourist, that I could not help regretting she had not given the world her "Sicily and Spain in the Eighteenth Century." This regret I expressed to her; adding, that, "after duly and curiously balancing the good and evil of ducks and geese being carried, even though alive, into a church, or

farmers' wives staying away; the former seemed to me the lesser evil of the two."

She told me, "The great church of Corunna was on fire: all the population was alarmed, and collected in the square, and every effort made to extinguish the flames. Those who did not exert themselves for this end, were praying in the *place* or square, turning their faces towards the church, and looking up the nave to the high altar; but no one daring to enter, as it was momentarily expected that the roof would fall in. On a sudden a single voice uttered a shriek, 'The blessed sacrament!' it was immediately apprehended, and the thought thrilled every soul, that the venerable Host was exposed on the high altar, and that there was danger of its being buried under the ruins. A young man, casting thitherward an ardent look, and arming himself with the sign of the cross, rushed among the flames under the blazing roof, through the whole length of the church, up to the altar: here grasping by the stem the sacred vessel, which it is not ordinarily permitted to a layman to touch, he bore it away with repressed and respectful haste. Arrived at the great western door, he fell on his knees, in adoration of *that* which he carried. A priest drew near, and taking from him the precious burden, after having given a benediction to the multitude, went, not unaccompanied, to place it on the altar of the nearest church. What fools you Papists are!"

" You tell the story very well, Madam," said I: "you enter into Catholic feelings and notions: without *this*, it can neither be told nor understood." She added; "This action made a great noise: the zeal and heroism of the young man were represented at court; preferment was offered to him if he would go into the church, which, it was supposed, might be his taste; but he chose the military profession: a commission in the army was given him, and he was killed a few years after. So, you see, he is happy."

This lady caused to be erected in the Abbey Church at Bath, on the south side, a very handsome monument to the memory of her husband, Herman Katencamp, Esq. with an inscription which ought to have been shorter; but she wished to give his character in full: her own *pierces* in the conversations here related.

Two years ago, on my return from the continent, after ten years' absence from Lincoln, I stood gazing at the western front of the cathedral. A little girl, eight years old, with a bunch of keys as big as herself, came up with "Please to see the Minster, Sir?"—"I have seen it, my dear, before you were born." The little girl, imagining to herself that I doubted her ability to declare the wonders of Tom Thumb's grave and the indelible blood of the jealous glazier, said, "Shall mother go with you, Sir?"—"I have seen it before mother was born." The little girl retired: but, as I still

stood gazing, the mother came and offered her services: I followed her, and without asking questions as was expected, or looking to the right or left, proceeded onward till stopped by an iron grate: here another key was wanted: I passed by my guide, who, by this time, suspected my purpose; perhaps recognized me: she behaved perfectly well, and remained at the grate; but I would rather have been alone.

I made my way straight to the spot, where, nearly thirty years before, I had deposited the mortal remains of my mother. I called to mind how I had made a sign to him who was about to throw earth into the grave, that I would myself perform this last duty, and how I was assured by the dull and hollow sound returned from the coffin, that my trembling and convulsed hand had not failed of its purpose—neither will that “sure and certain hope” fail, which was then suggested as a consolation to me and to all.

The Roman wall which enclosed the ancient *Lindi colonia* on the east, passes, under the pavement of the Minster, from north to south precisely in the direction of this vault of my family. It had been levelled to its foundation to make way for the extension of the stately edifice. My father’s tomb had been cut and wrought with toil in the substance of this wall. After some time spent in meditation on the pettiness of the past and the greatness of the future, we (for I had a

companion, of all now living the most interested, next to myself, in this visit) we went into the chapel of the monuments.

On the floor of this chapel is seen, wrenched from its base, and forming part of the pavement, the ancient altar stone, distinguished by the four little crosses at its corners, marking it to be consecrated. Thus, within the distance of a few paces, we have Pagan Rome yielding to Catholicism, and Catholicism prostrate at the command of—Reformation. What will happen next?

Our ancient altar stones are frequently found, especially in the churches of country parishes, thus laid within a few feet of the place they formerly occupied and with the crosses uppermost. It is probable that they who removed them, did their work unwillingly, or expected yet another change.

Down the middle of the aisles, which bound the choir on the north and south, is a range of large marble grave-stones. At the time of the re-paving of the church, about fifty years ago, these grave-stones were removed from over the graves they covered: the stone coffins were, in some instances, on a level with the pavement, and what was in them was within the reach of curious and childish spoilers. It was then that the Minster ought to have been kept under lock and key. A small portion of the silken pontifical robe of Bishop Grossetête, or Greathead, was presented

as a gallant offering to a lady fair, while I remember to have broken off the toe of a foot that stood out beyond the wrappers in which an embalmed body was involved. In excuse of this act, let me observe that it was not done in boyish sport, but in solemn thoughtfulness. The small limb yielded to the pressure of my finger: it was brittle and dry, and throughout of a light pink colour. The body was, I believe, that of little Saint Hugh; the child crucified by the Jews in hatred of the Christian religion: called “the little,” to distinguish him from the exemplary bishop of that name; who, in his turn, to distinguish him from the boy, is called Great Saint Hugh. See Butler's SS. Lives.

These grave-stones were despoiled by Oliver Cromwell of the heraldic and historical brass plates that formerly adorned them:—by Oliver Cromwell forsooth!—he is the grand *sacrilegus* of our cathedral Ciceroni. Are they ashamed of the “magnanimous fathers of the Reformation?” A still greater affront was to be offered to the dead who lay beneath, by removing these sepulchral slabs; and, as it seems to me, a greater still, by making a sort of convenience and use of them, by placing them in the form and manner of a *trottoir* or causeway. This is so very indecorous, in such very bad taste, that I cannot forbear from requesting the chapter, (and they cannot but consider the request as a proof of friendly feeling towards

them), that they will be pleased to order these gigantic and ponderous marbles to be placed all together, side by side, in the recesses of the upper transepts, or wherever else suitable and reverend space may be found for them ; and to pave the upper side-aisles on the Wyattville ultra-reformation-plan of the rest of the church. It is a bad plan : I am sorry it was adopted ; but this exception from it is still worse : both the eye and the heart are offended.

We found that the chapter-house had been fitted up as a court of justice, during the re-building (in a “Vauxhall Gothic” style) of the hall of assizes for the county. The guardians of the chapter-house no doubt distinguished between this and other desecrations, and Church-and-King agreed most harmoniously on this, as on other occasions.

The interior of this Minster is pretty—nay, very pretty. To be sure ; no one, when admitted, can imagine of what use is any part of the building, except the choir. In my young days, when we used to walk about in it, when there were seen altar-tombs and inscribed grave-stones, and a large and beautiful baptismal font, one was inclined to suspect that it had formerly been a church : but such a fancy would never occur to one who should see it now for the first time, and without seeing its exterior.

This exterior is, beyond all comparison, stately

and magnificence. I have seen nothing equal to it in the world, either at home or abroad. It has an atmosphere of elevated situation which York, Bristol, and Miami have not; and is more lofty and inspiring than they. I prefer to leave my native place: but you must not let me be extravagant or injure yourself by this natural partiality.

On the wall, I saw, scrawled in chalk, the words "No Popery": they were not written by any of the clergy of the cathedral: they must allow that Popery and superstition are very good things; but by some blackguard who could not understand cause and effect: if there had been no Popery there would have been no Minister. But

The Devil from his height look'd down and smiled.

Old Proverb.

XLII.

BULL'S NOTES OF A SCHOOLMASTER—NINE YEARS AT LINCOLN SCHOOL.

In the list of the horses at the races at Lincoln in the year —, was a mare named Thalia. Two farmers, or sporting gentlemen, rode up to my old schoolmaster, who was ambling his nag very quietly along the course: "Mr. H. we have a bet; will you please to decide it? we cannot do better than refer it to you: this race mare's name? is it Thalia, or Thalia?" My old schoolmaster looked rather more glum than usual on the occa-

sion ;—a man does not like to be reminded of his trade, when he has retired from it : “ The learned call it Thalīa, and the unlearned call it Thalīa : you may call it which you please.”

I have said elsewhere¹ that this Rev. schoolmaster of mine thought there was too much Christianity in the church of England. Among many other indubitable symptoms of this his opinion, he said to a party of his friends, “ I always read the creed of St. Athanasius on the days appointed :—I am required to do so ; and I have engaged to do so : but I take care to begin by saying out aloud, ‘ The creed of St. Athanasius.’ I do not tell the congregation that it is *my* creed or that it need be *their* creed : I tell them it is the creed of St. Athanasius.”

During eight years and a half did I attend the school presided by this Jesuitical Anglican ; a very honest man in his way. I could have learned in the last two years, all that, in fact, was acquired by me in this more than apprenticeship to Greek and Latin. Could I relate the secrets of my prison-house ! but the same scenes are acted in every city of merry England. Vain would be the attempt to “ harrow up the soul” of those whom the sufferings of their own sons cannot affect. The evil must cure itself.

¹ See “ Some Account,” &c. prefixed to “ Four Years in France.”

One fine morning in May (it was in 1776), my father, having finished his breakfast, went and put off his dressing-gown and slippers, and returned arrayed as for a walk in the town : he had on his second wig, (for he had three—*dignus, dignior, dignissimus*) and taking up his triangular hat and his gold-headed cane, he invited me to accompany him : the invitation was not to be disputed ; so, taking him by the hand I went out of the house with him, scrutinizing his looks, in which appeared a good-natured maliciousness, as if he had a design to play me some trick for my benefit; as I used to coax my spaniel dog to follow me, when I intended to throw him into the river. To my anxious interrogatory; “Where are we going?” he enigmatically answered, “ You’ll see.”

After a walk down the steep hill and through the High-street, we turned into a clean, retired lane, and stopped at an old-fashioned porch : on a summons by the usual mode, the door was opened and we were ushered into a small parlour that looked into a very pretty garden. In this room was seated the under-master of the grammar-school. After a short conversation, the purport of which I could not very well comprehend, my father left me with him. He too put off his dressing-gown, and appeared before me in all the splendour of black silk waistcoat and breeches, and silk stockings speckled black and white ; and taking up a coat of the same motley wear, said to

me, while donning it, “It is school-time.” My heart sunk within me; but there was no retreat: he took up his hat—a hat, more cavalier-like than my father’s; since the brims, instead of being curled inwards, were trussed up on the three sides perpendicularly.

We passed through the lane called from the city prison there situated; the prisoners looked at us through the grated door; had they known what lot was prepared for *me*, it might have afforded them the usual solace of the miserable: nay, *they* had a chance of being hanged, or transported to America in a few months: my jail-delivery was not to be held so soon. We entered an enclosed field: here Mr. C—— at length spoke words of comfort to me; “This,” said he, “is your play-ground.” Up some broken stone-steps, we mounted to the vast arched door-way that opened into the school. The door was too heavy for infant hands to move with ease: a deal partition had been made within, in which was a door of ordinary frame, admitting not more than a proportionate quantity of cold air.

Thus far, the chapel of the Friars of Orders Grey had been accommodated to modern and reformed uses.¹ Where once had stood the altar on which the φρικτὰ μυστήρια, as Chrysostom calls them, the “tremendous mysteries,” had erst been

¹ See “Four Years in France,” p. 12 and 13.

celebrated : there, for the purposes of decoration, was placed a lumbering, ugly pulpit, into which, at the commencement and end of the labours and amours of each day, the head master retired, while that most important of all animals, the head boy, read a few collects, our matins and vespers. Below this pulpit, and so near to it as only to admit the master's chair between them, stood a large oblong table. I am inclined to suspect that, in the interval between Popery and pedantry, after the expulsion, that is, of the Grey Friars, and before its grammatical destination, the chapel had been applied to Protestant uses ; and that the table, now the seat of pedagogic empire, had been, for a time, what it was the fashion of the day to call “ God's board.” Be this as it may, the table was now covered by a green cloth ; and at its hither side, opposite to the Windsor arm-chair, was a long bench, on which the boys of the first two classes had the privilege of being seated during their attempts to translate Homer and Horace into the Lincolnshire dialect.

Thus much (for my eye-sight was then young and perfect) I saw at the eastern end of this de-catholicised church. On each side was a range of what might be called either desks or pews, within which the hope of the country was busily engaged in the work, equally pleasing and useful, of thumbing dictionaries. “ A new scholar !”—the words, in an audible whisper from many youth-

ful mouths, echoed in my ears: a new scholar was a powerful cause of distraction; especially as I was not one of those sons of citizens who came to get a little useless Latin before being bound to an useful trade; but was here to acquire the elements of literature, by which to adorn a learned profession, and become one of the lights of the age—a bishop, perhaps—a dean, at least.

I was taken to the lowest of the pews aforesaid, and received by three or four little boys with smiles of good nature and sympathy that relieved my soul after the tricking playfulness of my good father's looks, and the solemn silence of the usher, my master of the ceremonies.

Alas! I know of but one of my class-fellows to be now living;—the Rev. E— C—. Him I know to be a man of a truly kind and benevolent disposition: he will, I hope, read this story with pleasure.

My new friends found my company so much more agreeable than *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*; gen. *hujus*; that from the vice-regal seat, adorned with brass nails and gilded leather, a summons issued forth to recall our vagrant attention. I felt myself a man of business, and endeavoured to look as wise as a child of seven years old ought to look. My purpose was disturbed by the entrance of a short, square man in a sober coloured court dress, who, taking off a three-cornered hat with an inclination of a slight reverence towards the place of the ar-

chidascalus, proceeded, between two long tables with sloping sides, towards his own seat, formed of oaken plank, and unadorned either with brass nails or green cloth, but having a short, upright support at each end, that gave to it something of the ease and a little of the dignity of an arm-chair. Having carefully *set down* his hat in such a position that two sides of the triangle presented themselves to all who looked that way, he opened a sort of Blackstone, and threw out upon the table a number of thin small quarto volumes. During the scramble for these books which took place among the boys, delighted to change one mode of restraint for another, he endeavoured to compose himself to as much rest as the uneasiness of his seat allowed ; lifted up one side of his brown wig, and scratched his ear ; put a quid of tobacco within his cheek ; and then quietly superintended the efforts of his pupils in caligraphy. I learned to write of this man for seven years ; and the devil—the printer's devil, I mean—knows how he did his duty. I also learned of him arithmetic ; and that I have been in life so bad a calculator, may, in part, be owing to his having permitted me to pass my time in shooting little round *o o* at the ends of a slate with a playfellow.

At mid-day our session was dissolved. One of my little class-mates detained me by offering to do the service of a *cicerone*, and show me the wonders of school. Tremblingly, as if we knew we were

doing something wrong, we lifted up the cover of the usher's desk: we beheld a numero of the Gentleman's Magazine, some other new publication, and a nail-knife. Besides light reading, and filing his nails, Mr. C—— had another source of amusement, during the intervals of the classes or even during their recitations, in picking the powder out of his hair. He would loll on his elbow; stick the ends of his fingers into the powder, which was then worn in so plentiful a measure as to form, with pomatum, a crust on the scull; then with the nail of his thumb, adroitly jerk away the paste, which soon bedecked the floor with refuse finery.

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia—a very wise apophthegm —was not borne in mind by Mr. C——, and was sometimes more grossly neglected by the master of the higher school, Mr. H.—— the non-athanasian.

On prying into the desk of this latter, we found what seemed to announce him as more elevated in learning as well as in station;—a book in an unknown character, which one of the bigger boys informed us was Hebrew. If Lilly's grammar is a toil to a little boy, what must he be to whom Hebrew is a relaxation like the Gentleman's Magazine?

We examined, with thrilling curiosity, the instruments of torture kept in each of these desks: we applauded the ingenious mercy with which the ferulas or canes were by their thickness accommo-

dated to the ages of the sufferers in the respective schools.

We tried hard to decypher some of the names of many generations of school-boys, inscribed on the walls or engraved with no better tool than a pocket-knife on the seats and desks. Fame, even within a prison, is glory to him whose thoughts range not beyond it. The head-master would not permit any white-washing or reparation, by which any of these names might be obliterated. This trait of feeling I learned thereafter.

Meantime the usher seemed to me the finer gentleman of the two, and was the object of my profound veneration: of this sentiment I gave him a proof that somewhat embarrassed him. My father engaged to dinner a company, of which the usher was the tail, and the dean of Lincoln the head. This dean was Dr. Yorke, bishop of Gloucester, and brother of Lord Hardwicke. At the dessert, I was sent for to drink the health of the guests, according to the use of the "latter end of the eighteenth century." Standing near my mother, and looking towards the bottom of the table, I caught the eye of my *magnus Apollo*, and said, "Mr. C—, your health, Sir." Notwithstanding the laughter of the company, which I thought to be very unreasonable, I proceeded with, secondly, "My lord, your health;" and went through the ceremonial in due form.

Dulcinea del Toboso, having acquainted Sancho

Panza with the conditions of her disenchantment, calls him by all sorts of hard names and terms of abuse, *por hacer caso de tres mil y trescientos azotes, que no hay niño de la doctrina que no los lleve cada-mes.*¹

Our school could not claim to be exempted from the satire intended by this amusing extravagance. At the east end resounded the broad threatening, “I’ll flog thee within an inch of thy life :” while half-way down was heard the insulting sarcasm in the dialect of I know not what county ; “If u do not take care, I shall expose ure posteriors.” Flat-hand blows on the sides of the face, or taps with the knuckle that might fracture the occiput, tug-gings at the ears and hair, &c. like fish and soup at a plentiful dinner, went for nothing. And this is the way to educate Britons and free men, generous spirits, orators, poets, rulers of the waves, defenders of the country ! Nay, Judaical justice was here exercised ; the sins of the parents were visited on the children. For myself, the influence of my father at hand, or my own good genius, protected me from excess of outrage.

Seven hours a-day was supposed to be allotted to our studies ; but a liberal connivance allowed the masters to arrive half an hour too late : this

¹ “For making an ado about three thousand three hundred strokes of a scourge, when there is not a school-boy that does not bear them every month.”—*Don Quixote*, chap. xxxv.

gave us some time for play. Besides keeping holy the Sabbath, we honoured the saints; and to magnify them the more, as one saint was flayed and others were sawn asunder, our chief split a saint whenever it suited him. Thus—"Lads! Tuesday is Saint Luke: we'll split it: you shall play Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons." Our month's vacation at Christmas and Midsummer was, by mutual forbearance, prolonged to five weeks. Enough remained for labour and sorrow.

The pride of our masters was that their scholars were well-grounded. We were *grounded* with a vengeance: we learned Latin and Greek for the sake of going to school; as Tom Paine says, that government raises wars to carry on taxes.

A foundation is a good thing relatively to a superstructure. Mr. C. was qualified to lead us on beyond the Latinity of Cordery or Theodore Beza; and Mr. H. recited passages in the school-boy, i. e. the best classics, with good taste, and much animation. But—nine years! and the work still incomplete!

Yet our year was diversified by its seasons, which brought with them, in their turns, something to amuse and inform, and help our vegetating ideas to take a shoot in growth, and the tendrils of our mind to catch at support! Lincoln April fair! Twenty thousand sheep assembled under the windows of our school!

The hurdles or trays, as *we* call them, in which

the sheep are to be penned or folded, are fixed some weeks before the fair; for sheep are sold on several market-days preceding. During this happy æra, we were allowed to leave school half an hour earlier, that we might gain health and activity by leaping over the trays. The indulgence was well meant; but the leap was what huntsmen call a stiff leap, not so good as the cat-gallows.

The day approached. It was not a day of “great cry and little wool,” as the devil said when he sheared his hogs. He was not so ignorant as to expect to get wool from pigs: but he had got into a bad breed of sheep: he ought to have come—perhaps he did come—to our fair, to buy Lincolnshire *hogs* or *offs*, lambs taken off from the ewe; long wools; fleeces toddling two, or two to a tod. Reader, acquiesce in my etymology: it is for the sake of proposing it to you that I have brought forward a proverb so coarse that my delicacy told me to avoid it. In this word *hogs*, the aspirate is no letter (especially as in Lincolnshire they talk of *eads* and *harms*), and the digamma and the guttural are ever and anon interchangeable: Know also that the tod is a weight of twenty-eight pounds used in selling wool.

The day approached: there was much wool, and much cry. Then how pleasant for two companions to walk out with arms interlaced and hands resting on each other’s shoulders, after the manner of school-boys, and meet the sheep on the

several roads, or view them tired and crowded in the little pastures near the town, or see the two hills, that slope from either cliff down into the valley of the Witham, studded all over with this living wealth, the pride and staple of our isle ! Thus passes the vigil of the fair.

Then to rise at five in the morning, to witness the bargains and the more than diplomatic acuteness of the honest farmers, eager to gain or to save sixpence a head on the bleating imprisoned fold near them, on which each looks with an eye expressive of other feelings than those of pastoral poetry ! At length, money in the hand of the one is struck against money in the hand of the other ; the bargain is *struck*. The pen is opened : the sheep, long compressed so closely as to be but one united mass, recover the privilege of individual existence : they start forward ; the shouts, and hats, and sticks of the farmers' men ; the barking of dogs ; the mimic efforts of school-boys, urge them on : hinderances, entanglements of every kind oppose : a waggon, a fruit-stall, an open gate, a closed passage—worst of all, an encounter with another flock : at last all is surmounted : our fleecy care again breathes the air of the country : we school-boys feel that we have done our duty to them, and bid them a kind farewell.

Then the delight of summer was to lave our limbs, and learn to swim in that canal, the work of imperial Rome, that unites our little river to

the Trent. The *foss-dike* was found to be stagnant and torpid ; we followed upwards the course of the river, as it approaches our town from the south, to a place called “ Parson’s Pleasure ”—terms strangely associated. The fisherman did not like that we should tread down his meadow, his yet-unmowed mead : he contrived that his great dog should bark. Charley Metham ! though the head master applauded thy Witham pike, and the usher loved thy perch and eels ;^{*} to the tyro in the art of swimming thy memory is hateful ! The dread of thy dog compelled us to go to the wooden bridge, a mile above ; and, what was worse, to return no more to “ Parson’s Pleasure ! ” The stupendous mechanism of the Lock, the thundering cascade of the Weir, and the little rushy island between them, afforded us a resting-place, and means of studying the mysteries of hydraulics : *ἀριστον μὲν οὐδωρ.*

A little lower down the river, on the right bank; under the meagre shade of some pollard willows, while looking steadily on the quill of my fishing-line floating on the surface of the slow and muddy stream, I would fall into a reverie, aided rather than disturbed by the monotonous cry of the cuckoo, and the not-unmusical croaking of the frog, the nightingale of Lincolnshire. Here, at eve, would I set my trimmers, and return with

* Ancholme eel and Witham pike :
In all the world there is ne sike.—*Polyolbion.*

the dawn to find what was so well concealed as to be lost even to the hider.

Autumn too had its sports; that season of settled sunshine, if any such there be in hyperborean England. Then the lads are called forth to the “animated, animating” game of cricket;—the bats-man, the bowler, the stopper, the catcher, each aspiring to glory for himself and to victory for his party. Nor can I forget the distant walk to explore unknown villages, the repose under the hedge or bank, and the return home to sleep that would have been peaceful, but that the recitation was not committed to memory, the exercise was unwritten. Every heart is steeled against the unfortunate school-boy; all unite to enforce upon him, what all, in spite of common sense, agree to call his duty: he is blamed, he is to be punished, for loving the light and the breath of heaven. The fruit of learning ought to be sweet, since its root is thus bitter, or embittered.

Yet thou wast not thus ungracious and severe, my affectionate, my much-regretted sister! thou didst ever aid and comfort me. When Lilly’s Latin first terrified me, thou didst encourage me to the task by reading it thyself, and thus proving to me that it was not Latin, since thou, a girl, couldst read it. To thee I owe all the acquaintance I formed in childhood with English authors; and, by thy means, I obtained leave to attend a master of the French language; the most useful part, by

far, of my youthful education. All who yet remember thee in our native place, from whence I am lately returned, speak with rapturous admiration of thy talents, thy manners, thy amiable disposition, my dear sister Lucy! Thy early death left to thy brother but an imperfect apprehension, and an indistinct remembrance of a character that thus charmed and pleased all who were acquainted with it. An affectionate regret, that I have wanted, during life, the sweet solace of thy friendship, and that we have not together reached its confine; a thought thrown back on that time of infancy, where all is reflected in vivid colouring, is all that remains. The confine of life is reached. Pass we on.

But it is in winter that the country around Lincoln displays its peculiar beauties. A tract of low land twenty miles in circuit, is inundated: a sharp frost sets in: and what a field of amusement on so large a plain of ice! Skating seems to give wings to the mind as well as to the body: and to be carried along the glib surface at the rate of twenty miles an hour by a north-west wind, or to struggle against the same wind in returning, is equally buoyant and invigorating. But the little retired nook of smooth, sheltered glass; the outside edge; the figure of eight; the return of the body, by right and left to the same point; how fine all this!

I had taken off my skates and was tramping;

with cramped feet, over a portion of the ice near the shore. Some boys were making a slide that was to terminate at a garden-wall, high up the side of which the river had risen in its overflowing. A school-fellow, full of hope and proud resolve, said he would reach the wall: he took his run previous to the slide; steadily and strongly did he glide along; but as he leaned in a direction opposite to that in which he滑ed, his feet, when they forcibly touched the wall, were tripped up by it; he fell; his skull was fractured. I saw his quivering limbs and the contortions of his livid features: he was borne away; and ere the end of a short winter's eve, the passing bell announced his death.¹

Bodies of military, infantry or cavalry, were almost always quartered at Lincoln; and the facility which I found, on account of my youth, of becoming acquainted both with their way of thinking and their practice, enlarged the range of my knowledge, at least of my speculation on human life. Besides, the training of men, the breaking-in of horses, parades, field-days, and firings, served both to excite and enlighten the juvenile mind.

¹ Thomson and Bloomfield have given the world their "Seasons." The "seasons" of a school-boy would be an admirable subject of a poem: and, as I wish to be not only literary myself, but the cause of literature in other men, I beg leave to recommend it as suited to a development of imagery and feeling worthy the efforts of genius.

Soldiers bore a part—a beneficial part to me—in my languid and limited education.

Lincoln is the seat of the election of two representatives of the county in parliament: the city sends two also. A contested election! Strange it is that custom should so far vitiate and dull the moral sense, that, among thousands of voters and witnesses of this scene, not one was found to infuse into a mind, honest because young, a due apprehension and abhorrence of the profligacy, indecency, and absurdity of it!

The assizes, too, were held at Lincoln. An English court of law is a school of justice and wisdom; and an early acquaintance with its forms was of service to me in after life. My father encouraged my attendance both on the crown and *nisi prius* trials.

Our schoolmaster, not quite so wisely, dismissed the boys half an hour before noon, that they might arrive in time at the place of execution, when there was *a man to be hanged*—such is the indifferent phrase of those who are used to such things. The sight is the very reverse of edifying. I will venture an opinion, that a man under a temptation to commit a crime for which his life is the forfeit, will be more likely to yield to the temptation,—other influences being equal—from having witnessed an execution of a malefactor; he then has seen, he knows, the worst.

My father was contemplating sending me to

Eton, that I might be, as he said, “well taught and well beaten;” advantages which he suspected I did not fully enjoy at the school of my native place, when a slight paralytic attack brought on him that dropsy, of which, after two years’ illness, he died. During this time of lingering expectation, no change was made in my regard: Mr. H. seemed to try how little he could teach me. One day, however, on our meeting in Horace with *Hunc solem et terras, &c.* he took me into the old library of the convent, and there, by the help of a ball of wood, four inches in diameter, on which were marked certain circumferential lines, he explained to me the Copernican system. The lecture, notwithstanding the “Look thee here,” and “See thee here,” was a very good one: the grand and simple mystery of nature suspended me in mute astonishment. Mr. H. comprehended; and, in his way, signified his approbation of the feeling expressed in my countenance:—“ You may well stare!” said he.

A year afterwards, I told him I was going to the university. “I should have been glad to keep you a year longer.” He had been used to *finish off* by some lectures in Euclid, for which he did not think me old enough.

My father, a Cambridge man, and senior wrangler of his year, used to say that I should certainly be *plucked* at Cambridge; that I was such a block-head, he must send me to Oxford. In deference

to this impartial decision, I became a commoner of Coll. Univ. Oxford. “A young man coming to the university, has an equal chance of being pickled or preserved,” said George Horne. I was neither the one nor the other.

XLIII.

A FOOL EX OFFICIO.

The master of the ceremonies at Bath is generally a decayed gentleman :—let the word “decayed” give no offence: it means only that he is one whose fortune, or want of fortune, makes it convenient to him to accept a situation to which a good address, and manners, and knowledge of the usages of society, are his recommendation. He whose name supplied a punning motto to a caricature,—*Longa Tysonum minuit*,—was eminently well qualified in these respects.

I once accompanied a young lady to the rooms, who, on a *dress* night, incautiously wore a hat. The lady was very pretty, and so was her hat; but the hat was contrary to rule. Mr. Tyson approached her with a due mixture of official importance and of chivalrous gallantry; said he was extremely sorry to be compelled to object to what was so very becoming, but that the *hat* must be taken off.

The *man* may be respectable, but it is not in the nature of things but that such a frivolous adminis-

tration should be, in some degree, ridiculous. So that a fellow of a college in one of the universities, having taken too much wine before going to the rooms, and by his noisy talk having attracted the notice of the master of the ceremonies, resisted his endeavours to impose silence, and repelled his intimations of the prudence of a timely retreat, by a most unjust and injurious reproach :—“ *What do you come here for, to talk to me? Sit you down: you are a fool *ex officio*.* ”

XLIV.

CRITIQUE ON THOMSON.

“ Crown’d with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf.”

My much valued friend D. R. elder brother of the author of “ The Pleasures of Memory,” has an estate and very pretty country residence in the parish of Hagley. When I had the gratification of visiting him in the year 1807, he told me that Lord Littleton had related to him as follows : “ When a boy, or a very young man, I remember Thomson’s passing a part of the summer at Hagley, and reading to my father what he had but just then written of his ‘ Autumn.’ On the first line, I ventured, with all due modesty, to remark that ‘ crown’d with the wheaten sheaf’ was a beautiful image, and correctly poetical; but that I could not understand what was meant by ‘ crown’d

with the sickle ;' and begged of Thomson to explain what idea he meant to convey by the words. Thomson was evidently confused, and said something, in no very clear or decided manner, of a custom the reapers have in Scotland of putting their sickles round their heads in the intervals of their labour."

"Poets are not upon oath ; and—one for sense and one for rhyme—is a fair composition," said George Horne, when Pope was quoted. It should seem that, besides this alternation, they must sometimes be allowed the privilege, even in one and the same line, of giving a part for sense, and the remainder for rhythm or measure.

XLV.

ON TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE—HAYTI.

On occasion of the surrender of Toussaint Louverture, leader of the insurgent negroes of Saint Domingo, to the consular government of republican France, I wrote the following address, intended to be in imitation of the style of Ossian :—

"Chief of the sable warriors ! Why didst thou basely desert their cause ? Thou mightest, at least, have died.

"The Muse of History had prepared for thy brows a wreath. She had sought for wild weeds

on the shores of the headlong Cavery : there, the mighty prince,¹ the defender of his country, still grasps in death the gory sabre. She culled the drooping flowers on the plains of unavenged Sarmatia : Remembrance causes the wounds of the patriot hero to bleed afresh.² She dared not yet to approach the inmountains of Ierne.

“ The Genius of Freedom had lifted up his voice : he called aloud to the slave and to the oppressed of either hemisphere, and of every hue :— ‘ Your blood, streaming on the ground, shall be seed of champions of liberty : your ashes, scattered to the winds, shall be pestilence to your tyrants.’

“ Chief of the sable warriors ! Why didst thou basely desert their cause ? Thou mightest, at least, have died.

“ Again the Demon of Avarice prowls over the sands of insulted Africa ! Again her generous sons are borne on the indignant wave of the broad Atlantic ! Again the scourge, the chain, and the groan, are re-echoed through the islands of the West !

“ Unworthy France ! scorn of the nations of the earth ! And is this then thy work ?

“ Chief of the sable warriors ! Why didst thou

¹ Tippoo Saib Bahauder, slain on the ramparts of Seringapatam ; his capital taken by the English in 1799.

² This might be allowed as a poetical figure. The wounds of Kosciusko did in fact reopen.

basely desert their cause? Thou mightest, at least, have died."

I know not any one of the political events of this æra, so fertile in them, that promises so much triumph to the cause of humanity, as the establishment of the republic of Hayti. So many prejudices and preventions, so much tyranny and iniquity levelled to the ground at one blow; the right of man to personal freedom and the equality of man with man asserted; this is a lesson to present and future times. The slave-drivers of the other West-Indian islands wish to represent the Haytians as relapsing into the barbarism from which former slave-dealers so kindly delivered them. It shall not be! Yet half a century, and they shall bear the arts of life, the principles of liberty, and the light of revelation, to the shores of the Niger and the sources of the Nile!

XLVI.

PUMP-ROOM AT BATH.

The city of Bath has its complement of Druidical, Roman, and Saxon antiquities: it has, besides, a pump-room with Greek letters over the door! This pump-room is then a fit subject of a literary memorial, and the plan adopted when it was built is a curious matter of record.

The old pump-room was too small for the crowds that assembled there: but it would have been the loss of a season, and a great inconvenience, to have pulled it down and built another. What then did they do? They built another, and then pulled down the old one. The walls of the new one, on all the four sides, were raised at a due distance: its roof was reared to a proportionate height: meantime, the good company walked and talked and drank hot water in the interior of the smaller room, uninterrupted by the work carrying on above and on every side of them. At length, when the new room was not only covered in, but fully prepared, Greek letters and all, then, and not till then, commenced the demolition of the lesser hall: it was quickly pulled down, and barrowed, and shovelled, and thrown out of the great door of the new room, which wanted only the laying down of its floor to be ready for immediate use.

Thus will OPINION envelope political establishments and constitutions, too narrow and contracted for the age, and rear around them edifices of more comprehensive scale and fairer proportion.

XLVII.

THE CREED OF A TRUE PROTESTANT.

I hate and detest religious controversy; heartily do I wish that Bishop Milner's book may be the *end* of it, as its title promises: yet, like the tailor

who had forsworn *cabbage*, but was tempted to steal one bit more because he had none of that colour, I cannot help putting my argument in a new form, that may convince some upright mind of absurdities, admitted, perhaps unconsciously, by our separated brethren, in the creed of the true Protestant.

By the way, why is it always said, “*a true Protestant—a good Catholic?*” It is because the former are less quiet and more pugnacious than the latter? not from temper, but their position is that of the attack; they have undertaken to prove others wrong and themselves in the right: the Catholic is contented with that which has been delivered to him.

A most respectable head of the university of Oxford observed to me, “*By mutual concession it might be possible to effect a reconciliation between the church of Rome and that of England.*” I answered, “*The Catholic church has not changed, Sir.*” So, a bishop of the highlands of Scotland replied to some peace-making proposition of some members of the Kirk,—“*Gentlemen—where you left us, there you will find us.*” So much for the *repose* of Catholics.

But the Protestants changed on their own authority only; while that which they did not change they were obliged to acknowledge was retained on the authority they, in other respects, renounced. Moreover, on quitting the centre of unity, they

diverged from each other, faster even than they removed from the centre. Hence their distrust of their own cause; hence their air of defiance, to hide that distrust; hence the term, “*true* Protestants.”

A servant offered himself to me at Avignon ; he said he was a Protestant. “ Of what sort ? there are several sorts.”—“ *Mais, un vrai Protestant.*”—“ *Mais, mon ami ! ils le sont tous :*” they are all *true*. The man was a follower of John Calvin. “ *Genevois, je ne vois tel que toi, Genevois.*” There are some points on which they all *must* agree, and these form

THE CREED OF A TRUE PROTESTANT.

I believe “the Holy Catholic Church ;” that she was born pure ; turned heathen, pagan, and idolatress ; hid herself ; crept into holes and corners ; was lost a long while ; and now belongs to any body that can catch hold of her.

I believe the pope to be Antichrist, the man of sin, the whore of Babylon, and the number six hundred threescore and six.

I believe that Martin Luther, John Calvin, and Queen Elizabeth of England, were popes ; and that “every man has a pope in his belly.”

I believe that every nation, except bigoted Roman Catholics, has a right to establish its own faith for itself ; and that the established faith, except that of bigoted Roman Catholics, is, in each

nation, the true one, provided it be pure and reformed.

I believe that things which disagree with the same third, agree with each other. — Thus, Protestants are united because they all renounce Popery.

I believe that the two extremities of a line are nearer to each other than the middle of the line is to either; interrupted tradition surer than uninterrupted; and that, to jump back from the sixteenth century to the apostolic age, was wiser and safer than to admit that the apostolic age had, in the lapse of time, descended, in continued and even flow, to the sixteenth century.

I believe that, in this same sixteenth century, the sinfulness of heresy and schism did, thence-forwards, cease and determine.

I believe that I may err; but that I am not so likely to err as the council of Trent.

I believe that error is one, and that truth is various and discrepant.

I believe that the belief of the whole Christian world touching the eucharist changed in the dark ages, nobody knows how or why, or when or wherefore; and that it ought to change back again, though I do not exactly know to what.

I believe that “This is,” means “Here is,” or “This is not;” and that *Hoc est corpus* means “hocus pocus.”

I believe that the priest ought not to absolve

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the sins of the people, for fear he should know them.

I believe that extreme unction was abolished, for fear Christians should live for ever in this world.

I believe that confirmation is as like a sacrament as possible, but that it is not a sacrament.

I believe that holy orders and matrimony are not sacraments, because some people *can* do without them.

I believe that festivals ought to be kept like fasts; and that fasts ought not to be kept at all.

I believe that ceremonies are of no consequence; and that it is of great consequence to abolish ceremonies.

I admit the authority of Scripture; though I reject the authority by which Scripture is given.

I believe that reason and Scripture will guide every man aright, provided every man reasons aright upon Scripture.

I believe nothing but what I understand, although I do not understand what I believe.

I believe that Gaza and Jericho are, both of them, in the same high road to Jerusalem.

XLVIII.

MR. WRIGHT, OF HOLYWELL, FLINTSHIRE.

In the year 1815, I went on an excursion from Park-gate to Holywell, in company with my dear

eldest son, of blessed memory. We visited the Rev. Edward Wright, the Catholic priest of Holywell, a man of great piety, and, nevertheless, with your leave, philosopher, of great strength of mind; an elegant scholar, and of most pleasing converse. Such a man was a Welsh priest.

News had just arrived of the passage of Napoleon on board an English man-of-war. "What do you think of Napoleon *now*, Mr. Wright?"—"I do not think of him at all, Sir: I think only of the French nation, *trop grande et trop remuante* and inveterate in its hatred of this country. Of that hatred Napoleon was the organ; it will find another." He who talked thus, was no *quidnunc*; but looked "afore and aft."

"Your name, Mr. Wright, is signed in attestation of the miraculous cure of Winifred White."—"Sir, I can only say that I saw the woman on the day before she went into the well of this place, and I saw her after the bath. Facts prove themselves."

He said to my son, "Your Jesuits are proud of their Latin: I do not deny that they write it well; but they pronounce it ill. Was not this *onomatopoeia* intended?"

Hinc exaudiri gemitoos iræque leonoom
Vincla recoosantoom et sera sub nocte roodenoom,
Setigerique sues atque in præsepiboos oorsi
Moogire et formas magnoroom ooloolare looporoom."

Certainly the main and most solid ground of the

popularity of Napoleon among the French was, that he exasperated, and exaggerated, and directed, through every possible avenue, the wrath of his people against England. Three years after his fall, so little had the irritation subsided, that I found a good Napoleonist inclined to treat an Englishman like a personal enemy. What France may do in future, the prophetic spirit of Mr. Wright did not declare.

By some of those Catholics who are afraid of speaking the truth to Protestants, and who have the air of receiving from them the measure of their own faith, Bishop Milner was blamed for instituting an inquiry into some miraculous events that fell under his notice, and for recording such proofs as would suffice to verify them in a judicial process. I should be glad to call the reader's attention to the bishop's own account of the matter, and especially to his discreet explanation of the phrase "The church claims miraculous powers:" a phrase abhorrent from the use of the church itself, and imputed to it by its enemies.

All English Catholics pronounce the first three vowels of the Latin like the continental nations, and are taught in their schools and colleges to do thus. But they have not adopted the Italian sound of the *u*. Mr. Wright thought he proved this sound to be that of Virgil himself. The Italians also say *ch* for *c*, and *y* for *j*: in these points we do not imitate them.

XLIX.

SMOKING IN THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH
CENTURY.

I am in possession of a curious memorial of the manners of a past age; it is a paper which was once an envelope of a pound of tobacco, with an engraving upon it representing five dandies of the end of the reign of George II.; *beaux*, they were then called; for example, Beau Nash. These five beaux have before them a table on which are lighted tapers, bottles, a punch-bowl, and those drinking glasses with stems eight inches high and that spiral white ornament in the very body of the pillar, that has so often puzzled me to know how it could get in. The genius of a child has been presaged, from his breaking his rattle to discover the interior cause of its noise: the augury is uncertain; for I too have broken a stem of one of these glasses in the hope of arriving at, what I called, the paper cork-screw in its centre. The five beaux wear flowing wigs: they have small laced cocked-hats; one of the beaux, more dashing than the rest, perhaps the *Coryphaeus* of the fumigation, has his hat on his head. There are light rapier swords too; some of them pendent in splendid uselessness from the sides of the wearers, and others innocently laid on distant chairs.

The sword, though in these times not a belligerent, was a great political engine; it inspired re-

spect; it distinguished the gentleman; it raised its wearer from the pedestal to the capital of the social order. Nay, I heard an old 'squire from the Wolds of Lincolnshire declare, at the commencement of the French revolution, that the prevalence of jacobinical principles was entirely owing to the folly of gentlemen, in leaving off swords. Perhaps he was right.

With what awe have I looked up to the chimney-piece of my father's study, surmounted by warlike machinery! A pair of pistols, the work of some celebrated artist of the seventeenth century; an immense sword, its hilt basketed with steel, such a one as was borne by Oliver Cromwell himself: yet the sword that then suspended my infant gaze, had been wielded by no round-head, but by my grandfather's grandfather, the Cavalier John, who was wounded in the battle of Marston Moor; a prisoner of war in Tickhill Castle, and whose estate was sequestered by parliament in punishment of his delinquency and malignancy. So said the family legends. There was also a silver-hilted rapier, to be worn, no doubt, at smoking parties: but all these weapons had been allowed to be corroded by more than Hudibrastic rust, by prebendal oblivion.

But to my beaux of the print on the tobacco wrapper:—the following dialogue takes place amongst them, as appears by a scroll issuing from the vicinity of the mouth of each:—the vicinity of

the mouth—the mouth itself is occupied; but these are the *ἴπσα πτερόευτα*:—First gent. “This tobacco smokes well.”—Second gent. “Where did you buy it?”—Third gent. “At NN’s.”—Fourth gent. “Where does he live?”—Fifth gent. “In the Bail, Lincoln.” This was an admirable *puff!*

Yet one more generation of men, and all was changed: our smoking-rooms were turned into powdering closets, our summer-houses into conservatories. A coat tainted with the fumes of tobacco was a title of exclusion from good company. “Nobody smokes now,” said they.

This change synchronizes with the youth of the present King George IV. Just “glittering above the horizon,” he caused all clouds to vanish, and dispelled all obscurities.

vultus ubi tuus
Adfulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent.

But alas !

The dawn is overcast; the morning lowers.

In vain did the elegance of manners and good taste of our most gracious sovereign oppose itself to the darkness that was again to overwhelm us. The martial ardour of the French carried them *ultra Sauromatos*: a pipe was found to be a cheap and easy compensation to the soldier for his fatigues; an emblem too of his gains; all smoke! Military glory and smoking became the fashion of

the day; and the tobacco-pipe is re-established in all its former honours, by a counter-revolution.

I have heard old French officers of the army talk with rapture of the comfort that a pipe afforded them at their *bivouacs*. The first Frenchman with whom I journeyed, held a pipe out of the window of the carriage: he was a young man; but they who were too young to have fought, wishing to prove themselves willing to engage, and weary of a quiet life, aspired to emulate the warriors of Wagram and Waterloo.

L.

ERROR OF THE PRESS—SCOTT AND COOPER.

“Founders of sects and systems,” sympathise with me! Ye are many in Europe: a legion of Solons and schemers. Conceive my indignation when my sublime plan was rendered ridiculous by an error of the press, and the bright halo that surrounded and mingled itself with my aerial conceptions burst and was dispersed like the unctuous vapour of the bog, at the rude touch of the printer’s devil. A mistake between Joseph XI. and Joseph II. imported not: every body knows the one; no one knows the other: and, instead of “diverted,” to put, by an *erratum*, “directed in different directions,” might even savour of the sweet tautology, the ηδὺ μετὰ γλυκύτητος of the author of *Waverley*.

When I presumed to assign to this author a rank equal to Ariosto, Cervantes, and Shakspeare, I knew not that Byron had called him the Ariosto of the north, and Ariosto the Scott of the south. In very deed, it is superfluous to offer the meed of praise to one whom all the world admires and must admire. Yet he has not the wit of Ariosto, the simplicity of Cervantes, nor the deep feeling of Shakspeare. But how near to the summit of perfection may he be, who wants the peculiar excellence of each of these three his great competitors! nay, he too has an excellence peculiar to himself—it is, REALITY: whatever he describes is really present: his characters are persons of real life; their looks, their voices, their passions, all are human: the reader is not a spectator merely, but feels as an actor in the scenes represented; so true, so lively, so punctual and striking, is the picture.

I congratulate the world on this writer's return to his ancient and proper track—on the appearance of “The Chronicles of the Canongate.” None of his former novels will be forgotten: but were they all lost, had they never been composed, the author of “The Highland Mother” would be assured of immortal fame. *Sic itur ad astra.*

He has a rival; one who, without disparagement to either party, has been called The American Walter Scott: one whose position has enabled him to view life under forms new to an Eu-

ropean, and who has given to his originals a vigour and energy of which, perhaps, originals only can be made capable. It has been observed that the heroes of the Waverley novels are ordinary men ; but of our Transatlantic countryman—so let us call him ; we may well be proud of him—the heroes, nay, almost all the personages, are extraordinary : so are their situations ; all is in keeping. But that Cooper can understand and appreciate that generosity of sentiment which our preventions lead us to call chivalrous, an appeal may be made to that wonderful combination of force and delicacy in a work of the imagination, that high-minded character, perfect in its kind, “The Red Rover.” Cooper pleases less than Scott, but he interests more.

Courteous reader ! confide in me in regard to the fit distribution of my subject, and before you are told what was this mortifying error of the press, peruse the lines that follow.

LI.

“THE EMIGRANTS,” A FABLE—NAME OF A SYSTEM.

THE EMIGRANTS, A FABLE.

“ Down with the king !” the Italian cries ;
“ Long live the Constitution !”
Another bellows to the skies ;
A third calls—“ Revolution !”

“ God bless the prince !” the Spaniard says,
“ And *absolute* power bestow :”
To reap the favours *he* essays
Which from *such* source may flow.

“ The Charter ! keep the granted *Charte* ! ”
The Frenchman’s voice proclaims :—
He seems to take the *people’s* part—
But is it *there* he aims ?

“ Reform ! Reform the parliament ! ”
The Radicals demand :
On public good they say they’re bent,—
The good of all the land.

“ The Church and State ! protect them both ! ”
The English bigot roars :
He knows what good things on *the cloth*
This union ever pours.

“ And what say *you*, who thus defy
The opinions of each set ?
What prayer is it *you* raise on high ?
Who is it *you* abet ? ”

None I abet ; with none agree :
All are both wrong and right :
None are from personal interest free,
From prejudice, or spite.

Such are the usual sources whence
Springs every loud appeal :
By satisfying these you’ll quench
All patriotic zeal.

“ Make way for me !” ‘s the general cry :
 Each looks to his own gain ;—
 Resolved in every way to try
 His own ends to attain.

He who has nothing under heaven
 Will sigh for revolutions :
 To whom the power of speech is given—
 What charms have constitutions !

Each sees things in the very light
 That best suits his own wishes :—
 And who would question that eyesight
 That gives him “ loaves and fishes ?”

To many whom I thus accuse
 Their motives are not known !
 Ev’n to themselves they would refuse
 Such sordid ends to own.

But this defence all cannot claim :
 All are not blinded so :
 How few who *public* good proclaim
 Would *private* good forego !

“ Still what say *you*, who thus arraign
 The opinions of the crowd ?
 Who scatter universal blame,
 Of your own party proud ?”

I have no party : I collect
 Some principles from each :
 All *party* spirit I reject,
 And *general* doctrines teach.

*All governments I do detest :
But, as they 've ever been
And must be still,—that one is best
Which least is heard and seen.*

*A little fable I 'll relate
More clearly to explain,
And perfectly to illustrate
The meaning of this strain.*

*Three vessels once left England's coast
With Emigrants o'erloaded ;—
A wretched, pale, self-exiled host,
From home by misery goaded.*

*They hoped New England's distant shore
Would every want supply ;
Nor poverty afflict them more,
But yield to industry.*

*The vessels sail ;—their native land
Sinks, in the distance, low :
While on the deck they fondly stand,
And patriot tears fast flow.*

*Still, still they gaze :—and when the shore
Has sunk in distance drear,
Each wishes he had gazed far more,
And mark'd each outline dear !*

*Ev'n he whose aching sight forbid
Him longer mark that coast—
Ev'n he his fancied slowness chid,
And wept each instant lost :*

'Tis gone :—and as with calmer breast,
They scud the unbounded main,
Each throbbing heart is cheerly blest
With thoughts of future gain.

A tempest ! lo, the waves ride high ;
The ships are borne away.
Through raging seas, 'neath lowering sky,
They 're drifted many a day.

Their track is lost :—they know not where
They 're carried by the blast ;
Till, yielding well nigh to despair,
On land the wrecks are cast.

It was a goodly land where they
Were left by the mad wave :
Three goodly isles, the following day,
A cheering landscape gave.

The storm subsided :—but the wrecks
Were hurried far away ;
And still the isles—three verdant specks,
Gleam'd in the noontide ray.

To England all had bid adieu—
A long, a last farewell :
Then why not, in these isles, renew
The homes they loved so well ?

'Tis done :—those of each vessel seek
One of the alluring shores :
The virgin soil they 'gin to break,
And settle all their stores.

Heaven smiled upon the willing crew ;
All prosper'd in their plains :
Some healthy seasons o'er them flew ;
Prosperity now reigns.

All labour'd ; and their daily bread
Their daily toil repaid :
Sweet liberty a blessing shed ;
No galling force allay'd.

But no ! such bliss it could not last !
All social mirth soon fled ;
And discord on the angry blast
Its jealous poisons shed.

Some idlers, 'midst the industrious bands,
Swore they no more would toil !
On neighbours' stores they laid their hands,
And caused full many a broil.

At length the sober people met
To guard 'gainst this sad swarm :
And some apart with power were set
To keep the rest from harm.

The government, thus simply framed,
Had one end to fulfil :—
To quell those angry minds which aim'd
To work the others ill.

Again all went on well : the bad
No more the good annoy'd :—
So much they fear'd the few, who had
To guard them been employ'd.

But these, alas ! now said,—“ The year
 Is past since you we guard.
 Then send us corn ;—for it is fair
 We should have some reward.”

‘Twas done :—but soon the people said,—
 “ More, more, we now must have !”
 And zealous friends, whom they had fed,
 Supporting voices gave.

But while these presents to augment,
 By kindness they were driven ;
 Some said, in tones of discontent,
 “ Was power for this, then, given ?”

Some chiefs next said, more boldly sly,
 “ We’ve planted many a vine :
 Why of the other islands buy ?
 First drink up our own wine.”

‘Twas done :—but as on the next shore,
 The vines had better thriven ;
 Some said, who liked their produce more,
 “ Was power for this, then, given ?”

One powerful bigot next proposed
 “ That all to church should go ;
 That those, to every creed opposed,
 Might good example show.”

The law was past :—and those who knew
 No God, to church were driven :
 But from their lips this question flew—
 “ Was power for this, then, given ?”

This chief who loved his God—he said—

Next made this bold request;—

“ That his own priest by all be paid,

For that *his* creed was best.”

‘Twas done;—but though it might seem fair

To assert the right of Heaven,

Some ask’d, who’d different forms of prayer,

“ Was power for this, then, given?”

These lines are supplied by a friend who has descended from higher flights of poetry to illustrate a political theory which he professes to approve and adopt; a theory which, without shock or revolution, removes all grievances now inflicted by the several governments of the earth, or complained of by the subject people—that the action of government should be directed and limited by its *final cause*.

This system of civil rule I had announced in “Italy as it is;” had, in some degree, developed it, and explained it in discussing the question, how far it was good or ill that an ecclesiastic should be; as at Rome, the civil sovereign. It remained to give a name to the scheme. *Cosmopolitan* was rejected as inapplicable: *Universal*, besides that it savoured of the theological, was incorrect, since the universe includes the whole solar system at least: and we of the earth have not yet found out, and never shall find out, the means of arriving at the nearest planet. Nay, even our satellite (though

the lost wits of “founders of sects and systems” are there to be found) has as yet been visited only in fiction. *Oἰκουμένη* means the habitable or inhabited world—precisely the region to be benefited by the theory: *general* has superseded *ecumenic* as applied to the representative councils of the whole Christian world: and it seemed that *ecumenic* might be appropriated to my use.

Mr. Shandy is anxious that his son should be called *Trismegistus*: by mistake, the bantling is named *Tristram*. Instead of ECUMENIC I find, by a misprint, ECUMENER. “Well,” said I; “be it so: it has a smoother sound: in Germany an Englishman is called an Englander; be it *Ecumener*.”

Why have I connected, by the slight link of a typographical error, subjects so different as my system and the novels of Scott and Cooper? For the sake of the following observation; that the most powerful influence on the public mind is exercised by that kind of literature which all love and understand. Could I write novels like Scott or Cooper, this *farrago libelli* had never been given to the world; but “The *Ecumener*, a Novel.”

My friend, the author of the Fable of the Emigrants, once said, “Had Scott been a Catholic, we should, long ere this, have obtained our emancipation.” I know not from what old lady of the Canongate Sir Walter derives his information respecting what he is pleased to call The Roman

Catholic Religion. Cooper speaks of it with the respect paid to a faith, the professors of which enjoy equal civil rights.

LII.

MARRIAGE OF FELLOWS OF COLLEGES.

There has been much talk concerning the celibacy of fellows of colleges ; and it is yet undetermined how far the prohibition of their marriage be expedient. But on what rests the prohibition ? The law of the land (I speak under correction) has not interfered in the business, except by sanctioning the doctrine of the reformers, that it is allowable for the clergy, as for other Christian people, to have wives. The statutes of the several colleges (I speak under correction) make no provision against the marriage of clerical fellows : for these statutes were framed in times when, to forbid the marriage of a cleric, would have been superfluous ; as the sacerdotal character was, of itself, an impediment and bar. The statutes of many, perhaps of all the colleges, do, I believe, require a lay fellow marrying to vacate his fellowship ; and parity of reasoning, backed by the inconvenience that would result from a contrary practice, has established the rule for all.

Yet the heads of houses, whether laymen or of the clergy, marry, and no one gainsays them ; though they have more, and more important,

duties than are incumbent on a private fellow ; and the introduction of one domestic establishment with females into these academical retreats, is proportionably as inconvenient as the introduction of more than one, or of many. If indeed many fellows were to marry, and bring their wives to live with them in college, more “ new buildings ” would be wanted : but what then ? They might be built.

There are statutes, like those of Vallombrosa, that forbid women to sleep within the walls of a college : but these rules are too antiquated, too Popish, to be insisted on ; besides, the principle is already abandoned in regard to the families of married heads of houses.

As matters stand at present, there are, it may be, from fifteen to fifty fellows in each of the several colleges of the two universities ; of which number two or three may be engaged in tuition, and two or three carry on the affairs of the house : or the same men may do both. The rest are supernumeraries : a Popish establishment with Protestant uses—that is, no uses at all.

It is but justice to add that these fellows generally desire to marry, not from the bad, but the good motives, both of which are so unreservedly detailed to modest virgins in the “ order for the solemnization of matrimony.”¹ One of these in-

¹ If the church of England thinks it pious and decorous to subject its own people to the coarse language used by way of

luntary *cælibes*, after being in company with a father and son, and having witnessed the delight of their mutual affection, said to his friend, “ Sir, if I was to begin life again, I would marry on a curacy of 20*l.* a year ! ” Poor fellow ! they made a sorry epigram upon him :—

“ No good deed done ! I’ve lost a day ! ”
 Said Titus once, mankind’s delight.¹
 “ No child begot ! ” would — say :
 “ Alas ! my friends, I’ve lost a night ! ”

instruction to those who come to be married, and who ought to be presumed to know what they are doing, it ought to remember that more than half of the inhabitants of the united kingdom are not quite so ready to hear lectures on natural philosophy on such occasion as are the faithful admirers of the Book of Common Prayer : and since none but Jews and Quakers can procure the protection of the law to their marriages without passing through the Anglican rite, that rite ought to be so contrived as not to be a gross insult on decency and good manners. But representations are useless : *L’Eglise Anglicane n’a jamais tort.* The law has certainly a right to take cognizance of a contract with whose results it is charged, as far as may be requisite ; but why need it insist on a religious ceremonial, an ecclesiastical verification ? A simple registration of the marriage would suffice. As to the marriage of fellows of colleges, it would be a great good, if it were only to save some of them from passing such lives as were led by my friend R. Y. and the hero of the following article.

¹ “ *Deliciæ humani generis;*”—*Bien aimé, Bienfaisant*, or their equivalent.

LIII.

HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF A FELLOW OF A COLLEGE.

One of the monks, as Gibbon calls them, of St. Mary Magdalen College in Oxford, was Thomas West, D.D. With affectionate gratitude and reverence to the memory of the pious founder, he declared that he had eaten the bread of William Patten for three quarters of a century. Yet when the fellows of the college objected to the president proposed to them by James II. that he was ineligible according to the statutes; and the king's commissioners replied,—“ Your statutes require you to say mass for the repose of the souls of your benefactors ;” the rejoinder of the fellows was, “ We are forbidden to do that by the laws of the land.”

The laws of the land, then, had annulled the last will and testament of William of Waynflete, and had renewed the grant of his property to the college on a tenure perfectly different from that established by the sometime bishop of Winchester and chancellor of England, temp. Hen. VI.

There is a case in point. Cardinal Wolsey founded Christ-Church. On the fall of his favourite, Henry VIII. annulled Wolsey's foundation, and created it anew by his own authority, in his own name; and the king, Henry VIII. is recognised as “ the munificent founder of Christ-

Church." The law of the land is then become the true founder of all those colleges in both our universities, which are supposed, with equal inconsequence and pertinacity, to have been founded by our Catholic ancestors ; and Dr. West, in reality, lived on the public for seventy-five years.

He died a short time before I became a member of the college :

Uno avulso, non deficit alter.

He was spoken of as a good-natured, harmless man. His simplicity and ignorance of common affairs were almost beyond credibility.

In the course of his collegiate life,—*de cursu honorum*, as Cicero phrases it, he became bursar or treasurer of the college. The grass of the meadow surrounded by the walks grew to be very long, and it was suggested to him that he ought to get some cattle to eat it. He accordingly sent for a farmer, who readily agreed to put in some stock; desiring at the same time to know what he was to pay per head per week. "Pay?" said the bursar, "Do you think Magdalen College is to be under an obligation to such an one as you?"

When (as all the world knows, though all the world has forgotten it) Dr. Dodd was hanged for forgery, one observed to Dr. West, "Ah! Doctor, this is a sad disgrace on the Doctorate!"—the doctor suggested in reply the topic of consolation ;—"Egad, he was only a Doctor of Laws, though."

An attempt to go as far as London, defeated by getting into the same coach again at the half-way house, which coach, according to the awkward arrangement of that time, returned to Oxford, while a different coach conveyed the passengers to town ;—this attempt, though recorded of other worthies of similar life and conversation, was really made by Dr. West, as well as the very natural remark on repassing the bridge that commands a view of the walks where Addison once mused,—“ Well, if I did not know that I was going into London, I could almost swear that *that* was Magdalén tower.”

Dr. West was a man of learning, at least of learning sufficient to teach our writers of novels the accurate sense of the word *dilemma*, in the knowledge whereof some of them are lamentably wanting. When pro-proctor, he saw a young undergraduate in conversation somewhat too familiar with a young woman, in the street, after night-fall: it was the duty of his office to reprove the young man: of this duty he acquitted himself most logically. “ Either the girl with whom you were conversing was a modest woman or she was not: if she was, what an injury have you done to her ! if she was not, what a disgrace have you brought on the university ! ” His auditors, for the fiftieth time, had the complaisance to ask, “ Well, doctor ! and so—what did the young man say ? ”—“ Say ! egad, he could not say any thing : he was

in a *dilemma*: on one horn or the other I was sure of him."

But—as Solon said—no life can be commended till it is concluded. Dr. West died and bequeathed to the college the sum of three hundred pounds: this sum was expended in building, what is called in university slang—a bog. I know not whether such was the destination of the bequest by the will of the testator, or whether it was adopted by the society from a sense of fitness. The edifice, in a style that J. Baptist Malchoir¹ characterized as "your tamt Vauxhall Gothic," stands on the right bank of the western stream of the Cherwell, which now vies with Pactolus in its precious attribute.

An arch wag, as Joe Miller terms such men, wrote an Ode on the birth-day of Dr. West, in which he called on all the members of the college to celebrate it with all their efforts; parodying thus:—

From hide-bound —'s strains, to piddling —'s lay.
The burden, or *refrain* of the Ode, was a parody on *Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit unquam cras plus amet*:—

Let him now love, who never loved before;
And he who ever loved, now love the more.

The poet sums up the praise of his hero with—

He built our bog; he gave our fish to fatten;
And Cloacina thrives, forgot by Patten.

¹ For this ingenuous artist and most worthy man, see "Italy as it is," p. 28, by the author of "Four Years in France."

It is not true, however, that my countryman, William of Waynflete,¹ had neglected to rear a temple to the goddess, or that the college had subsisted three centuries without one: but poets must rhyme.

LIV.

WHITER'S ETYMOLOGICON MAGNUM—ORIGIN OF LANGUAGES.

Mr. Whiter, author of that ingenious and delightful work, "Etymologicon Magnum," stood for a professorship in the university of Cambridge. One of his friends wrote to offer his vote and good wishes to "What shall I call thee? a candidate? yea more than a candidate; for thou art *whiter!*" Reader; transcribe this into your *Album*. One

¹ At Waynflete, on the coast of Lincolnshire, is a school founded by the founder of Magdalen College, perhaps intended, like Winchester College of William of Wykeham, as a nursery for the academical grove. The school-room is a handsome, solid, brick building, with a leaden roof, whence may be viewed the once flourishing town of Waynflete, and the sands accumulating in its harbour. I was walking on this roof with one of the fellows of Magdalen College: we came to a little turret at the corner; in this turret was hung a bell; round the bell was stamped, AVE MARIA, GRATIA PLENA. "There is poetry," said I, "in making the melodious sound of the bell thus convey and give to the air of heaven a devout prayer." My companion felt mortified that even here his founder should testify against him.

pun begets another : bear with me : I am ashamed of myself ; and “ where there is yet shame, there may, in time, be virtue.”

The previous question to all inquiries concerning the origin of language, is the question concerning the origin of man himself. They who can believe that the first man or the first men arose out of a chance heap of putrescence and effervescence, without an intelligent Creator, may believe also that languages were formed by the efforts of those, thus sublimely procreated, to gabble with each other. No credulity is so great as the credulity of those who will believe nothing.

The faculty and use of speech strongly confirm the story that man came fully formed into existence, and of mature age. The use of the organs of speech must have been superadded to the gift of creation in favour of him who could not learn their use by imitation. The result is well known of the experiment instituted to discover the original, the natural language of man, by removing from a child all whom he might imitate : the child, when grown up, was dumb. So would the first man have been, had not language been inspired with the breath of life.

But, it may be argued, the same plastic power of nature which could form an individual, might form many human beings ; and these, having the power of emitting articulate sounds, might invent

and agree upon vocal signs of ideas—on a language.

The next time I shall see a fly escape from a cream-pot or a crushed plum, I shall expect him to sing an Italian romance, after properly cleaning his legs and wings and clearing his voice; if it were possible that the first human beings, after wiping away from their bodies the slime of the fermentative process by which they came into existence, should have begun to talk.

In this desultory volume, I presume not to lead to conclusions: I rather wish to induce my reader to form his own reflections on the difficulty of every account of the origin of man and speech, except that which is objected to because revealed! The above observations are applicable to Whiter's theory of an elementary sound, to which is to be subjected, under which is to be comprised, a certain range and class of ideas; since this plan supposes language to be scientifically apprehended and arranged by the first speakers. He or they—the first speakers, may have been created capable of all this; but the mere possession of the organs of speech does not imply it, any more than the possession of fingers and a harpsichord implies the skill to play a tune.

But the skill may have been acquired in time and by application? True; but let it be recollected that the art of speech—our mother tongue,

—is an art infinitely more complicated than that for the teaching of which we pay a music-master ; that this art would require, in these supposed commencements, consent and co-operation ; that ages would be lost in settling whether a tree should be called *arbor* or $\deltaένδρον$; that the wearing away the troublesome elongation of the *os coccygis*, by pertinaciously sitting on the rump, is nothing to the surmounting these difficulties ; and that the readiest way is to believe the story related by Moore (one cannot bear to call a man of genius *Mr.*) as the invention of the author of *Christabel* ; —that the frogs, dismembered by the cook of their more savoury limbs, and thrown back into their native quagmire, passed the night in crying out, “ Give us our legs—Give us our legs !”

Leaving Mr. Whiter’s and other etymological theories, and turning to the consideration of the practical study of etymology in dead and living tongues ; this study will lead to the conviction of the unity of source of all languages of whatever age or country. This opinion cannot be proved to be false ; and if the truth of the Mosaic account of the creation be conceded, is true in fact.

The story of the Tower of Babel, according to the vulgar interpretation of it, is a stronger tax on credulity than that imposed by requiring belief in the inspiration of one original tongue. Here, at Babel, according to commentators, several new languages were created at once ; the ancient one

was forgotten ; and full-grown men conformed their indurated organs to the pronunciation of new and untried vocabularies. At the same time, a scheme is imputed to these builders, wherat Adam in *Paradise Lost* might well express his surprise ;—a scheme which certainly never could enter into the head of any of Adam's children while in possession of their senses,—“a tower that *may reach* to heaven.” Many have been the ambitious founders of towers ; but even castles in the air, supposed without foundation, are less extravagant than this. In the last chapter of “Four Years in France” will be found a rational, consistent, and therefore probable explication of this misapprehended, and therefore strange tale.

Of the variations in the dialects of the original language sufficient causes are assigned : the interchangeableness of letters of the same organ ; the indifferent use of the vowels ; formative and subservient portions of words in one language becoming primary and integral in another ; and this more especially, and with most powerful effect, in regard to the *radical* and *servile* letters of the Hebrew ; the necessity of inventing new terms for new things : these and other causes known to philologists, with distance of time and place, may account for the diversities of the dialects of the several tribes and peoples of the earth, descendants of one, and of but one human pair,—our general ancestors.

But I meant not a grave dissertation, but to introduce certain remarks of some colloquial or familiar aberrations from etymology, destructive of purity of style in writing and speaking.

A good style has been defined by “proper words in proper places :” to me, its requisites seem to be words in their true sense and a good rhythm. The ear may judge of the cadence of sentences : the observance of etymology demands knowledge and care.

LV.

REMARKS ON POPULAR ETYMOLOGY.

One whose name, were I at liberty to quote it, would add authority to his assertion, declared to me that Locke, in his *Essay on Human Understanding*, has used the word *idea* in fourteen different senses. Locke was reproached¹ for having unnecessarily adopted a learned, a Greek word, to express his meaning, when he meant only “notions after all.” Locke was not a man of parade and pedantry : he wanted a new and virgin word, uncontaminated by vulgar use ; he has failed, however, of appropriating the word to science and theory ; for there is not a word in the English language more popularly bandied about than this word of neither Saxon nor Norman origin ; this

¹ By the very learned Bishop Stillingfleet.

word, IDEA. It means every thing : it means what a man remembers ; it means what he purposes to do ; it means his systematic opinions ; it means his present and passing feelings.

Some of my readers may *reminisce*—the word shall never enter my vocabulary—a political squib, let off towards the conclusion of the American war, entitled “Anticipation,” and purporting to contain a report of the speeches *to be* spoken at the opening of the next parliament. One of the members for Lincolnshire is made to offer a land-tax of sixteen shillings in the pound for the subjugation of our rebellious colonies, congratulating himself at the same time, that he has a friend whose sentiments concur so entirely with his own, that it may be said, with perfect truth, “ My friend and I have but one *idea* between us.”

A very quiet elderly gentleman was so far provoked by some occurrence at the book-club at Lincoln, as to rise hastily from his seat, and begin with, “ Gentlemen, I have no *idea*.” The precentor, with whom my reader is acquainted, very logically drew an inference from this commencement of the speech, and, with a thundering emphasis on the word “ then,” exclaimed—“ *Then, sit down, sir.*”

A lady told a learned friend that she admired very much Locke’s Essay on the Human Understanding, which she had been reading with great care ; but that there was one word that recurred

frequently, of which she requested him to give her an explanation—the word *idea*. Her pronunciation suggested to the man of learning the most uncivil and even malicious interpretation, that it was the feminine of *idiot*. There may however be some ground for supposing a relation of gender between these two words, since so many idiots are wedded to ideas;—the usual accord of wedlock being the result.

It is certainly permitted to use the word *attachment* in a metaphorical sense for fondness, or an affection of love. But let him who thus uses the word metaphorically, beware to what object he applies it. I told my friend, Sir J., that Mr. — said, that among other fishes good for food, he was particularly attached to a smelt. “D—n him!” said Sir J., “I wish a smelt was attached to *him*—to his nose for a week, till it stank, and cured him of his attachment.”

Custom has arbitrated that, in some cases, the primary sense is so completely abandoned, that it does not recur to the mind when the word is used metaphorically. Thus we hear of two persons being *afflicted*, without ever thinking of their knocking their heads together. But an *attachment*, except when it is a law-term, must mean a moral union, or be ridiculous. Nay, if we hear of two men being *attached* to each other, we may possibly think of galley-slaves, chained two and two by other links than those of mutual choice and preference; while

an attachment between persons of different sexes, suggests the ideas of love-knots, wreaths of roses, and hymeneal bonds.

By the way, it is but in modern times that *affectionate* has taken the place of other words, significative of kindness : etymologically, it is indifferent. Sir Kenelm Digby, at the end of the epistle by which he dedicates to his son the “Treatise of Bodies,” signs himself “Dear Sonne Kenelme, your *loving* Father.” Let me take occasion to say, that this “Treatise of Bodies” seems to have supplied matter to many who have not quoted it; while the treatise “On Manne’s Soule” contains passages of higher sublimity than are any where else to be met with in our language.¹

Some one told me, that a certain lady was very *tenacious* of a little foot. I asked if the lady held it faster than she would have held a large one. He then talked of somebody who was very *tenacious* of being called a liar. I saw the case was hopeless, and so left him.

“Pray, Ma’am,” says one lady to another lady in a country town, “is your husband an apothecary?”—“No, Ma’am,” says the other lady, some-

¹ Sir Kenelm Digby’s fame is by no means equal to his merit. Sir Thomas Brown’s “Religio Medici” ought never to be read without my ancestor’s commentary, written on the first reading of that work and in the space of one day. Few men have commanded with such promptitude such talents, natural and acquired.

what offended, “quite the reverse.” These last two are specimens of vulgar ignorance: be it so; they have not taken up much of our time.

The word *lunch* is adopted in that “glass of fashion,” Almacks, and *luncheon* is avoided as unsuitable to the polished society there exhibited. It is, however, nearer than the abbreviated *lunch* to the real etymology of the word: *nuncheon* is the next step; and from hence we arrive at noon-shine, or meridian repast.

There seems to be but little difference between *trivial* and *trifling*, and they are frequently confounded by writers and speakers careless of etymology. The two words are perfectly distinct in meaning: that which may be found where three ways meet is not therefore of little moment; and some things, in their nature frivolous and inconsequent, may yet be of rare and infrequent occurrence. *Unde derivatur?* is a pedantic question: but he who cannot give an answer to it does not understand his own words.

Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, made some observations in the House of Commons, which an honourable member who followed declared to be *impertinent*. The word was equivocal; at first view offensive: an explanation was called for: the last speaker professed to have intended only *not pertinent*—not to the purpose: inapplicable. Mr. Dundas, like a good etymologist and a wise man, said he was perfectly satisfied.

The French are more etymological than we the English. From them I learned that the phrase “It does not signify,” in the sense in which we use it, is nonsensical ; and that for a lady to wear black shoes with a white robe at an evening party is *indecent*. In England, an endeavour to recommend what may be subservient to health or cleanliness is indecent : such is the difference of the moral associations represented by the same word in the two countries.

The use of a foreign language, that is, writing or speaking in it—for reading will not suffice,—is a great help to the acquisition of just etymology : for when an Englishman has translated his own bad English into *Cela ne signifie pas*, and the foreigner, to whom he speaks, waits quietly to be told what it is which *that* does not signify, he then discovers that “signify” is, what grammarians call a verb transitive requiring an accusative case. When it is hinted to him that it is not *decent* to wear his hat in a shop, as if he thought that he had a right to insult a *marchand* because he was going to spend money with him, our countryman then receives a lesson at once in grammar and in good manners ; of both of which he is generally more careless in foreign countries than he would presume to be at home, though bad enough at home.

A Frenchman is *abstrait*, when his attention is so entirely absorbed interiorly, that he notices no-

thing without him : in this sense, the English also use the word *abstraction*. A Frenchman is *distract*, when exterior objects divert him from mental reflection ; an Englishman *distracted*, is stark staring mad. One cannot but approve of the compassion that treats with such delicacy the greatest of all human calamities,—alienated reason : but an evil consequence there is from this reserve ; that even the weakest terms have, in these cases, too strong a sense ; and one is almost afraid to say of any one that he is odd or melancholy, lest one should be supposed to represent him as a fit inmate for Bedlam.

A similar sort of reticence to that by which a madman is said to be inattentive merely, is observed in the choice of terms by which we express blame or reproof ; and the result is similar also in the difficulty of finding words weak enough for sparing or moderated censure. Few people have at any time asked themselves the true intent and purport of the words, “I have no opinion of such an one :” they offer themselves as giving, of the person thus spoken of, a most vile and detestable character. Yet, was this affirmed to be deserved ? On the contrary, not a word has been said against him.

This last paragraph gives me occasion to remark, that the French always distinguish between *character* and *reputation* : the former means those qualities, physical and moral, that are impressed

and engraven on the man ; the latter the report, good or bad, that others have of him. The French never use, as I have done, one of these terms for the other.

“The behaviour of Mr. —— was very *improper*,” said they. Now Mr. —— was a very silly man, as his friends well knew ; and as all agreed, has done a foolish thing. I contended that he had acted *properly*,—in a way proper to his character. At this distance of time, I desire not to excuse my former petulant censoriousness : let it have *condign* punishment; i. e. according to some etymologists, much greater punishment than it deserves ; but let *proper* and *improper* be used henceforwards in their proper sense.

It would be well if charity and moderation were the feelings that dictate these mild and gentle terms of reproof : the grammarian would then find compensation for offences against etymology in the gratification of the bland propensities of his nature. These benevolent movements, every school-boy can estimate ; but the language is not unfrequently tortured to find words that may maim and wound without incurring the penalties of the black act, or the wrath of the spiritual court ; while the fancy is piqued, and the malice of writers gratified, by the slight distortions of phrase that convey indirect accusation, and make satire at once tangible and evanescent ; intelligible without responsibility.

I have taken some pains to point out to those whom it may concern, the difference between a *difficulty* and a *dilemma*; words that I have observed to be confounded by those who ought to know better. A dilemma is a difficulty of a particular sort; and it no more follows from a dilemma being a difficulty, than a difficulty is a dilemma, than it follows from the reverse being different from that of which it is the reverse; that he who differs from, is the reverse of,—an apothecary.

I also beg leave to repeat here, that it may be found in its proper place, the caution to all legislators of societies, literary, scientific, or convivial, not to head any body of law with “Rules and Regulations,” under pain of being convicted of not knowing that *regula* is Latin for a rule.

Jour too is French for *day*. Such a one keeps a journal; that is, he writes down what happens to him daily. But what shall we say to a “weekly journal?” Periodical papers, under some such title, are published, not at Dublin—(pardon this common-place, dear friends of Ireland!) but in the cities of England, and in the metropolis itself. We need not then be surprised to read a notice on a church-door at Bath,—“The quarterly meetings of this vestry will be held in future every six weeks, and not every six months as formerly.” But the English are fated to be bad etymologists: they confine the word *voyage* to travelling by sea;

and take a journey by land of several days continuance.

Prejudice means a judgment formed before and without knowledge: let it not be used to signify a dislike confirmed by long experience.

Nothing is *absurd*¹ but that which involves a contradiction: simple error is not *absurdity*. The word, however, offers itself with wonderful facility to those who will not give themselves the trouble of avoiding improper, and seeking proper terms, or who know not how to distinguish them.

Sound reasoning and good taste are connected, more than is usually supposed, with habitual correctness of language, both in a nation and an individual. The fact will confirm the truth of this observation.

To avoid all airs of importance and dogmatism, I will conclude by noting a very trifling, but sufficiently ridiculous blunder committed by the repetition of &c.,—thus: &c., &c., &c. Now as the first &c. means *other things*, the &cs. that follow, can have no meaning at all; unless it be to form a parallel with the well-known “More Last Words of Mr. Baxter.”

¹ i. e. the answer of a deaf person—not always an absurdity. Sir — — —, at a dinner party at Naples, said across the table to Lady — — , who was excessively deaf, “Lady — — , will you marry me?”—“I had rather take champagne.”

Passion, in the sense of *anger*; *mean*, implying *low* or *base*, though it must signify *half way between top and bottom*; *mutual* without *reciprocity*; *apology*, *an excuse for*, instead of *a defence of*;—these, and a thousand and one more errors, are left for writers of professed dissertations on etymology. Mine is a *jeu d'esprit*, intended, at least, in the spirit of playfulness.

Form of Absolution in the Visitation of the Sick.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, WHO HATH LEFT POWER TO HIS CHURCH TO ABSOLVE ALL SINNERS WHO TRULY REPENT AND BELIEVE IN HIM, OF HIS GREAT MERCY FORGIVE THEE THINE OFFENCES: AND BY HIS AUTHORITY COMMITTED TO ME, I ABSOLVE THEE FROM ALL THY SINS, IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST. AMEN.

LVI.

A True Copy. [A]

A S E R M O N

PREACHED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, AT ST.
MARY'S CHURCH, ON SUNDAY, NOV. 24, 1793.

BY THE REV. HENRY BEST, M.A. [B]

FELLOW OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Imprimatur, [c]

JOHN. WILLS, Vice-Can.

Wadham Coll. Dec. 5, 1793.

ST. JOHN, xx. 23.

*Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them;
and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.*

OUR blessed Lord is represented as speaking these important words, at the time when his work on earth, the gracious work of our redemption, was finished. He had overcome the sharpness of death; by his merits the kingdom of heaven was now opened to all believers. He was going to prepare a place for those who to the end of the world should believe in him.

But the application of these unspeakable benefits to those among mankind who should be found worthy of them yet remained. By receiving the faith were individuals to be enabled to obtain those blessings, of which his meritorious sufferings, his all-availing mediation had made them capable. To convert mankind to the evangelical faith was then the glorious work which, immediately before his ascension, the Son of God entrusted to his apostles. Their commission was given to them in the solemn and awful words, “ Peace be unto you. As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you.”¹ Supernatural powers, which man might well tremble to receive or to exercise, were added, that the commission might be effectual. “ He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them ; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.”

The promise of the Saviour was accomplished on the day of Pentecost. Invested with the gifts and powers they on that day received, the apostles went forth “ conquering and to conquer.”² Success every where attended their mission, for God was with them. Force was in vain employed to destroy its effect ; and wisdom became folly when opposed to it. The temples of Paganism shook to their bases ; the oracles became mute before them ;

¹ St. John, xx. 21. ² Rev. vi. 2.

the kingdom of Satan was destroyed, and the kingdom of Christ established in its stead.

But the apostles did not merely make converts to the true faith, and then leave them, weak and wavering, [D] as they may be supposed to have been, to worship the God of Christians, each according to the suggestions of his own mind and private judgment, without concert, without intercourse, without uniformity. They well knew what strength might be derived from union, what consistency from establishment, what zeal from mutual encouragement, what watchfulness from mutual censure, what spiritual comfort and blessedness from offering up in charity their common supplications, and partaking in common of the holy sacraments. Christians were therefore by the apostles collected and united into a society called by the ever-to-be-revered name of THE CHURCH.

A society cannot subsist without subordination ; without power in the governors of it to enforce obedience ; without an opinion in the governed, influencing their actions, of the usefulness, the justice, and the necessity of submission.

In political states the sword and the balance of justice, the fear of punishment in this life, and the sense of general advantage, secure, so long as their influence lasts, the order of civil society. But in the spiritual society of the church, secular punishments could not be inflicted ; not only on account of the subjection to heathen emperors, under which

at the first the church subsisted ; but also because the infliction of them would not have answered the proposed end ; which was, to maintain upon earth a society whose members should aspire after eternal happiness even in the midst of temporal evil, and should frame their lives according to this their hope, unawed by human authority, unbiassed by human opinion.

He, under the influence of whose spirit they acted, and who would that his kingdom should be established in the hearts of men, gave therefore to the governors of his church, the apostles and their successors, powers not only sufficient for this blessed purpose, but conformed and bearing a strict analogy to it in their nature and operation. He committed to them the administration of his holy sacraments ; of those sacraments without which no convert to the faith could reasonably consider himself as in a state of salvation. They had power to admit any one to the participation of these ordinances, or to repel him from it, in such manner as they should conscientiously think most likely to contribute to individual reformation or general edification. This was the formidable engine of discipline, by which the governors of the Church in early times supported its good order, and secured the submission of all its members.

The sacrament of baptism [E] indeed was administered either to infants, or to persons little advanced in life, and having been once administered,

it could neither be repeated nor recalled. But they who were baptised were instructed, that although baptism could not be recalled, the advantages to be hoped for from it might be forfeited. They were fully sensible that the condemnation of those who hold the faith in unrighteousness, who fall away after having been called to grace in Christ, is greater than that of those who have never believed, nor have heard the glad tidings of the Gospel. They were therefore most anxious to make themselves worthy of being continued in the communion of the church, and of being admitted to that other holy sacrament, without which they did not dare to hope for salvation. They well knew that they who do not participate of that sacred ordinance of Christ's institution, whether absent through their own negligence or perverseness, or for just reasons repulsed by the priest, are not in a state of salvation and grace; that their sins are *retained*; that the effect of their sins, if unrepented of, may be expected finally to take place, even the irrevocable condemnation of their souls.

They were also happily convinced, that they who partake of the body and blood of Christ, do by this mode receive, what they can receive by no other appointed mode, the pardon of those sins of which they truly and earnestly repent; that their sin and its consequent punishment is thereby *remitted*; that they obtain moreover the grace of God's Holy Spirit to assist them in running their

spiritual race; and that to them are given, as far as in this imperfect and uncertain state they can be given, the benefits procured for mankind by the death and passion of Jesus Christ. Of these truths, which the apostles preached to them, and which holy Scripture declares to all Christians in all ages, the primitive Christians were duly and deeply sensible.

The apostles then, and the clergy their more immediate successors, were enabled to maintain their own useful authority over the people for whose souls they watched, by administering or refusing to administer to them the holy mysteries, of the general necessity of which they were thus duly convinced. Thus they strengthened such as did stand, they comforted and helped the weak-hearted, they raised up them that fell, they reassured the sincerely penitent, they caused the rays of cheering hope to beam upon the bed of sickness, and chased terror away from the soul of the departing Christian.

Thus too by the tremendous denunciation of God's judgments and wrath, and by refusing for a time, sometimes by finally refusing, the means of averting them, they repressed contumacy and subdued pride, recalled the sinner from the error of his way, rejected the hardened and resolutely impenitent, and preserved the church, the spouse of Christ, pure and without spot, holy and all-glorious within, acceptable and well-pleasing unto God.

From this enchanting view of our blessed Zion, at a time when its governors, in the full exercise of their lawful powers, exerted their energies for its defence, strength, and beauty, let us turn our eyes upon the present state of the best and purest portion of the church of Christ ; of that part of it to which, by God's blessing, we belong, whose goodly preservation is our first duty, whose spiritual welfare is our dearest concern.

The apostolical Church of England [F] justly challenges for itself those rights which the primitive church enjoyed. It reserves to its lawful priesthood the administration of the sacraments and those unalienable rights of the clergy by which they hold in their hands the “keys of the kingdom of heaven.”¹ It establishes three several forms of absolution, by which it places its penitent members in a state of communion, and releases them from those censures which it might pass upon them, and conveys to them the comfortable assurance of God's pardon and grace, upon which, if they fulfil the conditions of it, they may securely rely, as being pronounced by the ambassadors of reconciliation.

The rights of which we speak, the Church of England justly challenges to itself; for as they were originally given for the benefit of Christians in all ages, no length of time can render them obso-

¹ St. Matt. xvi. 19.

lete. They are of necessity, by their very nature, continued to every true church through the whole of that period during which Christ, according to his gracious promise,¹ is with it by his Spirit, till at the end of the world he shall come to require an awful account of the use it shall have made of them.

The power of working miracles, which was given at the first for the more immediate purpose of conversion, was indeed withdrawn, so soon as the church, under God's protection, and with the general and ordinary assistance of his graces, was able to support and extend itself by human prudence. But the power of remitting and retaining sins is permanent; as it was given for purposes which make its permanency requisite, the purposes of edification, and of that good government in the church, without which edification can never be accomplished.

Thus was the creation of the world an immediate effect of the power of the Word of God; while its preservation is left, under the control of his general providence, to second causes, and the agency of the powers of nature.

The Church of England then asserts and exercises its power of remitting and retaining sins; to which, by the same title as did the apostles, it requires the people to submit, that the whole body

¹ St. Matt. xxviii. 20.

of this our national Church, its clergy, and its people, may proceed in peace and unity and spiritual comfort to that blessed region where iniquities shall be remembered no more, but righteousness shall be established for ever.

But is this power, I would ask without offence, as being impressed with sentiments of most sincere and duteous respect towards this our Church, and actuated by an ardent wish for its real prosperity—is this power of remitting and retaining sins exercised to any effect by its clergy? Do they not tacitly recede from these their just claims? Are they not in some measure guilty of betraying these rights of the Church, so useful, so necessary to its spiritual edification? Do they not consider the first of the above-mentioned forms of absolution as a merely declaratory form? the second, as merely petitionary? and, with respect to the third form, do not many of them omit the use of it entirely? Is the power of admitting to the holy eucharist, or of repelling from it, generally applied to the purpose of reformation of life? On the contrary, are not almost all persons indifferently, and without inquiry, admitted to the holy communion? For the people, do they in general allow of the power of absolution in the priesthood? Do they imagine that any spiritual benefit is derived upon them from these forms when pronounced by the priest? Do they generally attend the holy sacrament; for the purpose of receiving, through its means, the

pardon of sin, and grace to lead a new life? Do they not rather generally absent themselves, and seem to think it of little consequence whether they attend or not? If the civil power had not added its legal disqualifications in aid of the terrors of excommunication, would not excommunication be totally—it is almost totally—disregarded and derided? The doctrine, indeed, and, as far as theory reaches, the discipline of this Church, the spirit and form of its liturgy, and the writings of its most learned and excellent divines, justify and enforce that right of the priesthood, which the text so expressly and determinately gives them: but in practice it is now neglected or explained away, that a sort of composition may be entered into between the clergy and people of ease for connivance.

Thus the idea of the august and decorous fabric of the primitive church, which our reformers were justly proud of having restored in this island, is nearly lost. The practice of our Church, for I speak of its practice only, no longer retraces that venerable idea in the mind of the admirer of the pure and early ages of Christianity. Thus, the clergy having nearly lost their due influence in religious concerns on the minds of the laity, we are at present in a distracted, disconnected state of confusion and insubordination, in which heresy and schism are regarded as no crimes; absence from the holy ordinances as no loss; and blessings de-

rived upon the people by the administration of the priest as no benefit. Melancholy and distressful as is this representation of our present condition, it is to be feared that it is not by any means exaggerated. The faithful delineation ought to be presented to our view, that we may be excited to strive to avert those evils which we have so much serious cause to apprehend: but we should approach the consideration of this subject, not with reproachful censure, or insolence of reproof, but with “pious awe and trembling solicitude.”

Many causes may be supposed to have contributed towards reducing us to this alarming state; and something may perhaps be done towards a removal of the evil, by entering into the consideration of its origin.

The abuse of the power of remitting and retaining sins in the Romish Church may be considered as a principal reason why in this our reformed Church it has been so little insisted upon. The power of remitting sins has been rendered almost nugatory, because scarcely any are at present authoritatively censured by the Church for any sins whatever; and censures never inflicted cannot be remitted. The power of retaining sins has been infrequently exercised, not, it is to be feared, for want of occasions to exercise it, but because it has been considered by some as odious, by others as ridiculous; because by some it has been reprobated as an exertion of ecclesiastical tyranny, by others

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*as an instance of ecclesiastical fraud. The power
of remitting and retaining sins has been re-
ranked as a power which a Popish priest might
pretend to, but to which a Protestant cler-
gyman, since this Church has been called Protest-
ant, was supposed to be no longer entitled.*

*Yet if the Popish clergy have heretofore in this,
as well as in other nations, driven a gainful trade
in the sins of the people, is it thence to be inferred
that a priest of the Church of England is to lose
those rights, which the apostles received for edifi-
cation, not for destruction, and which were deli-
vered down from them to all their true successors ?
Our reformers abolished auricular confession, [G]
well knowing the mischievous purposes to which
it had been and might be perverted. They did not
hold forth a purgatory under their own especial
jurisdiction, to frighten the people, that they might
defraud them by means of their fears. They pro-
claimed no sale of indulgences. They did not sup-
pose that the gift of God was to be purchased with
money ; nor did they wish to receive any for grant-
ing it to those who should have better claims to it
than money can give. But our reformers could not,
they did not pretend to cede what Christ had given.
Far from it. They re-established the primitive
usages of the Church in this respect, as far as the
times would permit ; and they expressed a wish, in
the service read on the first day of Lent, that the
times had permitted them to approach still nearer*

to that perfect model. That the abuse of the power of the keys in the Romish Church cannot be a reason why that power should be lost to the Church of England, is indeed a proposition too evident to need proof.

Let not then this our excellent Church be guilty of betraying its just and useful rights ; let not this Christian people be guilty of refusing to submit to that power which is the ordinance of God for their good. Let us guard indeed against the corruptions of the Church of Rome ; but let us guard also against our now more formidable enemies, fanaticism and licentiousness ; against fanaticism, which rejects all human visible means of obtaining heavenly graces, although appointed by God himself ; against licentiousness, which demanding what no one wishes to refuse, freedom of thought and liberty of conscience, assumes to itself moreover the right of doing and saying whatever seemeth to it good, without account, and without control.

Instructed, as they fancy themselves to be, by the example of former ages, men have discovered that the clergy constantly obtain temporal grandeur and dominion by means of their spiritual authority. The involutions of sophistry have been employed, truth has been disguised, and history distorted, to render the latter suspected and odious, because it may be used as an instrument to acquire the former. They allow that the clergy, during times of darkness and ignorance, received the ready

submission of the people ; but the present, they loudly exclaim, is an enlightened and philosophical age, and ought no longer blindly to forward by its own credulity the interested views of priests. These vaunting philosophers appeal to nature, to reason, to truth, against the odious claims of ecclesiastical tyrants, who would enchain the minds of men, that they may hold their persons in subjection and bondage.

Ere the cause, in virtue of this appeal, can be decided in their favour, the philosophers must show that human nature is in such a state of perfection, as to want neither the aid nor the grace of God to make it well-pleasing to him. They must show that human reason is a competent judge of the counsels of God, and of the means of obtaining grace, which he has been pleased to appoint. They must show that the claim of the Christian priesthood to the administration of these means of grace is not founded in truth ; they must prove, that is, the passages of Scripture which give to the priesthood this administration, to be interpolations ; or, which will be an equally easy and more agreeable task to philosophers, they must prove that all Scripture is throughout an imposture.

That the clergy exercised spiritual dominion over the people during those ages, which the philosopher, that he may compliment the superior sagacity of the age in which himself lives, is pleased to call dark and ignorant, is readily allowed : but

to acquire is surely as difficult as to retain ; and the dominion of the clergy, and their influence on the mind, were acquired in an age that was curious, inquisitive, and philosophical; which had a confidence in its own wisdom, that nothing but miracles, operated to the confutation and confusion of that wisdom, could have abated ; and to extinguish Christianity, exerted a force which nothing but the power of God could have subdued.

That the clergy have been sometimes ambitious, and sometimes covetous, cannot be denied ; and that they have sometimes perverted that holy gift, their spiritual authority, to the impure gratification of their avarice and ambition, and by such perversion have attained the unworthy object, history, to their shame, proves to be equally true. But they who should therefore deprive themselves of the benefits conferred by God upon mankind, through the channel of their spiritual authority, because it has been sometimes thus perverted, and because it may perhaps be difficult to restrain it within due bounds, would act as wisely as if they were to deny themselves the use of water and of fire, because inundations have sometimes overwhelmed our fields, and conflagrations have sometimes consumed our cities. [H]

Another method, by which submission to the just spiritual authority of the priesthood is attempted to be evaded, is by extolling the all-sufficiency of mere human morality ; of that morality whose

source is in human reason, whose reward is human convenience, whose sanction is human approbation. This sort of morality, taking upon itself just so much of Christianity as it thinks fit, and leaving out faith and hope and grace, teaches us solely to do our duty to our neighbour ; and dispensing with those other duties which God has required to be performed to himself and to his church, it assures us, that by the performance of the social duties our duty to God is accomplished.

This sort of morality is a dangerous enemy to the Christian religion, whose essential truths it neglects, or explains away. For the Christian religion enjoins man to believe with gratitude certain articles of faith, as well as to perform with exactness certain duties of society ; and enjoins these duties too, not merely on account of their relative and moral fitness, but it enjoins them to be performed through devotion to God, through faith in Christ, through the help of the Holy Spirit, to be obtained by the appointed means. This sort of morality is the more mischievous, as it seduces even the worthy and the good, and persuades them to think, that because faith and the grace of God naturally produce good works, therefore good works—those works that are good when performed on the right principle—necessarily imply faith and the grace of God, or render them useless. These moralists undervalue the faith of a Christian, and neglect the sacraments of the church, because,

without their aid, they lead what they call a good life, and a good life is all, say they, that God requires. They are indeed good, but not godly. They perform indeed those duties in which Christians exercise themselves, but are not Christians: for they forget that to believe what God has revealed is as much the duty of man, as to perform what God has commanded. They forget also this distinguishing doctrine of Christianity, that even to attempt to perform our duty by our own strength alone, without the help of God, is a wicked presumption.

Let then morality know its just bounds; [i] or rather let it be convinced, that however useful it may have been to mankind before the promulgation of the Gospel, it must now yield its place to the perfect law of the righteousness of God in Christ. This law, after having humbled the pride, and strengthened the frailty of man, comprehends within itself all morality, improves its principle, assists its energies, and infinitely heightens its sanctions.

Modern times have also invented a curious piece of sophistry, by which they who are urged so to do by interest or inclination, attempt to prove the power of the keys to be useless and nugatory. The church, say they, has declared the sacraments to be only *generally* necessary to salvation: [k] it is implied therefore that some may be saved without receiving them. It is answered, that the sacra-

ments are *absolutely* necessary to the salvation of all who have the opportunity of receiving them. But as for all those, though it is to be feared their numbers are great, who wilfully, perversely, and without cause, absent themselves from the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, after having received that of baptism, and engaged in the Christian course, their souls are in a state which it may well appal them to think of. Numbers are no defence against the thus provoked and unaverted wrath of God ; numbers cannot force their way into heaven by any other entrance than that which was opened by Him, who is Himself "the way, the truth, and the life." If, say these reasoners, moreover, the people be truly penitent, God will pardon their sins, whether they receive or do not receive the absolution of the priest ; if they be not truly penitent, the absolution of the priest will avail them nothing. It is answered, that although the final application of pardon to the conscience of the sinner must be left to Him who alone knoweth the heart ; yet He who "hath given power and commandment to his ministers to declare and pronounce to his people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins," did not intend that such power should be rendered useless, that such commandment should be made of none effect, by self-sufficiency and arrogance. Were an earthly monarch to grant a pardon to a criminal under condemnation, but require the criminal to submit to receive that par-

don under the seal and signature of one of the inferior officers of his realm, that criminal would stand convicted of the additional crimes of contumacy and insolence, were he to refuse to receive the pardon from any but the monarch himself, and would justly be left to suffer the punishment due to his offences. In this guilt of contumacy, let not the people of our church be involved ; but let those who desire spiritual graces,—may their number be great!—receive them with thankfulness and humility by God's appointed means.

But it may with truth be said in excuse of the people, that they are by no means sufficiently instructed in the origin or nature of these powers of the clergy, nor sufficiently informed of the benefits to be derived upon themselves by the due exercise of them. It may be said that the people in general are very willing to be Christians as far as their knowledge reaches ; but that they are fallen on a time in which a merely nominal profession of the faith seems to satisfy their pastors, and an attendance for form's sake at the church once a week to give them a right to the denomination of Christians ; and that therefore they are contented to be no worse than those around them. In the primitive church indeed, the participation of the body and blood of Christ made a regular part of the devotional exercise of every festival, and it would have been deemed in the highest degree impious to refuse this heavenly banquet

thus graciously prepared. Thus when the priest, retaining any one's sins, deprived him of this regular spiritual sustenance, he felt that void which the loss of an habitual comfort creates. But the people in these days know so little, and, from the force of general example, care so little about religious concerns, that on any of those four days in the year on which the Lord's Supper is administered in our parochial churches, nine persons but of ten in the congregation regularly quit the church before that service begins ; and this practice is so constant, that it ceases to cause either surprise or offence.

The clergy perhaps withhold from the people that degree of instruction which a Christian ought to have, that he may know what it is to be a Christian ; they forbear to inform them of the spiritual rights which themselves possess, lest the duty or the trouble of a parish should be increased ; lest the tranquillity of those who consider duty and trouble as synonymous terms, should be disturbed by too particular and minute attention to the spiritual state of their parishioners.

However this be, it is a fact not to be denied, that the power which the text gives, has lost the support of public opinion ; and therefore, since it can only be exerted on those who willingly submit to it, it is no longer exerted for the purposes of edification. That influence is lost which might be effectually employed in the ways of exhorta-

tion and praise, of threatening and reproof, to reform the manners of Christians ; and that influence is lost which is necessary to the peace, to the order, to the security, to the unity and happiness, of a Christian church ; lost in a great measure by the supineness and indolence of those individuals who prefer their ease to their duty.

But the present is not a time for ease, security, negligence, and indifference. The open and avowed apostacy of a whole nation from the faith of Christ proves, that the evils which the misconduct of any clergy may cause, are not merely visionary. The destruction of the Church established in that nation proves that the judgments of God are abroad in the earth. We have heard of a deluded multitude, actuated surely by damned spirits, rushing into the solemn temple of the great God, that they might insult and deny him in his more immediate presence. Within the same venerable fabric have temples and altars been reared to fantastic divinities, the vain idols of a wayward and self-sufficient imagination. Its sacred roof has resounded with the yells of savage infidels, and with blasphemies too horrid to be repeated to a Christian audience ; with blasphemies against the religion of Jesus, uttered even by its priests themselves. [L] Thus is the phial of God's wrath poured out upon a nation that despises or abuses his spiritual blessings : he taketh away his grace, and thenceforward the severest vengeance

is—permission to follow the ruinous devices of their own corrupt hearts.

It may perhaps be remarked, that in the church whose downfall must excite throughout Christendom one sensation of horror, [M] those powers, the recovery of the use of which is here recommended, were exercised in their full and complete energy, and that nevertheless, as has appeared by the event, the clergy of that church had lost their influence on the minds of the people. In this our church there is danger, lest from an opposite conduct the same consequence ensue: the Gallican Church, and the Romish Church throughout, by assuming and abusing a power which does not belong to it in the extent to which it claims it, by requiring submission to its dictates in opposition to the evidence of the senses and without the warrant of Scripture, has driven many of its members into infidelity as daring as impious. The Church of England, by insisting too little upon its just spiritual rights, by neglecting to instruct the people in the benefit to be derived from them, and by foregoing the exercise of them, has allowed the people at large to fall into a state of carelessness, negligence, and indifference with regard to the faith and practice of a Christian; into a state in which, although they still are willing to respect themselves individually as Christians, they hardly ever consider themselves as members of a united and well-compacted body, or as a congre-

gated and associated number of the redeemed of Christ journeying together under the direction and government of pastors and guides appointed by God, to lead them, supported by the manna of his spiritual graces, through the desert of this world to their heavenly Canaan. The bond therefore of union and the chain of subordination are broken. The establishment of our Church rests for its security on the civil power. Should that support be withdrawn, or should the civil power be unable or unwilling to afford it, not only this our establishment may be overthrown, but Christianity itself may be lost to the nation.

For, that I may point out precisely what our danger is, the Gallican Church has been overthrown by the open violence of the people, which it provoked by its corruptions; the Church of England may fall by the silent defection of the people, which it causes by its pernicious and inexcusable negligence.

This calamitous and fatal event may God avert! May He give to his ministers in this our church that prudent diligence, that disinterested perseverance and activity, which may regain the affectionate attachment and the due spiritual submission of the people! May He give them such lively zeal for the promotion of the glory of his great name, and for the edification of his people, that when every man's work shall be tried by fire,'

' 1 Cor. iii. 13.

their work may not be consumed, nor themselves rejected as unprofitable servants, but that they may be approved as blessed fellow-workers together with Christ, and as faithful stewards of the mysteries of God.

NOTES ON THE PRECEDING SERMON.

[A] Since the first edition of this discourse, consisting of 500 copies, was sold before the Act term following its delivery, in all fair proceeding a second edition might then have been, or may now, be published. But as this republication, under the circumstances of the case, is not to be considered as a re-affirmation or continued recommendation of the doctrines and opinions here declared, it is thought fit to announce it, not as a second edition, but as a copy merely of the first impression.

It is worthy of its place among literary memorials: a most curious one it is: a notable compound of *bonne foi* and *bonhomie*, of sincerity and simplicity, of pious zeal and arrogant presumption. Not for a hundred years before, had any Anglican congregation heard any thing so strange! Yet so conformable is it to the Anglican theory, that it was applauded by all the university of Oxford, except the Indifferents; who, though the more numerous, were not the more respectable party.

On the present occasion, it is incumbent on me to declare that I submit to the censure of the Catholic church and of the Apostolic see, whatever I have written or may write touching the Christian faith.

In this copy will be found some strong expressions of blame and reprehension of the conduct and practice of the Anglican clergy in certain respects. While I was of their communion, I had the right, in common with others, of expressing such opinions: I claim that right no longer: to pretend to the exercise of it would be now impertinent. I will discuss theological questions with frankness and with what force of argument I may, but always with the respect I wish to show to those, who in general have treated me with kindness and indulgence.

[B] The Gentleman's Magazine for July, published in August, 1828, reviewing "TRANSRHENANE MEMOIRS, by John Richard Best, Esq. Author of TRANSALPINE MEMOIRS," speaks as follows: "When we were undergraduates at Oxford, BEST OF MAGDALEN was a name well known to us; and deeply do we regret that so great an honour has been conferred upon superstition as the enrolment of his name among Catholics. It has ruined his character as a man of reason." He then gives what he considers as an example, in the book under review, of "bad logic that could

never have emanated from a school of reason ;” and having thus pacified his conscience, he criticises **TRANSRHENANE MEMOIRS**, at some length, in the highest terms of encomium and approbation. It is not my present business to correct the misapprehensions of the Editor of the Gentleman’s Magazine respecting the point of Catholic doctrine of which he contests the reasonableness : it is very gratifying to me that an author of the name of **BEST** should be thus well spoken of ; and the editor’s handsome manner of recording his juvenile recollection of it, may serve as an introduction of me to those of my readers to whom I have not yet the honour to be known.

[c] The “imprimatur” of the vice-chancellor, here copied, unfortunately avails me not now : it is of no force beyond the Clarendon press. I called on the vice-chancellor, in due form, to request his signature, which he gave me, as he said, very readily ; but took occasion to remark that the *imprimatur* did not imply approbation, and he begged to be understood as giving no opinion either of acquiescence or dissent as to the purport of the sermon. I told him I would not presume to compromise him ; that it must of course be supposed that the *imprimatur* was generally understood in the sense to which he wished to restrict it in the present instance. It secures to the book, so decorated, if decoration it may be called, a drawback

of the duty on the paper employed in the printing of it. Now as this duty is fifty per cent, and as the paper constitutes the full value of many of the books printed at the Clarendon, as well as at other presses, the vice-chancellor's *imprimatur* may be worth one half of the whole book.

The vice-chancellor, though he had himself “no opinion” of the sermon, was compelled, by the opinion manifested in its favour, to nominate me to preach before “my Lords the King’s Justices” when, at the next Lent Assizes, they should go in state to St. Mary’s Church: he procured me a very agreeable evening, spent in a somewhat late sitting after dinner, in hearing the conversation of that learned, acute, and eloquent lawyer, the late Lord Kenyon.

In “Four Years in France,” page 35, I have recorded the sensation excited by this sermon in the university of Oxford. I could have mentioned other high authorities, besides those there spoken of, that took part with me. The Reviews said that ground was laid for an important controversy: the Dissenters said that, if the church of England had renounced Popery, it had got something that would do as well. But all apprehension subsided in consideration of the acknowledged impossibility of bringing the good people of England on their knees after more than two centuries sturdy resistance to confession. My conversion to the Catholic faith, four years and a half after-

wards, rendered the sermon worse than useless to the cause of Anglican absolution. Had I been, *de cursu honorum*, a dean or bishop, it would not have been so readily forgotten.

[D] We have no reason to suppose that they were “weak and wavering:” converts are usually strong and fervent. If indeed they had been left to form, each of them their own creed, they would have anticipated, in the first century, the scenes of the sixteenth, and the formation of the church would have been a chimerical attempt. But they who chose another faith than that “delivered,” once and once for all, to “the Saints,” were to be rejected after the first or second admonition; and the church was ONE, not only by having one Lord and one baptism, but one faith also.

I have made my apology to the Church of England for having quitted it: to be convinced that it is my duty to return to it I require only a *definition of the word CHURCH, and a definition of the word HERESY—two definitions; one will not suffice: for it is easy to define church, so that there can be no HERESY; and HERESY, so that there can be no CHURCH.* A Christian, separated from Catholic unity, may define one of these two words, if he is not to be called on to define the other; but I am at a loss to perceive how he can define them both without self-condemnation. Let him make the trial. The words are found, both

of them, in the *Anglican vocabulary*: they ought to have a definite and appropriate meaning.

The definition of the CHURCH, in the 19th of the thirty-nine articles, is incompatible with a definition of HERESY; since, if such be *the CHURCH*, there can be no HERESY. He who shall accept this challenge then, is generously released from all obligation to abide by that definition; he may frame another, if it shall so please him. Let but his two definitions be consistent with each other, and make the Church of England *the CHURCH*, or a portion thereof, and exempt from HERESY.

[E] Why this volunteer excursion in favour of infant baptism, I know not; except to prove the Church of England in the right, and myself orthodox, on every point. The question, “Why are *infants* baptized?” is an important one. The words of Christ are, “Go and teach all nations, baptizing them.” It is implied that teaching is to precede baptism. Common sense dictates that, before any one enters into a contract, he should be made acquainted with the terms of it. One should have thought, then, that the abuse (for such it seems) of infant baptism would have been among the first to be corrected by the reformers of the sixteenth century. But no: they had but just issued from the darkness of Popery, and the light of the gospel, which then rose again on the long-benighted world, dazzled them so that they

could not see clearly. Except the efforts of the Anabaptists of Munster, somewhat discredited by theoretical extravagance and practical violence, the opposition to the practice of infant baptism has resolved itself into the separation of a few congregations, who, to the tenet of antipædobaptism, add other tenets, as seemeth them good.

The Church of England holds that infants, though incapable of repentance and faith, may be baptized, “because they promise them both by their sureties :” adding that, when they are of age, themselves are bound to perform this promise. “No,” says the adult; “I consider the whole as a force put upon me when I was unable to resist: I did not authorize any one to answer for me, and engage, in my name, that I should repent of sins that I had not committed, and believe in doctrines that I had never heard of. If you tell me that you borrowed this mode from the Church of Rome, I reply, you might as well have retained the invocation of saints; for, since ‘there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth,’ there is some ground to suppose that the saints in heaven *do* know *something* of what is passing on earth; whereas it was perfectly clear, and you yourselves were perfectly well aware of it, that I knew nothing at all of what was doing at my baptism.”

In the very early age to which the sermon refers, there was, among the classes into which Christian congregations were divided, the class of

catechumens, or persons in a course of instruction for baptism, and this class included not only boys and girls, children of Christian parents, but converts also, of whatever age they might chance to be at the time of their conversion. This reference to the usage of the primitive church was, therefore, rather unlucky ; for the existence of catechumens seems to negative the conclusion from the baptism of households and from the expression “now are your children sanctified.” The point at issue is in fact simply this : Does the want of instruction in the baptized invalidate the sacramental effect of baptism ? The Catholic Church decides that it does not : it holds, that when the baptizer, though a heretic, intends to confer baptism, the baptized receives that sacrament. There is no other authority on earth but that of the Catholic Church that could thus have decided ; and the Anabaptists, as they are improperly called,—since they do not pretend to repeat baptism, but to confer what has not yet been duly given—they who immerse adults in the laver of regeneration—of all who reject the authority of the Catholic Church, are alone on this point consistent.

The peace of the church, as it was called, relieved its governors from the fear of the apostacy of its members ; and the conversion of the Roman empire to the faith secured a moral certainty that those who should be baptized in infancy would, in

their riper years, receive the benefit of Christian instruction.

If, in the later times of its existence, the Christian church should be enveloped in an unbelieving and hostile population, in the same manner as it was at its commencement; if the political and hypocritical support by which it is at present, in a most bungling manner, both propped up and insulted, should be withdrawn; if it should be no longer necessary to conceal disbelief, and no longer decent to go to church for example's sake; if the Catholic religion should be generally reduced to that state in which, within our memories, it subsisted during a short time in France, and has subsisted for more than two centuries in England; under such circumstances, the realization of which is extremely probable, it will be for the governors of the church to determine whether it may not be wise to make instruction, as in the early ages, precede baptism; to try the stability of catechumens by delaying the privilege and honour of the Christian name; and to take care that none enlist under the banner of Christ but such as both love and understand the engagement they are about to undertake. To return to the ancient discipline on this point, when the church shall be in the condition of the first centuries, may be expedient: the question of such expediency will ere long be for the consideration of its rulers.

[F] It is not very clear what sort of machinery the preacher wished to mount, for the purpose of renovating the action of the priestly power in remitting and retaining sins. Of the three forms of absolution to which he refers, only that ordained for the “Visitation of the Sick” implies a conveyance of pardon ; and though the Anglican people may be wrong in thinking lightly of the authoritative declaration of the first of these forms, and of the official mediation of the second, yet it is clear that a general confession can be answered only by a general absolution, and that a priest cannot remit he knows not what.

Indeed our reformers, though they did not abandon the power, seemed to entertain very little hope of preserving the exercise of the power of priestly absolution. They did not presume to suppose that people would want absolving, except when they were sick and dying ; and even this modest reliance on the confidence of the people in their ministry has hardly been realized. A headache or other slight indisposition, such as serves as an excuse for not going to church, might be a reason for sending to request the attendance of the curate : but hardly do the moribund themselves require his presence. It is only gradually, however, that things have come to this pass ; that the clergy themselves suspect their own spiritual faculties. Izaak (so he spells his own name) Walton, in one of his delightful biographical pieces,—the Life of

Hooker,—says, that this learned divine and truly amiable man, received a visit, a few days before his death, from a friend, a member like himself of the Anglican reformed hierarchy ; and that these two, after discoursing together on the necessity, safety, and comfort of the church's absolution, did — what ? confess and absolve each other. After discoursing together, observe, the question was hardly yet settled among the clergy themselves.

Meantime, the people had settled it in their own way : their old expelled Catholic pastors had, indeed, possessed the power from time “whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary ;” but those who were put into the places of the expelled, whence were they to derive it ? The expelled did not leave it to them as a legacy ; and even Elizabeth and her bishops hardly dared to arrogate it.

But these forms of absolution, it seems, place penitents in a state of communion, and release them from all censures ; and thus the people, through their pious desire of receiving the Lord's Supper, are to be brought to submit to those “who watch for their souls.” This is in conformity with the rubric which orders that “ so many as intend to be partakers of the Holy Communion shall signify their names to the curate some time in the week before ;” and “if any of these be a notorious evil liver,” (I quote from memory) “ the curate shall admonish him that he presume not,” &c.

Now it is a curious question, where is the meeting to take place between the admonisher and the admonished ? At the house of the curate ? The penitent must indeed, either through piety or penury, be very submissive, if he submits to be sent for to receive an objurgation ! At the house of the parishioner ? The reverend pastor may chance to meet with an inhospitable and ungrateful reception, if he should there present himself, notwithstanding his good will ! For, be it observed, he is placed in a very awkward predicament : he is to proceed on “notoriety ;” and, on this doubtful ground, to endeavour to convince his neighbour of his unfitness for having any thing to do with a holy rite. No wonder the clergy have generally neglected so disagreeable a part of their pastoral care : no wonder the people omit to give a previous notice that may have the effect of drawing them into unpleasant discussions ! Besides : the interior dispositions of a communicant are of importance to his communicating worthily, as well as those exterior actions, of which alone “notoriety” can inform his pastor.

As to “repelling” from communion him who shall present himself to receive it when it is administered in the church, this is out of the question. The indirect mode then of “retaining sins” by means of the “second sacrament” must fail, in spite of the zeal of the preacher, so long as the Anglican laity can absolve themselves.

Now we all know that, when an Anglican layman has committed a sin, if he is piously disposed to repent of it, he confesses it to God, and trusts to the divine mercy for forgiveness. Many times have I heard the facility with which Catholics are freed from sin, and encouraged in the commission of it, ridiculed by those whose penance is performed as above related; and who, being thus reconciled with their own consciences, present themselves, without scruple, at the "holy table." Now the Catholic believes that, to receive any sacrament whatever in a state of mortal sin, is to add to that sin the guilt of sacrilege; and that to be relieved from a state of mortal sin the absolution of a priest is necessary in all cases where access to a priest, and communication with him, are possible. This mode is somewhat more troublesome than the Anglican.

[G] After five-and-thirty years, I return upon this assertion and declare it to be false: our reformers did not abolish auricular confession. What was it that the *judicious* author of the "Lawes of Ecclesiastical Politie," and his learned friend, inflicted on each other? Auricular confession. What is it that we find very naturally and appropriately established in the Order for the Visitation of the Sick? Auricular confession. Nay, a very aggravating circumstance is there added, "Then shall the sick person be moved to confess," &c. What

would our good Anglican brethren say if they were to remark such an ordinance as this in a Catholic prayer-book? “See these Popish priests! They will not let a man die in peace. They ferret him out when he is in his last agonies; rouse and alarm the scruples of his conscience, and, no doubt, make him *come down* handsomely. It was in this way that our monasteries, churches, and colleges were founded, as amends for past sins, dictated by the fears of the dying.”

Yet the very term “auricular confession,” all Anglican and innocent though it be, conjures up, to the sensitive imagination of the reader of “the Mysteries of Udolpho,” a confused apparition of poniards and monks’ cowls, intrigues and black robes, treason, treachery, and hair-breadth ’scapes. My position has enabled me to take an unprejudiced and dispassionate view of the matter: to me the relation of confessor and penitent was a novelty till I had arrived at years of discretion; and in my own mind I cast about to think what could be the bearing towards each other of two human beings thus situated.

When I talked with the Abbé Beaumont at Lincoln of going to London to make my first general confession, I said to him, “Well, I shall never be able to look the man in the face afterwards:” Mr. Beaumont replied, “Sir, I pledge myself that you shall never go to town afterwards, without paying a visit of friendship to the priest who shall receive

your confession." He was in the right: I never omitted calling on Mr. Hodgson, and we met with no other feeling than that of mutual regard: he was the depositary of a confidence by which he became my friend: I was bound to him by gratitude for the consolation he had imparted to me.

I will not refrain from recording what, at the time, seemed to me a striking and beautiful sentiment uttered by this worthy man, as we walked together over London Bridge on the morning of Whitsunday, in the year 1798—a morning very differently employed by two great statesmen, one of whom is yet living. Mr. Hodgson said, "All the sorrows of the Church drain through the heart of the priest: they who are distressed by the consciousness of sin come to us for relief; we sympathise with them: for those who do not come to us, we know that their state is still more to be lamented."

In the course of my moving, or, as they call it in Lincolnshire, my *flitting* life, I have been to confession in the capital and in the north and west of England, at Paris and in the south of France, in Tuscany, Rome, and Naples. No where have I observed in the priest who received me as his penitent the least display of arrogance. "Think of your *confessarius*," said a preacher, "as the channel merely of the pardon of Heaven; or think of him not at all; or as of a sinner, needing, equally with yourself, the mercy of God."

No: it is not in this medicinal office of pouring balm into the wounds of the conscience, that man can dare to indulge in an ill-timed assumption of unfounded superiority: the judge seated in the tribunal of penance, and the penitent on his knees, have but one concern—that God may be reconciled to man, and man be at peace with God. The usual farewell of the priest is conveyed in the words, “ Go in peace, and pray for me.”

Neither have I ever observed in confessors any symptom of curiosity. They who, for the first time in their lives, chance to know of, or think of, this business of hearing confessions, may perhaps be struck with the fancy that it must be a very amusing occupation. I will endeavour to throw light on this notion by a dark story. One winter's morning, about eight o'clock, as I was going down stairs, I heard a noise in my kitchen that drew my steps that way: I saw a large black cloth depending before the grate, and a little boy, all black, standing near. “ Art thou going up the chimney, my little fellow ?”—“ No, Sir: t'other boy is gone up; he is bigger than me; they keep me for parlour chimneys.”—“ You look very miserable, my lad !” —“ So I am, Sir.”—“ What is the matter ?”—“ I am very unhappy at being a chimney-sweeper.”—“ Did father force thee, and put thee 'prentice ?”—“ No, Sir; but I thought I should like it, and now I don't.”

This creeping into dark and dirty holes, and

sweeping about to the right and left, may to the imagination, present itself as dramatic and full of excitement ; but, like other human joys, it

Fades to the eye, and palls upon the sense.

Let me be understood to speak with reverence of all that is connected with the sacrament of penance, and to observe merely that it may seem strange to some that confessors are not curious. They are not curious, not only because from habit, and repetition, and self-command, they find no idle play in a serious matter, but because the motive of Christian charity subdues and represses every movement irreconcilable with it. The penitent is inhibited from mentioning any name whatever in his confession : no question is asked, except when necessary to the clear statement of a fact already brought forward ; no anxiety is shown for details ; what is diffuse or otiose, is checked by “ Do you accuse yourself of any thing more ?”

In one or two instances, when I was not personally known to the priest, I perceived some effort on his part to discover who I was ; or, at least, my condition in life. It is always at the penitent’s choice to reveal himself or not ; and of this the Italian priest was reminded when, asking the name of his penitent, he received for answer, *Il mio nome non é peccato*,—“ My name is no sin.”

No arrogance : no curiosity. This is a testimony somewhat favourable in regard to more than

twenty individuals, with whom, after having arrived at mature years, I have been in the relation, strange to me, and in itself most delicate, into which two mortal men are thrown by the sacrament of penance. It is somewhat different (more especially as the praise of disinterestedness may be added) from the notion generally formed on this subject by our separated brethren, who “well knew the mischievous purposes to which auricular confession had been and might be perverted,” and therefore very wisely “abolished it.”

The zeal, the eloquence, the value and influence of the counsels of confessors, will vary according to the character and the talents, natural and acquired, of each individual; but in all of them, with whom it has been my lot to meet, I have observed propriety of conduct and discretion: all of them have had the good sense and tact to make this portion of their ministry respectable; so that even a non-Catholic, who should have come to laugh, could he have been admitted a spectator, would have remained satisfied of the decorum, at least, of the whole proceeding.

After this long note on auricular confession, my reader will be glad to be spared all discussion about purgatory and indulgences: of the former I have spoken in “Four Years in France,” page 55; and for the latter, reference is made to “Transalpine Memoirs,” ii. 149, where an account is given of the indulgence of the *Anno Santo*

or jubilee being gained at Rome by a party of English Catholics. Of the evil produced by the sale of these indulgences the author of that work is duly sensible, when he says that the Basilica of St. Peter subsists solely as a memorial of that evil: but let the incontrovertible principle be admitted once for all—*Abusus non tollit usum.*

[H] It may be interpreted as a symptom of vanity in an author, if he indulges himself in a critique on his own style of writing; but let me be permitted, on occasion of the sentence here referred to, to congratulate myself on my escape from *mannerism*. What can be more completely Johnsonian than the structure and cadence of this sentence? We all tried to write thus;—all clever men,—thirty-five years ago.

But thirty years ago, this sermon was followed up by that to which it evidently led—the conversion of its author to Catholicism. A very shrewd old man at Lincoln, who long studied the question, and ended by becoming a Catholic, observed, after reading this sermon, which I had lent to him as to a man intelligent in such matters,—“It was useless for Dr. Paley to doubt whether Mr. Beaumont could more ably convert Mr. Best into a Catholic, or a rump of beef into a beef-steak: Mr. Best was converted already: it was impossible for him to go thus far and stop half or more than half-way.” *High church* is *orthodox church-of-England-*

ism ; and a mystery more or less need not embarrass an imperturbable believer in the thirty-nine articles !

M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand, in a preface to the “Natchez,” relates how it was written thirty years before its publication ; the Ms. having been left in England on his return from emigration, and lost, and subsequently recovered. He seems to regard the circumstances of the case as somewhat out of the ordinary train of events. That such was the event, the public is, with good cause delighted : it has hailed with joy what the fortunate recovery of the Ms. procured for it. No comparison can be instituted between a beautiful poetic tale, and a dry, conceited piece of polemical pedantry : but “The Natchez” was simply mislaid ; and, when found after thirty years, was given to the world ; its author being already high in fame and honour. The sermon is now *copied* for the public, after having been for thirty years abandoned by its author, on account of a revolution in his opinions, which though natural and regular in *his* orbit, is of rare occurrence in the present age.

M. de Chateaubriand has the merit of professing his faith in an incredulous generation : the reward dearest to his heart will be the edification of others. May I be able to repair former scandal, and show the Anglican to how very little distance from the truth he has, in reality, departed !

I have brought forward the name of Chateau-

briand, because, in this age, when every whipster that can draw a pen through a few pages of good French or English, treats us poor Christians with all the contempt due to our imbecillity, it does some credit to our cause to cite an instance of a man of the world, a man of high political employment, one who ranks among the first literary men of the day, such an one “not ashamed of the cross of Christ.” He is a layman, too, and therefore cannot be suspected of that professional bias which not unfrequently inclines the mind of ecclesiastics, even when free from interested motives or bigotry.

It may perhaps be too much to expect of the Anglican reader that he should peruse “*Les Martyrs*” of Chateaubriand; but in the “*Voyage de Paris à Jérusalem*” is to be found all that makes a tour interesting and agreeable; novelty, much instruction, animated description, high feelings. I engage my own word that the reader of this journey, whatever may be his taste, whatever his opinions, shall not tire by the way. Besides, a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the beginning of the nineteenth century, or a sermon at Oxford on Anglican absolution at the latter end of the eighteenth, or Mr. Burke’s lamentation that “the age of chivalry is gone;”—such things are, each in its turn, original, and bespeak an independence of mind that disdains to follow that beaten track called “the spirit of the age;”—a spirit which must have been in the wrong in all preceding ages,

since it is different from that of the present ; and may be in the wrong in the present age also, and will probably be so considered by our wiser successors.

Truth is independent of time : that which is once true is true for ever. But they who, while they allowed Pascal to be an *assez habile géometre*, said he was *mauvais métaphysicien* ; and who, admitting that Bossuet had talents, said that he made of them *un pitoyable usage*, seem themselves likely, ere long, to be “lost in Oblivion’s wide Pacific Ocean.”

[i] When a continental Catholic tells you he is an honest man, he means to tell you that he does not believe in revelation ; that he is a Catholic by country and education ; but that, conceiving the first depositaries of revelation to have been cheats or cheated, he is contented to fulfil the duties of morality. He does not give himself any trouble to settle how such a strange tale could have been imposed on men, or how men could have imposed such a strange tale on others : he rejects it altogether ; he is an honest man.

An Anglican ordinarily pays no more respect to the authority of his own church in matters of faith and discipline, than his church paid to that which it rejected. If you meet with half a dozen Anglicans, the first will tell you he doubts of the doctrine of the Trinity ; the second, that he does not

believe in original sin ; if you ask the third whether what his catechism says respecting the eucharist be really his opinion, he will ask in return whether you take him for a fool ; the fourth will laugh at the notion that one man can absolve the sins of another, whether sick or well ; the fifth will call fasting and abstinence a ridiculous superstition, although, according to his own prayer-book, more than a fourth of the year ought so to be passed ; and the sixth, congratulating himself on the abolition of purgatory, will give you to understand that he has, in fact, made a purgatory of the hell left in substantial and permanent existence by the reformers.

The facile adherents of the Church of England, which with condescending facility admits them all for true sons, may adopt a system of mere human morality without trenching on the integrity of faith. This is the misapprehension to which the preacher, in this passage, endeavours to call the serious attention of his hearers. He wishes them to perceive, that if morality is exercised and followed by Christians on other than Christian principles, Christianity is, so far forth, renounced. Anglicans can be moralists of this sort, remaining still good Anglicans ; because what is positive in their religion, beyond a general admission of its truth, weighs with them so lightly. A Catholic feels the inconsequence of this state of mind, and ceases not to make religion a principle of moral action,

till he has, unhappily, “of the faith itself made shipwreck.”

The moral law, nevertheless, is the same to the Christian as to the unbeliever: nay, the Christian is even referred to the moral sentiment as to a rule of action:—“whatsoever things are amiable; whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things.” Thus widely, and on so many points, are believers and disbelievers brought into contact: thus extensively are the *πιστοί* and the *ἀπιστοί* still of the same religion. It is but justice to disbelievers to allow that, in general, they acquit themselves of the moral duties of natural religion with as much fidelity as believers discharge the obligations imposed by revelation, and by the religion of nature which revelation confirms and ratifies.

Why then are not we believers and disbelievers capable of the “relations of peace and amity?” Why are we angry with them? Because they will not come to our shop, or, coming, do not buy. Why do they treat us with contempt? Because they desire to disparage and deprecate our wares; that we want to force upon them. But were there no *shop* in the case, we should lament their disbelief charitably as a loss to them, but patiently as a loss to them only; while they would, at least, be grateful to us for our good will.

Speaking as a Catholic, I will venture to say

that, in my own particular apprehension (for the opinion is unsupported) the infidel holds towards the Catholic Church a language less offensive and insulting than that held by the heretic. The infidel says, “ You, the Catholic Church, in a remote age and country, invented a certain fable about Christ ;¹ and wittingly, or unwittingly, you continue the fable to the present day.” This is the simple, single reproach thrown on the Catholic Church by the infidel, while he acknowledges that, if the Christian religion is true, it is to be believed by virtue of the authority of the Catholic Church.

But what says the heretic ? “ You claim to be the original Christian society ; and, since you can tell at what point of time every other Christian society broke off from you, your claim must be admitted. But in substantiating your priority, you fix on yourselves the guilt of all these enormities with which we charge you. Unfaithful depositaries of the divine revelation, you have changed the pure faith you were commanded to teach, into a scheme of superstition and idolatry, of Pagan abuses and selfish fraud, of tyranny and persecution. Your corruptions compel us to abjure your communion, in which there can be no salvation ;

¹ I think it is Calvin who relates that a certain pope, having received a large sum of money from the sale of indulgences,— exultingly cried out, “ *Quantas nobis comparavit divitias ista de Christo fabula !* ” It is true : Calvin says it.

for if there were salvation, it would be unreasonable to separate from you in things holy ; but we abandon you, because with you we cannot be saved. Judge, then, what must be your sin, in thus destroying the effect of the saving faith of Christ. Moreover, to show you how much we detest a persecuting spirit, we will, whenever and wherever we can get the power of the state into our hands, require all persons to quit their old religion, and adopt some one of the new forms we will establish in its stead, on pain, if recusants, of being subjected to penal law and civil proscription."

In all ages and countries, such has been the tone which *the choosers* have assumed towards the society through which they derive that revelation which they modify, each set of them successively, in their own way. As to the liberality that has induced them, in later times, to admit that, by possibility, Catholics may not be damned everlasting, we owe them not much thanks for that ; since they have thought fit to separate from us—an act that can be justified only on the hypothesis of the damnation of all members of the Catholic Church : since, also, they insist that our doctrines and practices are in their nature damnable ; nay, a declaration to this effect is, somewhere, a legislative qualification.

I am shocked in reading over this last sentence :

I have not sworn so much for seven years past.
I must forswear divinity.

This comparative estimate of the benevolent disposition of infidels and heretics respectively towards the Church will displease those English Catholics, who would obtain the restoration of their civil rights, by courting those who are interested to refuse it; who are afraid of general principles, lest they should lead too far; who wish to appear grateful to the *choosers* for every portion of the Catholic creed they may have *chosen* to retain; who discourage converts for fear of being suspected of proselytism, and disbelieve modern miracles for fear of being thought superstitious. Let them consider whether they are not in the wrong. It is unwillingly that I offend any human being. May the philosopher be Christian; the Christian, Catholic; the Catholic, consistent!

The unbelievers of England are more tolerant of Catholic doctrine than are those of the continent in countries where Catholicism is dominant. Gallio was a sensible man, and took the best of all methods of reconciling Paul and his persecutors,—“I will not be judge of such matters.” Acts xviii. 15.

[K] In the assertion of the Anglican catechism, that two sacraments only have been ordained as generally necessary to salvation, a critic, who

knows what the north-countryman calls the *fettles* of the business, may suspect an equivocation. The catechism from beginning to end, is, as far as I can judge in such a matter, perfectly Catholic : there is nothing in it but what a Catholic child might learn. For this accommodation the reason is plain ; the catechism is more especially under the observation of the people, and it was expedient to persuade them that no change had been made. Thus, while there are two sacraments only as *generally* necessary, nothing hinders but that there may be four or five others, *not* generally necessary !

Holy orders are, in their very purport, not generally necessary. Matrimony, so far from being necessary to salvation, is, if we may believe St. Paul, a great hinderance to it. St. Paul was a bachelor : married people may judge for themselves.

Penance, to all intents and purposes ; penance, as well as confirmation, are in the *book*. To be sure, a total silence respecting Extreme Unction must have somewhat embarrassed Queen Elizabeth's converts ; more especially as the only reason that could be given for its *suppression*,—namely, that it was no longer attended by miraculous effects, proved the divinity of its *institution*. But who knows that miraculous effects never follow the administration of this sacrament ? In its purport it is the sacrament of the dying ; yet

many who receive it do not then die. Who shall say that their recovery is solely the result of natural causes?

So the preacher says, very gratuitously, that the power of working miracles, granted to the early times, was afterwards withdrawn. Totally? Entirely? Who told him so? No. Christ promised to be with his Church to the end of the world; and the God of revelation no more leaves himself “without a witness” than did the God of nature. In both dispensations he is found by those who seek him. Even when on earth, he went into a city, but “did not there many miracles, on account of their unbelief;” an unbelief of perverseness must here be understood; for the unbelief of ignorance (that of the Gentile world) was informed by supernatural means. These means were diminished, when less required, so as no longer to be calculated upon as aids in the work of conversion. This fact was never doubted even by the most credulous asserter of modern miracles.

St. Thomas Aquinas, who must be regarded by every true Protestant as the very personification or representative of superstition, when a young man was secretary to the pope; who having just received a large sum of money, which was lying before him in *specie* on the table, was moved by a human, and not very laudable feeling, to say to his secretary, *En juvenis! non jam dicit Petrus, ut antea, Argentum et aurum non habeo.* Thomas of Aquino

replied, *Verum est, sancte pater; attamen neque jam dicit, ut antea, Surge et ambula.* See Acts iii. 6.

No man, or body of men, ever possessed the power of working miracles in the same manner as an individual priest or the whole priesthood possessed and still possesses the power of administering the sacraments: these resemble miracles in that their results are superhuman; but are distinguished from them in that, constant recurrence may be had to the sacraments, and in that, they are not contraventions of the ordinary laws and powers of nature.

I am perfectly aware how imbecile and unphilosophical to *thinking men* all this talk must appear; but I am talking the matter over with the Anglican, who, if he believes his own creed, has no right to laugh at *me*; and if he does not believe his own creed, let him take the place that belongs to him. I say then, that among those who affirm that miracles were wrought for the propagation of the Gospel, there remains no question, except whether they have been or are wrought in later times or not; and this question may be settled by making each particular alleged miracle to depend for its credibility on the established rules of evidence.

It seems, at first view, unaccountable why Catholics, who admit the possibility, and, under congruous and fit circumstances, the probability even, of modern miracles, should be in a great degree

indifferent as to the genuineness and reality of them ; while Protestants, who deny that they are possible, vex and torment themselves to prove them false. Yet both parties are perfectly reasonable : the Catholic knows that, whether the miracle, so called, be a cheat or not, his religion is true ; the Protestant foresees that, in sound logic, if the popish miracle be true, he must admit the faith to be true also ;—a consequence most unpleasant !

Eustace omitted to say that he did not believe in the supernatural liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius : all the critics put him to the question : in a second edition he is compelled to give his opinion, though without any motive, that there is no miracle at all in the case.

When, in “Italy as it is,” this subject came in my way, I stated simply what was to be seen at the ceremonial of the public exposition of this relic. “He evidently believed it!” says the critic.

The author of “Transalpine Memoirs” asks whether *congelation* may not account for it. A chemist of my acquaintance declared, though he had not seen the matter contained in the phial, that it is not blood. Why do they not make a red liquid, put it into an ice-house, and then expose it to the air at the temperature of that of the cathedral at Naples at the time when this supposed blood passes from a solid to a liquid state ? This

solution of a solution is, at any rate, ingenious ; it is indeed a forlorn hope, and as such is offered by that Catholic writer.

Miracles are plentiful in credulous times, says the philosopher. True : of themselves they enforce belief. In such times, false miracles are devised, and are confounded with the real ones. But, had there been no real, there would have been no false miracle.

Miracles are rare in incredulous times. This is true also : the Gospel gives one reason—they are not vouchsafed to those who are inclined to cavil : another reason is—attempts at false miracles are repressed by the discredit thrown on all miracles, false or true : a third reason—some real miracles are made known only to a small circle of the friends of those who are witnesses of them, through a pious, but, if I may presume to say so, an ill-judged humility. A manifestation of the divine power in this sort ought to be made available to the edification of all who may be disposed to turn it to good account. On this ground, and in this hope, I published in “Four Years in France” the consolatory vision vouchsafed to the parents of Henry Kenelm thirty days after the death of their son.

The assertion of the sermon, that miracles have ceased, in a certain sense, is true : in another sense it is contradicted by well-attested facts : and, were there no such facts ; were all modern miracles proved to be deceit or illusion, it would be rash

and presumptuous to assert that miracles are no more and will no more be wrought among men. The Author of nature, He by whom nature is controlled, alone knows his own secret and the times of his visitation.

How far the sacraments ordained for the general use of the faithful are absolutely necessary to salvation, must depend upon the case of each individual. To refuse to partake of any of these through contempt, is evidently both insolent and ungrateful to Him who has ordained them. There is also a sloth in spiritual concerns which is considered by masters in the interior life as amounting to mortal sin, and distinguished by the term *acedia*: derived from *αγέδομαι*, with the privative *alpha*.

That universality of administration should be an essential quality of a sacrament cannot be admitted. The Church of England has given a correct and logical definition of the word "sacrament" as meaning "an outward visible sign of an inward spiritual grace" or gift, &c. This may be predicated of Holy Orders. Let then the Church of England call Holy Orders a sacrament, or adopt another definition of the word. I make this remark for the sake of those Anglicans who popularly, thoughtlessly, and ignorantly talk of a sacrament as if that to which all persons are not admitted could not deserve the name of one. Nay, they call the Lord's Supper *The Sacrament*; and

as they generally deny the doctrine of original sin (and baptism, administered to infants, can remit no other,) even baptism may lose the honours of a sacrament and be considered as an enrolment; and the good Anglicans be content with ONE only “as generally necessary to salvation.”

[L] One Gobet was made Archbishop of Paris, that he might act the part of declaring to the people that the “religion of Jesus” was an imposture. About the same time was held the *fête* of the *Goddess of Reason*. These scenes were exhibited in the Church of Notre Dame at Paris; where also a man, one of the people, mounted into the pulpit, and somewhat astounded even the fanatics of infidelity by crying out, “If there be a God, I defy him: let him strike with his thunder.”

La Harpe, in a most pious and eloquent and argumentative work, entitled “*Sur le Fanatisme dans le sens révolutionnaire*,” recounts this challenge, and gives to it an answer that may thunder in the ears of every atheist. La Harpe’s object is to show, and he does it most victoriously, that of the revolutionists of France, those who strove to put down the Catholic religion were the real fanatics; while, in a revolutionary sense, they raised an outcry of fanaticism and fanatics against the ancient faith and its adherents. Two centuries before, the nick-

name of *Papist* and *Popery* had been invented by the reformers, and did equally well.

A change of the national religion, including a transfer of great wealth and of political power, is to all intents and purposes a revolution: if a revolution in the state does not accompany it, as was the case in France, it generally follows it, as was the case in England. The struggle to maintain the new interests introduces measures of persecution, the more merciless, as a zeal for truth is their pretext. Other states adopt precautionary severities, and the penal statutes of one country justify, as said the Marquis de Pombal, the *Autos da Fe* of another. The sentiment is abominable: but it will work up the minds of men agitated by the turmoil of affairs. There is but one remedy,—that Christian religion should be considered as, what in truth it is, a divine philosophy, whose “kingdom is not of this world.” “If my kingdom were of this world,” said the Founder of that religion, “then should my servants fight: but now is my kingdom not of this world.”

At the time of the “downfall” of the Gallican church, the necessities of the state and indifference to religion had risen, both of them, to such a pitch, that the people heard with complacency the decree of the National Assembly, by which church property was transferred to the use of the nation. The scheme would hardly have excited

any very troublesome opposition, or, as the phrase then was, re-action, but for two causes ;—the civil constitution of the clergy, and their deprivation during their life-time. As to the first cause; the clergy were no longer a separate order in the state: they were invested with the full rights of French citizens, which is more, by the bye, than they enjoy in England; for here, thanks to the Duke of Buckingham *versus* John Horne Tooke, they are not eligible to the Commons' House of Parliament; but there was no reason why the French government should interfere in the election of bishops, should remove the ancient limits of dioceses, or regulate the correspondence with the chief pastor. But for this civil constitution, the pope, though he might have called the spoliation of the clergy by the alarming name of sacrilege, the responsibility of which the National Assembly was willing to take on itself, yet he could not have appalled men's consciences by the cry of schism.

It may be said, in answer, that the clergy continued still to be pensioners of the state, and therefore fit subjects of state regulation. True: and this brings me to the second fault committed in this business by the National Assembly. Each clergyman ought to have been allowed to enjoy his revenues during the term of his natural life: this would have been a pledge of his quiet and peaceable submission to the new order of things:

on the death of an ecclesiastic, the real, tangible property belonging to his benefice should have been brought into the market, which thus would not have been glutted by too great a supply at one time ; and the tithe should have been made redeemable or payable in money to the national treasury, at a valuation by the local authorities subject to a periodical revision. Thus, gradually, would have arrived the “consummation” which the vivacity of all parties unhappily precipitated, when it might be said, *La république Française ne paie aucun culte.*

It would have been prepared for this consummation : in every parish, as ecclesiastical property fell in, it would have been purchased by the pious, unshaken adherents of the faith, and held by trustees for the uses of the cult : the bishops would have continued their own succession, and the sacerdotal population, by conferring orders, in prudence, according to the possibility of maintenance, which the zeal of the congregations would have supplied, as well as what might be wanting to the suitable education of ecclesiastics. Thus provided for, thus repaired, this “downfall” of a national church would have brought no prejudice to the cause of true religion. The ancient philosopher, when beaten with clubs by order of a tyrant, said, “Thou dost but beat the *case* of Anaxagoras.”

If any doubt that such would have been the result in France, let him look to the state of the Ca-

tholics of England. Their clergy was exiled ; the hierarchy annihilated ; they are compelled to pay their share to the national establishment, and more than their share to the expenses of the state ; while they are excluded from every civil honour and emolument : laws are still in force that tempt to desertion, and punish conversion : nay, even the means of education were, till lately, prohibited to them. Such was the “downfall” of the Catholic Church in England and Ireland.¹ Under all these disadvantages (none of which are supposed in the case of France), their places of worship, their colleges, their pastors are provided ; poorly indeed, very poorly, but still provided.

An axiom :—They who want religion, find it for themselves ; they for whom it is found, find they do not want it.

I enter not on the question of the justice or wisdom of the spoliation of the French clergy : I merely detail a plan by which, as the thing was done, it might have been done better, and been productive of results permanently beneficial. According to my plan, by leaving a life-tenancy to each beneficiary, the reduction of many worthy men to comparative poverty would have been spared ; while, as the richer of the beneficed were

¹ The ancient hierarchy of Ireland, however, still subsists : it is, after the Gallican, the oldest in the Christian world. *Esto perpetua.*

also the older, the state would not long have waited for the relief proposed by its right of survivorship. All contest between a constitutional and a refractory clergy would have been avoided; as well as the absurdity of giving to electors of hostile creeds, or of no creed at all, a voice in the election of a bishop or curate. On this elective scheme, the National Assembly had been obliged to attach much importance to the making of each department a diocese: either this subdivision would have become indifferent, or the bishops would, of themselves, have adopted it; as we see that in the Roman empire the ecclesiastical jurisdictions were accommodated to civil limits. But the great benefit of all would have been, that the wheat would have been separated from the chaff, the indifferents would have been blown away; there would no longer have subsisted any motive for hypocritical or sneering conformity; and the pious wish of the Church of England would have been accomplished in the re-establishment of the open penances of the primitive Church in all their severity; a severity so excessive, that the Abbé Fleury, in his *Mœurs des Chrétiens*, thinks it necessary to apologise for them by saying, that they were imposed on none but those who voluntarily, and of their own accord, requested to be subjected to them: the *police* and *gendarmerie*, justices of the peace or bailiffs, had nothing to do with it: it was an affair of conscience.

[M] It is amusing to observe how, in this paragraph, the preacher is obliged to return on his own arguments. He had lamented, in due set terms, the “downfall” of the Gallican, because a Christian Church: now the same sort of “downfall” had erst occurred in England; which he is bound to regard as a blessed event. Where is the distinction? The Gallican Church was overturned by infidels. These French are so impetuous—why could they not have stopped at some of the half-way houses erected in the sixteenth century? In these constructions, so many new windows and back-doors have been contrived, that they answer the purpose of any reasonable man, almost as well as rushing on at once to a consistent conclusion or entire demolition.

Next: the Gallican Church was overturned notwithstanding the exercise of that power, the recovery of which is to be the security of the Church of England. Agreed: but the Gallican assumed a power which did not belong to it in the extent to which it was claimed. How so? The sacrament of penance was there administered in the mode above recounted: a mode which supposes no more priestly power than that claimed by the preacher for the Church of England.

But the Romish Church, of which the Gallican was and is a part, requires “submission to its dictates in opposition to the evidence of the senses, and without the warrant of Scripture;” and this

provoked the “downfall.” It is plain to what “dictate” allusion is here made. As to the “warrant of Scripture” on this point, reference may be had to the Scripture itself: as to the evidence of the senses, there is no one article of the apostles’ creed more quietly admitted in England than that doctrine is acquiesced in by the Catholic people of all countries. It is very shocking to Protestants; but for Catholics, *à peine y pensent-ils*, says Arnaud.

But there were “abuses and corruptions” in the Gallican Church—no doubt there were. The chief abuse was that, by the distribution of its patronage it was become in some sort identified with the aristocracy. The indignation of the people had been roused against the *caste* of the *noblesse*: the higher clergy were all of that *caste*, and they fell with their fellows. Infidelity, it is true, lent a helping hand; but infidelity has been at work within the Christian Church, ever since the time when Constantine the Great, by taking it under the protection of the civil power, included within it so many unconvinced, unwilling, indifferent, or merely nominal adherents.

In this connexion, or alliance, as it has been called, of the sacerdoce and empire, the Church, without succeeding in its endeavours to spiritualize the state, becomes itself secularized: relying on a false support, it neglects its true one. The state too is distracted by an interference in affairs that are not of its province, and is obliged to defend even

the “abuses and corruptions” of the Church at the risk of its own security. “It were better,” says the author of “Italy as it is,” “that a partnership should be dissolved which causes the disinterestedness of one of the partners and the sincerity of the other to be suspected, and draws on both the enmities of each.”

I conclude in the words of St. John Chrysostom, adopted by the Church of England—“May God grant to us in this world knowledge of his truth, and in the world to come, life everlasting.”

LVII.

A FALSE BROTHER.

A very good friend of mine, a clergyman, told me that an English Catholic had said to him that he never had met with arguments on the Catholic faith so weak and frivolous as those employed by me in the “Account of my Conversion;” that he wondered how any man could have been converted by such reasoning, &c. I thought my friend, the clergyman, might be indulging in that amiable delectation which Mr. Sneer feels in detailing to the poor tormented Sir Fretful Plagiary, the critics’ remarks on his lucubrations; but my friend, a frank and honourable man, said that it was needless for him to seek the shelter of another’s authority for his own opinion, which, he would not scruple to

declare, was the same as that other's ; whose name, however, he refused to notify to me : saying only that he was not a priest, but one of the gentry.

This is their way. " Call you this, *backing* your friends ? "

I begged of my Anglican to observe for himself, and to represent, if occasion should offer, to the impartial Catholic critic, that, in the short tract prefixed to " Four Years," I did not undertake to defend the Catholic faith against all who rejected or differed from it : that my starting-point was High-church-of-England principles : that, therefore, it was enough for me to justify my passage from those principles to Catholicism : that all my argument was not included in what was adduced by me, and set down in my own words ; but was to be sought for also in the several works to which a reference was made. The benevolent reader will permit this short explanation, intended for the use not only of professed opponents, but also of trimming associates.

LVIII.

PENITENTS OF ST. CLAIR.

In the chapter of " Four Years in France," beginning at page 396, a dream is narrated ; but narrated in a manner and with precautions that may, it is hoped, free the dreamer from the charge of weakness or superstition : its coincidence with

events that actually befell; seemed to justify a more than ordinary attention to it. Ordinarily, indeed, it is not justifiable to attend to dreams at all; yet sacred history records that the divine will is sometimes thus notified. In the accomplishment of the latter part of this dream, by the return of my surviving son from following his departed brother—in his restoration to health when at the very gate of death—an obligation seemed to be laid on me to observe the rule of life there indicated: I observed it, with but little interruption. Of the dream, however, I made no mention to any one out of my own family, till my arrival at Rome in 1823.

At Rome, I became acquainted with a man advanced in years, and chief of a religious order: he seemed a fit person to be consulted in what might be regarded as a case of conscience. To him I gave the particulars in writing; telling him that certain observances were enjoined by the first interlocutor of the dream, which were kept back till he, my adviser, should have given his opinion whether the dream itself were supernatural or not. At our next meeting, he told me that his judgment of the character of the dream would be assisted by a knowledge of the injunction: that the dream was, in truth, prophetic; but that if any practices were enjoined by it contrary to piety, it ought to be dismissed from the mind. When told of a religious society and a rule of life, he admitted that

the rule was innocent: nay, that mortification, when submitted to from right motives, was laudable; but that the foundation of a new order in the church was an affair of the highest importance, and would require the authorization of the pope. To this I replied, that the great difficulty would be to find persons willing to adopt the rule; and that, till then, the concurrence of his holiness might be dispensed with: nay that, even then, it did not seem necessary that any one, who wished to abstain from meat and wine, should trouble the holy father for a permission to that effect: that the several religious orders of the church had been founded by the efforts of one or two individuals; but I begged to be believed to be fully aware of my own utter unworthiness to engage in any such enterprise. He said, he meant only to point out what was necessary to the recognition of an order, and its validity; that it could not be wrong in me to follow the rule myself, and engage others to do so, whenever any thus disposed should present themselves.

I consulted by letter another chief of another religious order in England, a person of great devotion, of good sense, and a well-regulated mind; and was answered, that the circumstances of the dream were most extraordinary; that it might be presumptuous to give an opinion as to its quality; but that if the Almighty had any design in accordance with the purport of the injunction, he would

himself supply help, and direct the means to the end.

Nine years after the occurrence of the dream, five years after its fulfilment, it was made known to the public.

LIX.

FLESH MEAT AND VINOUS SPIRIT.

Why should not this

Spare food, that oft with gods doth diet,

this abstinence from the flesh of animals and vinous spirit, be recommended to wise and good men, without reference to penitential mortification? Will any one forfeit any real happiness by renouncing that agitation of mind excited by the hope of gain or the fear of loss in gaming? Continence in the unmarried, fidelity to a wedded partner, are recognised as moral duties by all who have not set morality at defiance. The advantages to be derived from adherence to the rule of St. Clair, as a plan of wise and virtuous life, may be enjoyed by those who would be indisposed to embrace it, even though not *sub peccato*,¹ as a religious observance.

So much has been written, and well written, on the subject of abstinence from animal food, that I spare my reader the fatigue of travelling again over

¹ “Not *sub peccato*” implies “no vow.”

a track where no point of view can be novel to him. I would willingly, however, repress all extravagance on this topic, which, in truth, has somewhat discredited the herbivorous cause. Dr. Cheyne, for example, says that it was permitted to man to eat flesh after the deluge, with the design and purpose of shortening human life. This supposition of malice prepense on the part of the Almighty is somewhat irreverent: for although the contraction of the span of our existence was intended and has been effected, it would be indecorous to imagine that to trick and seduce us to our own destruction by a new and savoury, but unwholesome aliment, would be a mean employed to that end.

Ritson, an accomplished scholar and fellow-labourer with the commentators on “our immortal bard,” in dissuading us from the slaughter of animals for food, takes occasion to contemplate a royal stag-hunt, and apostrophises the chief personage of the scene in the rude and disrespectful words, *siste, carnifex!* Now, as the enjoyment of the pleasure of the chace was the object, and not the venison, which might have been procured with less trouble, the abusive term is unfitly applied. Let us be just, and avoid all railing; which may indeed be misinterpreted. Gibbon says, in the true spirit and manner of a sensualist, “the paradise of Mahomet excited the indignation, perhaps the envy, of the monks.” Let the herbivorous refrain both from jactance and reproach, that may afford to the flesh-eaters an occasion of retort-

ing,—“ You only regret that you cannot do as we do.”

Nature, by exhibiting to us a panorama of mutual carnage, of beasts of prey, of birds that devour insects, and of fishes that swallow fishes, seems to indicate that man, in feeding on his fellow-animals, does not contravene her laws. The scruples of the believer in the religion of nature, if he feel scruples, may thus be appeased ; and Genesis ix. 3. is warrant to those who admit its authority. I quoted this passage to a patient, perhaps he might be called a disciple, of Dr. Lamb, who denied that it gave leave to take away the life of any animal ; saying, that the following two verses had the force of restricting the permission to the eating flesh of animals that should die of themselves,—a permission of which no *gourmand* would avail himself, unless very fond of the true pheasant taint. I know not if Dr. Lamb hold the doctrine of the unlawfulness of slaying or shedding the blood of animals : the world is much indebted to him and to his skill and science as a physician ; and he has done wonders in persuading so many persons to refrain from a mode of sustaining the human frame, which, even in its decent moderate exercise, approaches to intemperance, and enters the confines of sensuality. Dr. Lamb, it is known, forbids alcohol, and regards fish as a food even more pernicious to health than the flesh of beasts and birds. He prescribes, too, that the water which we drink

should be cleared of its impurities by distillation. May success continue to attend him ! his example and practice, medical and philosophical, encourage hope ; at least forbid despair.

Shelley, a poet of greater power of imagination than any that ever rolled the finely-frenzied eye, gives, in his notes on “Prometheus Unbound,” an animated and forcible dissertation on vegetable diet; together with an extract from Mr. Newton’s treatise on that subject. It is amusing to observe with what zest, with what symptoms of a good appetite, Shelley gives a bill of fare of his dinner and dessert. The carnivorous, when told that such an one eats neither flesh nor fish, stare with a roast-beef expression of countenance and cry, “What then does he eat?” Shelley’s copious list shows that, even in this unfavourable climate, Mother Earth produces what is sufficient to keep alive her rational sons without compelling them to devour all that walk or fly or swim on her surface. In point of fact, the poor, who have most need to repair the waste of labour, can procure but very little of that aliment, which the rich, the lazy, the luxurious, regard as indispensable to the support of bodies exhausted only by the difficulties of digestion.

For myself; let me be endured, in shortly stating, that having often passed from the use of one sort of food to the other, I may be considered as having made frequent experiments in this affair, all of them corroborative of the opinion that ani-

mal food and alcohol are pernicious, and abstinence from them favourable, to our physical, intellectual, and moral well-being. I refer to the above-cited authors and to the host of other names that have treated this matter. I am sorry not to be able to quote my *old* friend Ludovico Corparo, as he refused no sort of viand not decidedly unwholesome ; he only limited himself to twelve ounces of solid, and fourteen ounces of liquid, *per diem* : this plan he adopted at the age of forty, and in a very infirm state of health ; and at the age of eighty-five, he says that he is assured, by his own feelings and experience, that he shall live to be more than a hundred ; and that if he had originally had a good *complexion*, he should doubtless attain to a hundred and twenty years. This use of the word “*complexion*” is a surprise : etymologically, however, there is no reason why it should not signify the same as *constitution* ; since the human frame is *folded together*, as well as *built up*.

The fathers of the desert attained to the age of six-score years on a weight of food that sufficed to Corparo, but of unleavened bread or biscuit only ; and their only drink was the pure element. It is therefore just possible that the noble Venetian lost ten or fifteen years of life by indulging in flesh and wine. However this be, he began his plan, he says, induced by the observation, that, when he consulted physicians, they all aimed at his cure by

subtraction, or putting him on short allowance; and he conceived that the art to make men well, might also be the art to keep them so; and such he found it. His several treatises form a most novel, singular, and astonishing book, the lecture of which is highly gratifying by the sympathy it excites in the happiness of this animated, delighted old man.

His remarks on the medical practice of his time may lead us to observe, that, although the physicians of our day prescribe moderation only in food, and not such a strict and unpalatable limitation, yet they replace this milder method by more violent equivalents—disease, and the seeds of disease; the first, an effort of nature to repel noxious superfluity; the second, the deposit of that superfluity, are to be removed by subtraction. An amiable man, a physician of high repute, is made to confess that the art of healing can urge its influence no further:—

When patients sick to me apply,
I physicks, bleeds, and sweats 'em :
If after all they choose to die,
What's that to me ?

I Lettsom.

Cornaro was visited by many persons with interest and admiration; but he made no converts: some, he says, even wept with pleasure at beholding the blessedness that temperance had assured to him; his perfect enjoyment of all his senses

and faculties ; his voice ; for “my singing,” says he, “is beautiful :” (the simplicity of the old man is not the least amusing of his good qualities)—his equal humour, his placid expectation of death, which, he felt assured, could not, unless by some violent accident, be sudden or immediate. Many promised to follow his example ; but, weak of purpose, they yielded to the carnal or carnivorous appetite, and preferred the disease to the remedy.

Dr. Lamb, it seems, has been more fortunate ; having induced, it is said, between three and four-score persons to eat only of what has not had life and to drink only distilled water. This success, let it be repeated, forbids despair. Apparently, indeed, it must be the easiest thing in the world to form a sect. A man has only, in the course of a twelvemonth, to convince one person of the truth or benefit of a system : these two, in the second year, draw over two more : in the third year, these four enlist four additional recruits ; and, according to this geometrical ratio, at the end of ten years, a thousand and twenty-four sectaries are engaged : in the following ten years, the thousand, without reckoning the odd numbers, become a million ; it will not require ten years more to convert all the inhabitants of the globe. It will be perceived, that it is not for nothing that a calculation has been given of the result of doubling the number of grains of wheat at each

square of the chess-board. If five years be substituted for one year, as the period in which a duplication can be formed of the retainers of a theory, then a century and a half, instead of thirty years, must witness its progress to complete and final triumph in universal adoption.

The utter improbability of success at all proportioned to this extravagant calculation, need not deter Dr. Lamb, or any other wise and benevolent man, from doing all the good that may be permitted by the unwillingness of mankind to admit truth or renounce pleasure. Pleasure is always seductive; truth is not always profitable.

A caution shall be added for the use of those few who may adopt a vegetable diet: it is this; not to deem it necessary to make up by quantity for the supposed want of nutritive qualities in their food. Farinaceous vegetables contain more *gluten*, more nourishment in proportion to their weight and volume, than roast beef itself. If the stomach is sensible of the load committed to it, that load has been too great. By attending to this symptom, all may avoid excess and the pains and perils of digestion.

LX.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

About a fortnight after I had been settled at Florence, in my apartment in the Palazzo Nicco-

lini, at the beginning of July, 1822, at the approach of the hour of retiring to rest, I was detained by the appearance of a coming-on thunder-storm—a sight I always love to witness. I walked about my great hall and along the gallery; seven large mullioned windows permitted me to enjoy the almost unintercepted flashes of lightning, while the spacious rooms re-echoed the thunder. The storm increased in violence: the lightning was no longer forked and darting, but an ἀμφιλα-
φῆς ἐμπρησμὸς, almost continuous, that wrapped in flame the statues and orange-trees of the garden, and cast a flashing glare on the busts and armorial shield of the family Niccolini, and on one female figure in marble, larger than life, that stood at the upper end of the gallery. I went to the other side of the apartment: the dome of the cathedral was illuminated; but it was too near, and the view was too much bounded for it to be picturesque. I returned to the gallery to have a larger *plaga cæli*. Opposite to the furthest window of the hall, Antoine had set up a high and wide screen, to partition off for himself a sort of butler's pantry: the window not being duly fastened, burst open; the screen fell flat on the floor, and when this loud resounding was past, the wind howled fearfully through the hall: so dreadful was the lightning, that I dared not draw nigh to shut the window. I spent more than an hour in the delight of this terrible excitement.

- On that night, on the coast, at forty miles distance, Percy Bysshe Shelley was shipwrecked. What horrors were endured by the friends who knew of his danger! What thoughts have since crowded into my own mind! I knew him not, but I admire and pity him.

“ But Shelley,” say the bigots, who receive their faith from a tyrant, a tiro, and a tigress, “ Shelley was an atheist.” True: they who have the boldness to set up altar against altar; to tear the seamless robe of Christ; to distrust his promised help, and to charge his spouse, the CHURCH, with faithlessness and adultery;—these men can be struck with horror at the atheism of Shelley, and drive him from among them. Was his heart less warm, was his disinterestedness less sincere, was his conscience less pure, than theirs? A young, an ardent, an impetuous mind rejects control, refuses to submit to an authority which has itself spurned authority: he refuses to acquiesce as a mere formalist in dogmas, of whose truth he is unconvinced: he rushes into error; but into error, which his example, and that of many others, has proved may be allied with genius, may be compatible with benevolence, may be adorned by the observance of social duty. How is such a man to be reclaimed?

Shame to the self-applauding age and country to which he belonged!—the attempt is made by violating, in his regard, the clearest laws, the most

sacred right of nature. The Author of Being has established, by the course of his providence, that relation which the parents hold with those who derive from them their existence; and no truth of revealed religion is more clear than the voice which speaks to the heart of the father, impressing sentiments which no other can feel, imposing duties which no other can discharge, exciting gratitude which can be paid to no other, because by no other can it be claimed. Enough: the storm is hushed; let all but the genius of Shelley be silent.

LXI.

ORDER OF PENSÉES DE PASCAL.

When at Clermont in Auvergne, I lived in a street *ci-devant, Rue des Nobles*, but named, at the epoch of the Revolution, *Rue de Pascal*, in honour of the great man who drew his first breath in this city. In the year that I resided there, the king, Charles X, sent to the Clermontois a statue of their compatriot, which was set up in the public library. Notwithstanding these honourable testimonials, I did not find the fame of Pascal among his countrymen to be equal to his merit. The *Puy de Dôme*, “the perpetual hill,” stood there as a monument of his glory as a natural philosopher; there he ascertained by experiment that most important and fruitful truth, the weight of

the atmosphere ; but, of his moral and theological works, the *Lettres Provinciales* were in most request. The dispute then carried on concerning the unauthorized readmission of the Jesuits into France, may account for the attention paid, at this time, to this most ingenious and able satire ; but why are the *Pensées* neglected ? Why are they not read by all men everywhere ? If they are not read by all men everywhere, all men everywhere neglect to avail themselves of what may be most beneficial to them.

Pascal was one of those master minds that are, of right, the instructors of the world. During the latter years of a life, which, unhappily for mankind, ended in his fortieth year, Pascal, enfeebled by malady, and distracted by suffering, had projected a work, of which he was able to write at intervals, at moments snatched from pain, only a few detached dissertations and hints to be afterwards connected and dilated. But from these we may judge of what he had conceived : the nature of the argument may be apprehended.

To the duodecimo edition of his *Pensées*, published at Amsterdam in 1750, which, for aught I know, is the latest edition of a book that ought to be in the hands of every one, is affixed a *Discours*, in which is explained the plan and purpose of Pascal's great undertaking. It is wonderful that, with so just a view of the subject, the editor should have set the *Pensées* in an order or disorder that deranges

the whole. Of all the titles of the chapters there is but one that is put in its right place : that one is the first.

Pascal's scheme is to prove the truth of the Christian revelation from its conformity to the nature of man. In that nature he discovers traces of an original greatness, and reality of present misery, contradiction, uncertainty, terror, and—but for this revelation—despair. It is evident that the chapters which treat of this portion of the whole matter ought to precede the others. Pascal delays entering on the direct proofs of revelation till he shall have proved it to be wanted, to be desirable, necessary, acceptable ; our sole plank of safety in our shipwreck ; our only hope in ruin.

Having effected this in a manner that will astonish every one who has not deeply thought on the subject, and delight every one who has, he turns to the external evidence of the truth of Christianity. The Almighty Creator contemplated the satisfaction due to his own justice, and the means of the reconciliation of man from the moment of his fall : the Redeemer was then promised ; the way of the Lord was prepared by the Jewish dispensation : at length He came—the glory of Israel, the light of the nations of the earth. In arranging the *Pensées* therefore, after the titles under which the nature of man is exhibited, ought to be placed those which treat of the Jews, of the Law, and the Prophets. There is also a tract relegated, no one can tell why, to the

end of the volume ;—a tract entitled, *Discours sur les preuves des livres de Moyse*: it ought to be set at the head of this portion of the work : then should follow the direct proofs of Jesus Christ ; then the general reflections on the end of the Christian dispensation. Thus we should, in no unsatisfactory degree, recover the plan of Pascal. There is a very short treatise, “*qu'il y a des démonstrations d'une autre espèce et aussi certaines que celles de la géométrie.*” this treatise should by no means be omitted : it may begin or conclude the study of the whole work : it elucidates and strengthens Pascal's reasonings.

To those who may be willing to be instructed by the mightiest mind that ever informed a human frame, I beg to be permitted to render the humble service of placing the *numeros* of the titles of the *Pensées* in the order in which they ought to be read. I take the numbers as they stand in my edition, which is, I believe, the order in which they are found in all editions :—1, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 21, 9, 8, *discours sur les preuves des livres de Moyse*, 10, 11, 12, 13, 3, 2, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 4, 5, 6, 7, 27, 17, 28.

The introduction, No. 1, a most precious morsel of persuasive and charitable eloquence, ought, of course, to be read at first : but it ought to be read again after No. 11, as a preface to the general reflections and deductions made by Pascal, after having consummated his grand work of proving

the Christian religion by a new and luminous view of its internal and external evidence. In the *Pensées Morales* will be found some ideas that may be referred to the argument of the work he had projected. In the *Pensées sur la mort*, and in the *Prière pour le bon usage des maladies*, what piety, what sublimity ! In the *Pensées diverses* will be found a verification of the sentence “The words of the wise man are as nails :” words that penetrate, that inhere, that cannot be extracted. I will give but one example : *L'esprit croit naturellement, et la volonté aime naturellement : de sorte qu'à faute de vrais objets il faut qu'ils s'attachent aux faux.*¹ Let me be indulged with a note on each head of this *pensée*.

No one will impute to the present age too great an attachment to the true objects of belief : yet, perhaps, never was an age more superstitious. I have lately been reading a book, now in the hands of every one, “*The Adventures of a Gentleman*.” Who would expect to meet with superstition here ? Yet, towards the end of his last volume, “*the Gentleman*” perceives a ghost : he saves, indeed, his credit for good sense by perceiving it in a novel manner : the ghost does not appear *à la Banquo* ; the persons of the scene do not see it ; they do not

¹ Pascal is, however, a teacher of most sublime spirituality : in truth, the contemplative and unitive states of the soul resolve themselves each into the other.—When we think upon God, we love Him ; when we love Him, we think upon Him.

hear it speak ; but they feel it ; they are sensible of its presence by an interior sentiment. The passage is striking and ably rendered ; and, what is to my purpose, will fall in with the general taste of the day.

My friend —— was justifying or excusing his fondness for his monkey : he said, “There is a certain fund of affection and good-will in every human mind ; and one is obliged to waste and to derive the superfluity of that feeling on whatever may innocently be the object of it.” I quoted Pascal. “Admirable !” said he : “that is precisely the meaning I wished to convey.” Then, looking complacently at the monkey, who was swinging before us : “Not that Jacko is a false object ; for he is a very fine fellow.”

I cannot refrain from one more quotation : it is a brief one : *César étoit trop vieux, ce me semble, pour s'aller amuser à conquérir le monde. Cet amusement étoit bon à Alexandre ; c'étoit un jeune homme, qu'il étoit difficile d'arrêter : mais César devoit être plus mûr.* What a dignified superiority to the “low ambition and the pride of kings” and conquerors ; yet what playfulness in the expression ; what gentleness in the reproof ! Pascal has indeed a profundity that makes every sentence a text and theme of reflection and deduction ; and, at the same time, a simplicity that makes him a writer for the people. His book is a book for men of learning, without being a learned book. The clearness, the neatness,

the condensation of his style, at once excites and gratifies the reader.

Pascal was regarded as a Jansenist. And what is a Jansenist? “A nick-name wherewith to blacken the face of an enemy.” He was opposed to a powerful party, whose efforts did not indeed obscure his fame, but made his works on general theology less useful. The *Lettres Provinciales* were read by many, not so much from detestation of the bad morality to be found in some writers of the society of the Jesuits, as from a desire to get rid of that body, the zealous and active maintainers of the Catholic faith. Men thus disposed did not read the *Pensées*; while others would not read the *Pensées*, because they were written by the author of the *Lettres Provinciales*.

In England, the preliminary objection to Pascal, as a divine, was that he was a Catholic. I will endeavour to remove this objection by assuring the Protestant that there are not, throughout the whole of the *Pensées*, more than half a dozen passages containing opinions peculiarly Catholic, or to which a Protestant may not give his full assent and consent. Besides, a century and half ago, our *hic, hæc, hoc* scholars did not very commonly understand French: the time was not yet arrived for fellows of colleges to go ambling over the continent, and edify a prejudiced public by their ignorant polemics. Since, however, the French language is now at least ~~read~~ very generally in England,

even they who are resolved at all events to retain these *préventions*, may undertake the lecture of the *Pensées de Pascal*: he is not a sectarian controversialist. His book is still new, and will have its merit and its use so long as there shall be in the world Christians and philosophical disbelievers of Christianity. These last he endeavours to confute and to convert, with what acuteness, what force, what tenderness! He pities them,—but he contrives that his pity shall neither betray arrogance, nor be a *petitio principii*, a begging of the question: for he pities them as he would pity himself, on the hypothesis of the truth of premises that lead to a conclusion destructive of the hope of our restoration to the state from which we are fallen; of our only *rational* consolation in life and in death.

They who may be induced, by what is here written, to read the *Pensées*, and to read them in the order here indicated, are counselled not to meddle with the “Life of Pascal by Madame Perrier, his sister;” nor with the preface, nor with the *Discours*, till they shall have perused the *Pensées*. When they shall have become acquainted with the author and his work, without any other intervention, and formed an unbiassed judgment, then they may resort to the help that these separate pieces afford to the still stronger impression that will be made by a second reading, in which the union of the disconnected members of the work will be more easy than at first, and a clearer view be ta-

ken of the whole. To declare the motive of this advice would be equivalent to withholding it : it is grounded on a knowledge of the mode of thinking of those to whom it is given. No one, besides, ought to be contented with a single lecture of a work that requires such attentive study, and deep meditation.

LXII.

M. PIERRON—FATHER GROU—ST. FRANCIS OF SALES—
ALBAN BUTLER.

A short time before I quitted Avignon in 1821, I received a visit from a man of prepossessing appearance, young, but advanced towards the middle age of life. He did not cause himself to be announced ; but, when the servant had shut the door, told me his name was Pierron ; that he was son of Madame Pierron, mistress of the Hôtel d'Europe. After apologies, made with composure and good sense, for the liberty he was taking, he told me that he was studying the English language out of admiration of the literature of our country, begging me not to judge of his progress from the difficulty which, for want of practice, he experienced in speaking English ; for that he could read with tolerable facility ; and that he should esteem it a great favour if I could lend him any English books.

We had passed into foreign lands to learn foreign languages ; our native tongue “comes by nature :”

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and had done it into English : a copy had been pre-

presented to me by a superior of the college when I

went there to visit my sons. Abbé Grou had found

an asylum in banishment at Lulworth, and, after a

few years, a grave ; which, to testify their great

respect for his merit, the family had allotted to him

in their own vault. M. Pierron turned to the epi-

*taph : *Hunc, in complexu crucis defunctum, inter**

suos condidit Thomas Weld. "Here," said M. Pier-

ron, "is an ambiguity. This *suos* ; does it mean

the *suos* of Mr. Weld or the *suos* of l'Abbé Grou ?"

Verily, thought I to myself, to reason, as most

travellers do, from particulars to universals, the

French must be a very erudite people, since a son

of an innkeeper is studying a very difficult foreign

language for the sake of its literature ; and is, more-

over, qualified to criticise an epitaph in Latin ! At

what inn on the great north road shall we find a son

the host (unless indeed that hope of the family, read of the *bar*, be "intended for the church,") who understands Latin, besides reading German for his amusement? When I had a little recovered my surprise, I observed to M. Pierron that the place of the monument decided the question. "It is very true," said he, "that in the chapel of the *château* of Lulworth the word *suos* may create no doubt; but when read in a book at this distance it is equivocal."

Father Grou wrote "The Characters of Real Devotion." The number of those who deceive others by false piety, is small compared with the number of those who deceive themselves. In very many devout persons, says the Abbé, devotion is only a more refined self-love; and he points out, with an acute insight into human nature, the illusions which the devout practise on themselves: he shows what is essential to true devotion; he puts it to the test; he declares its means, its spirit, and its end; and he exhibits himself to be what he so ably and so feelingly delineates; not by making himself a prominent figure in the picture even as a counsellor; this may well be supposed alien from his humility; but by his singleness of heart and purpose, and by his faculty of discriminating in matters of which no one can judge but by interior experience. This short tract may be read over in a very few hours: a whole life may be well employed in learning the lesson it inculcates.

Abbé Grou is the author also of an ascetic work, entitled “Morality extracted from the Confessions of Saint Augustin :” he gives a short text from the “Confessions,” and then dilates on the sentiment therein contained. In the course of this commentary he exhorts to Christian perfection with all the sweetness of Christian charity, with all the grace and unction derived from the “fountains of the Saviour” whence he himself had “drawn up waters with joy.”¹ Yet how impossible is it to impute to him any thing like fanaticism! even a worldly man cannot justly reproach him with any excess of fervour. After having exhorted, as strongly as words and arguments can exhort, to the love of God, and of all things in and for God, he distinguishes between what is innocent, what is of obligation, and what is of perfection. Sect. 89. This distinction is the more necessary, as, for want of observing it, pious persons fall sometimes into scruples, or a wrong judgment of themselves and of others, and erroneous doctrines are promulgated.²

The “Morality of Saint Austin” is comprised in two volumes 12mo. It has been translated, as well as the “Characters,” from a motive of piety, by Alexander Clinton : he has the merit, and ought to have the praise of a good work ; but his translation is too literal.

¹ *Haurietis aquas cum gaudio de fontibus Salvatoris.* Isaiae c. xii. vs. 3.

² See the thirteenth of the thirty-nine articles.

Saint Francis of Sales said, that the “Imitation of Christ” was suited to those who were far advanced in spirituality ; that he himself was a scholar only, and therefore read the “Spiritual Combat,” as more practical. His “Introduction to a Devout Life” abounds, even more than the last-mentioned work, with advice and instruction of a practical nature, and he is not deterred by a false delicacy from giving counsel on matters where many may err from inexperience. He sent a copy of this work to our king James I. who, showing it to his bishops, said, “Why cannot any of you write such a book ?” The style is quaint, and the fancy of the author is sometimes too lively ; for taste in writing had not yet been corrected by competition, as afterwards in the age of Louis XIV. when a multitude of authors restrained each other’s sallies within prudential limits, and established laws which none dared to violate.

At the end of the common edition of the “Spiritual Combat,” is a very short tract, “On the Peace of the Soul.” It deserves its title by procuring for the reader what the title announces.

Why need I fear to recommend to the lover of piety, even though separated from Catholic communion, an author of our own country, almost of our own time, who has rendered most signal service to the cause of religion ? Alban Butler’s “Lives of the Saints,” with the volume on the “Moveable Feasts and Fasts,” is, what Bishop

Milner termed it, a magazine of theological learning: it is moreover a theatre of spirituality, showing on the scene of human life, in every rank and station, in every fortune, prosperous or adverse; in retirement from the world, in the bustle of affairs, in labour and in study, in penitence and in martyrdom, devout persons, young and aged, and of either sex—a cloud of witnesses, who, during the centuries that have devolved since the rod of power was sent forth from Sion, have borne testimony to the great truth, ἐνὸς ἑστὶ χρεῖα, “one thing is needful;”—who, in the same cause, and animated by the same hope, have added their names to the illustrious examples cited by the apostle.

The style of Butler¹ is clear, correct, faultless, but unambitious; strong in his subject, full of his matter, he seeks not for ornament; but to convince by the force of truth, and to persuade by example.

Pascal shows us why we ought to believe in the Christian revelation: the authors now recommended show us what we are to do in consequence of our belief. Our blessed Saviour plainly and energetically, “as one having authority,” infers our duty from our creed;—“Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?”

¹ His Life is prefixed, written by his nephew, the celebrated Charles Butler, Esq.

LXIII.

EX-CHIEF OF THE MARQUISES—A PACIFIC THOUGHT.

In the year 1819—the date of great events ought to be preserved with care—there arrived at Avignon an important personage, the ex-chief of Les Marquises. To save my reader the trouble of turning over his Atlas, I will inform him that the cluster of islands, called by the Spaniards Las Marquesas de Mendoza, is situated in the Pacific Ocean, Lat. 10. S. Long. 117. W. The chief caused himself to be announced by a hand-bill, indicating a salon where he would receive the visits of those who were willing to pay for such qualification the sum of ten sous; children and *militaires non gradés*, undergraduate soldiers, at half price. I went with my sons: we found the chief seated on a chair which was placed on a table close to the wall; on each side of him hung a curtain, and above him was raised what seemed a canopy. On his head he wore a cap of feathers, like that borne by America personified, at the corner of a map; from his shoulders depended a long robe; in his right hand was upreared a *baton* that answered the uses of a sceptre. We gazed at him, and he at us, for about a minute; then, either out of deference to us as *gens comme il faut*, or *par politesse* to us as foreigners, he descended from his state, and stood on even ground in friendly parley. He told us that he was a sailor of the port of Bourdeaux; that he was shipwrecked off the coast of one of the above-mentioned islands;

that he swam ashore with one companion only; that the savages eat up his companion and had reserved himself for a second feast, but that the daughter of the chief interceded for him with her father, who not only spared his life, but gave him the fair intercessor in marriage; that by the superiority of his knowledge, he more than shared the authority of his father-in-law; that the climate, though the heats were excessive, was agreeable, and the country very fertile; that he lived there thirteen years, in which period his wife had borne him three children; that the figures *tattooed* on his arms and breast were marks of his dignity, copied exactly from those imprinted on the body of the late chief, whom he had succeeded; that he lived contented and happy; but a Russian ship from Ochotskoi bearing in sight, he had gone on board to enjoy once more the pleasures of European society; that the Russians made him drunk and sailed away with him; that on recovering from his intoxication, he was much afflicted at finding himself separated from his wife and children, but that there was no remedy but to make his way from the eastern coast of Siberia to St. Petersburg, and thence to Bourdeaux; that the Emperor Alexander had given him money; and that he was now making a tour to collect where-withal to equip a small vessel, provide it with tools and implements of husbandry, and return to the Marquesas.

Happier, far happier would it have been for

Napoleon Bonaparte, if, instead of being detained and insulted at Saint Helena, he had been landed and left at full liberty in some island of the Pacific Ocean! Soon would he have brought under his dominion his own and the neighbouring isles, subduing them, not by the brute thunder of his artillery, but by the arts of life and the benefits of civilization. His canoes—jealousy would have forbidden a fleet of loftier name—would have carried his mandates through the circuit of his Archipelago; nay, every isle that studs that world of waters would have submitted joyfully to his rule. His ancient companions in arms would have resorted to him. The gazettes, printed at his capital, would have been read with eagerness in every corner of Europe. He might at this day, advancing in years and glory, feeding on the recollection of past events, contrasting them with the present and contemplating the future, have been admired for the peaceful close of his stupendous career.¹

What is this illusion good for? Like all illusion—good for nothing; at least so say the wise: but I presume not to be of their number.

¹ The political objections to leaving Napoleon at liberty even at the distance of half the globe from Europe, are too obvious for it to be supposed that my *Marquesas* scheme is other than fanciful: it would not, however, have been more silly than leaving him at Elba. Instead of my “illusion,” contemplate the picture which the view of a lock of Napoleon’s hair calls up to the imagination of the author of “TRANSRHENANE MEMOIRS,” p. 29.

LXIV.

THE COUP DE GRACE—A SUICIDE.

General ——, commanding in the department of Vaucluse, told me that when aid-de-camp in Italy, he was sent, immediately after a battle, with an order to a corps of the army at some distance from head quarters; that in crossing a part of the “foughten field,” where the dead were thickly strewed, he was surprised by the report of a fusil; he rode up to the spot whence the sound proceeded, and saw a soldier leaning on his firelock, and looking down on a dead body that lay before him. *Le pauvre*, said the soldier, as General —— drew near, *il souffroit horriblement; je viens de l'achever: il étoit un de mes meilleurs amis.*¹

Antoine, who fought, be it remembered, at Lutzen and Bautzen in 1813, bears witness that this practice of “finishing” a dying man was very common. He was more than once called upon by those who felt themselves mortally wounded, *Camarade, achève moi, tue moi!* and, says Antoine, *Je n'avois pas le cœur de le faire moi-même, mais je l'ai vu faire très-souvent.*² He seemed rather to blame himself for his weakness than applaud him-

¹ “Poor fellow! he was in horrible torment. I have just finished him; he was one of my best friends.”

² “I had not the heart to do it myself; but I have seen it done very often.”

self for his humanity in recoiling from the act of shortening sufferings, that must have been hopelessly and uselessly endured, if they had found not a friendly hand to terminate them. The General, too, pleaded this obvious argument in excuse of the deed he had witnessed.

Bonaparte was riding over the ground on which a battle had just been fought; the horse of one of those who attended him, started at a dead body; *Il me semble, said Bonaparte, que votre cheval est poltron.*¹

That a “state of nature is a state of war” seems extremely probable, since a state of war is so natural to those who are once engaged in it. “The Subaltern,” that is, the author of a popular book under that title,—after one campaign only, talks of wounds and blood and death with an indifference and coolness of which he seems unconscious; and which certainly does not proceed from any want of humanity in him, but from familiarity only and excitement renewed by description.

The French, too, in their late career of military glory, had an additional reason, besides use, for despising death: a disbelief in a future state was very prevalent among them. One should imagine, indeed, to reason *a priori*, that to expect “this sensible warm being to become a kneaded clod,” would be rather appalling than encouraging. Ex-

¹ “It seems to me that your horse is a coward.”

perience, however, proves that “to die, and go we know not where,” is a thought more dreadful than that of annihilation ;—of more force to “make cowards of us all,” at least, of all who have not the soldier’s motives and practice. Suicide also was very common among the French, in the belief that death was “an eternal sleep ;” and it became an affair of calculation, whether a man would suffer more by existing or ceasing to exist.

My dear and valued friend and physician, M. Breugne, told me that one day when he visited the military hospital of the army of Italy, he found a patient so much recovered, that he told the man he was in a state to be placed among the convalescents ; the technical phrase is, “be reformed.” The soldier steadily answered, *Monsieur le médecin, si vous me réformez, je me tue.* Breugne replied, that he should give the order on the morrow. On the morrow he confirmed his opinion as to the improved state of the soldier’s health, and his purpose of “reforming” him. The man, who well knew that, when removed, he should be deprived of many comforts which he then enjoyed, said to him, *Prenez garde à ce que vous faites ; à l’instant que vous donnez cet ordre, je me brulerai la cervelle.* M. Breugne thought it inconsistent with his duty to be thus deterred : he turned to give the order to the attendants ; before he could turn again, the man had drawn the trigger.

LXV.

THE ENGLISH SUNDAY.

It is very provoking for people to talk to an author in a way that shows they have not read his works.

“What did you think of the Italian music?” said some one to me.

“The vocal music of Italy is, beyond all compare, more beautiful than that of any other country.”

“The German music is very fine?”

“In instrumental music the Germans surpass all the world: in Germany every peasant is a performer.”

“ ’Tis a pity that it is not so in England: music is an innocent amusement, and keeps the people in good humour.”

“At what time would you have our common people learn to play music? They are employed in labour six days in the week, and you will not let them fiddle on Sundays.”

“We ought to keep holy the sabbath-day.”

“*D'abord*, Sunday is not the sabbath: Sunday begins at twelve o'clock on Saturday night; whereas the sabbath begins at sun-set on Friday evening.”

“We mean to do the same on Sunday as the Jews do on their sabbath.”

“ We permit to ourselves many things on the Sunday which the Jews think unlawful on their sabbath ; but in this we are not wrong, since the obligation to observe Sunday is not derived from the Decalogue.”

“ But the sabbath was instituted at the creation, and confirmed by the law given to the Jews.”

“ It is, in its nature, not a moral, but a positive precept, and was abrogated on the introduction of Christianity.”

“ What ? Abrogate a divine law ?”

“ Nay, I argue from our own practice : if we acknowledge the obligation, by what authority have we changed the day and the manner of our observance ? There is a certain Jewish rite to which no Christian submits : if we thought ourselves subjected to the precept, should we comply with it by cutting off a joint of the little finger ?”

“ But we keep Sunday in memory of our Lord’s resurrection.”

“ True ; and many of the early Jewish converts to Christianity, who, with this intention, honoured the first day of the week, continued also to keep holy the seventh day ; a proof that the observance of the former was not substituted for the observance of the latter. A new festival with a new meaning was appointed by the apostles : for this inference from our own practice, tradition must be our warrant, since the New Testament is silent on the subject.”

“ But Sunday ought to be kept holy ?”

“ Certainly : we ought not to omit assembling ourselves together, as the manner of some is !”

“ Mighty easy ! Go to church for two or three hours, and then fiddle, and dance, and see stage plays, for the remainder of the day !”

“ Be pleased to observe that you cannot bring forward any divine or scriptural injunction for passing the whole day in spiritual exercises : if you think that it ought to be passed so, that is your private interpretation : but your private judgment, however respectable, is not a law for all Christian people.”

“ I think some innocent relaxation ought to be allowed.”

“ I contend for nothing but what is innocent : but I insist that what is innocent, as an amusement, on other days of the week, is also innocent on Sunday : that, by forbidding quoits, foot-ball, cricket, and other athletic Sunday sports, the population of towns and cities is reduced to the strength of man-milliners and the health and activity of button-makers ; that by shutting up theatres, gardens, dancing-rooms, and other places of public resort, you drive them into the private haunts of debauch and sensuality ; and, to end where we began, by making a sin of Sunday music, that is, of music on a Sunday, you diminish the general stock of gaiety, good-humour, and kind feeling, and, moreover, take from the

poor man the opportunity of learning a liberal art that would be to him the source of cheap, sober, and social pleasure."

We have seen in this dialogue that the Lord's day is not the sabbath; that it does not replace the sabbath; that its observance is not enjoined in Scripture but by the church. The same authority is alone competent to define the mode of observance. Now the Catholic Church ordains that all the faithful assist at mass and abstain from servile work on that day; but no man, or body of men, speaking for and in the name of the Church of England, has given any determinate rule on this head. Doubtless, at the Reformation, the good people continued to go to church and refrain from labour as they had been used; while the indifferent and the strict party kept holy the day, each as seemed them good. These two parties have, from the beginning, divided the reformed or separated Church of England: of late years the strict party appears to have gained ground; and, unhappily for those who have but one day in seven in which to amuse themselves, the local magistrate, backed by well-meaning but ignorant zealots, puts down, by fine and imprisonment, whatever he pleases to consider as a profanation of the Lord's day; while the rich, contented with their own Sunday enjoyments, will not take the trouble nor incur the odium of repressing this tyranny and cruelty,—for such it is,—inflicted on

the poor by pious prejudice and mistaken sanctity.

That hay and corn should be spoiled on a rainy Sunday is an evil (the Sabbath was instituted in a climate that dreaded no such damage); but a much less evil than that the great bulk of mankind should be deprived of their only time for cheerful sport, their only relaxation from labour and toil.

The reunion of families in society on the Sunday has the effect of enabling the servants of one house to do the work of many, and thus leaving other servants at liberty. All persons ought to be cautious not to occupy unnecessarily, on that day, the time of those in their employ. Travelling on a Sunday should be avoided, since they who travel on that day keep others in attendance. The benevolent will take these hints in good part.

LXVI.

ANCIENT USAGES, SONGS, OATHS, AND ALLUSIONS.

It has been said very ingeniously, that Italy and Greece live in the past, the other states of Europe in the present, and America in the future. What may be the future fate of the Greeks, or of the Catholics subjected to the dominion of England, the future will disclose: for the present, *en attendant*, the proscribed and insulted Catholic maintains his

our dignity, at least within himself, by thinking on the past: in the edifices raised by our ancestors that stand like landmarks *super ruas antiquas*; on our primitive institutions, all of them, except the national debt, of Catholic origin. Some blockheads, however, have said, "in their excess"¹ no doubt, that the English constitution is "fundamentally Protestant." Could they not discriminate between a law and the authority from which the law emanates? Such blockheads deserve the application of a gold stick, and then to be asked whether they are able to make a distinction between a blow and a weapon.

But "trifles light as air" tell of the past; as for example, it was the ancient Catholic usage to abstain from eggs during the fast of Lent; and that the eggs already accumulated might not be spoiled in the course of forty days, a gastronomic effort was made to consume them by feasting on pancakes on the day preceding the first of Lent, "commonly called Ash-Wednesday;" a name that is a memorial of a pious usage, unknown to the greater number of my readers (for I write to and for the Protestants), which usage it may be permitted to explain. On Palm Sunday, branches, called of palm, but in fact of such shrubs as are then in leaf, are distributed to the congregations of the faithful: of these

¹ *Dixi in excessu meo, Psalms;* translated—"I said in my haste."

branches, some are collected, and, when dried, burned to ashes: on the following Ash-Wednesday, a small portion of these ashes is laid by the priest on the forehead of each one of the people, as they present themselves in turn, and kneel before the altar; the priest saying, while with the ashes he makes the sign of the cross on the forehead, *Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris*—“Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust shalt return.” “Shrove Tuesday” is so called, because on that day, annually, our forefathers went to confession, to prepare them for the season of mortification. The bell still rings from our churches, and the housewives and cooks say it is a signal to them to break their eggs for the pancakes.

“The house that Jack built” is a poem of Catholic times: witness “the cock that crowed in the morn, to wake the priest all shaven and shorn.” The Anglican clergy bear not the clerical tonsure; of which the form alone occasioned disputes that might justify Swift’s satire conveyed in the account of the Littleendians and Bigendians of Lilliput.

“The carrion crow” goes far back into remote ages: its composition is anterior to the invention of gunpowder. The tailor calls to his wife to bring him his bow, that he may shoot the carrion crow. Who, now-a-days, thinks of shooting crows with arrows? Our modern *amateurs* of archery

shoot at nothing but the target, and can hardly hit *that*. But it is to my purpose to remark, that when, instead of the crow, the old sow is killed, the little pigs pray for her soul. This deed would not have been attributed to them at any period since the reformation.

As a critic, I by no means approve of this song: I think it irreverent and in bad taste: I quote it as an antiquary merely.

But “Cock Robin,” though a very charming and pathetic ditty, is evidently of later times. There is in it a talk of a rook, who, with his little book, is to be the parson; and of the lark, who offers his services as clerk, on the (for him) reasonable condition that it should not be in the dark. When the bell tolls, the birds in the air fall a sighing and sobbing; they do not do as did the little pigs: this difference must be imputed, not so much to an improvement of the taste, as to a change in the faith, of the people.

There is a selection of “Fables Ancient and Modern” edited professedly, perhaps it may be said professionally, by Edward Baldwin, Esq. The paper and print are so bad, as to be very unsuitable to the use of those for whose use the book is adapted; but the work, as far as the author is concerned, is admirably well executed, and his preface shows him to be a man of just reflection and of great insight into the human mind, more especially the infantine mind—the most worthy of the

attention of the philosopher. He says, children do not like for a fable to end abruptly; they ask “What became of the poor dog, or fox, or wolf?” they interest themselves in the story, and ask many questions about it.

So, my children were very much perplexed to find out from what motive the sparrow killed cock-robin: in truth, the deed can only be accounted for by supposing that, as the fame of many heroes has died for want of a poet (*carent quia vate sacro*), so, many heroes die that the poet may live in fame. It may be true, too, that cock robin as well deserves to be rescued from oblivion as the brave men who lived before Agamemnon: certain it is that the ode or poem by which cock-robin is immortalized, has delighted many more readers than an ante-trojan epic would have done. It was very popular in my young family; and I never took horse to go to our post town, without being attended to the door by a little girl with an entreaty that I would bring home “a tot-obin boot.” Now, this little girl was very fond of books; inso-much that she tore out the title-page of one I was reading, to *nosphize*, i. e. take it for her own use; since, the letters being all capitals, it was the part of the book most suited to a *great* scholar. To be sure, she pleaded in her own excuse, “there were a great many leaves, and I only took *one*;” but it became an affair of prudence to satisfy at a cheap rate so voracious a literary appetite:—“The Death

and Burial of Cock-Robin" was to be bought for one penny; the most reasonable article for sale I ever met with in my *dear* country: the book was a quarto; not very thick indeed, but square, after the mode of Mr. Gibbon's quartos; about two inches long and of breadth nearly equal: on every page was an engraving and some verses beneath: the sister arts of painting and poetry had done their utmost, considering the price, to celebrate the funeral obsequies of cock-robin: in the upper part of the first page was robin himself; he lay transfix'd by the fatal dart; then followed the rest of the *cortége*:—the fish, floating in the water, but bearing above its surface the dish, in which is caught the spurting blood: the rook is perched on the dry branch of a tree; he wears, pending from his neck, the academical *collare* or band; and before him is opened the book: then we see the lordly bull, tugging at the bell with more than bovine strength: on the last page, the inhabitants of the air, seated on twigs of cypress or of yew, join in a doleful concert, and even let fall what seem like tears.

"The House that Jack built" is a poem in series or *sorites*; this sort may be called Catenary Poetry, as each link holds on by another link, forming a chain complete in strength and beauty. I am not acquainted with any other example of this sort of poetry: unless the well-known tale of "the little old woman and her pig" be a specimen. There is

much invention in the latter story, and the revolution it performs upon itself is inimitable, at least has not been imitated: but the moral is a bad one; for it is the halter that gives impulsion to the retrograde movement—"the halter began to hang the butcher; the butcher began to kill the ox; the ox began, &c." In cities, as is well known to their representatives in parliament, money makes the mayor to go, and the aldermen too: but to be actuated only by the fear of being hanged, when the benevolent wish to assist the old woman over the *brig* ought to have prevailed, is even more degrading than yielding to "bribery and corruption."

The oracle tells Æneas to seek out his ancient mother. I am following the counsel of the oracle. The lessons of this mother, though we have rebelled against her, are unconsciously remembered: her trace is found at every step we take. How often do we hear prayers for the soul of the departed piously uttered by those who believe purgatory to be a "fond thing," and that every true Protestant, nay every honest man and woman, goes to heaven direct ! There is an expletive in pretty general use among us: the reader will know what expletive is meant, when told that some etymologists derive it from the word Dame, and that what sounds like a horrible imprecation, is no more than swearing "By our Lady;" not a perfectly justifiable, but, *certes*, a comparatively innocent expres-

sion. The use of “Dame,” as a title, is well known; being of Norman origin, it was more honorific than “Lady,” a Saxon term. Even at the present day, the latter has not quite replaced the former. Governor Pownall calls his wife, the widow of a knight, “Dame Harriet.” In the time of Queen Elizabeth, “Dame” was not only the proper, but the accustomed address to women of the rank that gives a right to be called “Lady;” for that queen, who, though the foundress of a married episcopacy, despised bishops who availed themselves of their Christian liberty, and insulted their wives, said to a bishop’s wife, who was presented to her, “Dame, I may not call you; and Mistress, I will not call you.” For *Dame*, the lady was not high enough: *Mistress* was equivocal. Yet this scrupulous queen, when asked by the bishops what place their wives were to have, said, “Place? Do with them as you did before the Reformation;—put them behind the door.”

All this is only meant to prove, by the way, that Queen Bess was a most profligate woman—a truth which, thanks to Whitaker’s “Vindication of Mary of Scotland,” no one doubts now; as also that the Blessed Virgin, commonly called in Catholic times “Our Lady,” might also be called “Dame,”¹ and

¹ “*Dame*” is in France an expletive in this sense: it is unreasonable in the French to be so much alarmed by the imprecation which they make the synonyme of “Englishman.”

appealed to in common parlance. The turning the word into a verb transitive, with the accusative case, “your eyes,” or “your soul,” may be an abuse gradually introduced by time and Protestantism. Nay, in the same manner as Protestants refused to eat fish to show that they were “honest men” (this passage is a curious relic to my present purpose), so they may have made this grammatical improvement, to avoid being suspected of invoking *her*, whom, by a certain fatality,—as if they were excluded from the number of those who were to call her “Blessed,”—they, on every occasion, denominate, without her due addition, “the Virgin Mary.”

Our earlier writers (those I mean of the time immediately following the change of religion) are full of Catholic allusion; and they touch on such topics not ignorantly and as if they approached something strange,—like a modern tourist in Italy; but familiarly and with a fresh recollection. It requires to have some knowledge of this matter in order to understand them. I will quote but one passage: when Hamlet sees the king of Denmark on his knees in prayer, and is about to revenge the “foul and most unnatural murder” of his own father, he refrains; the sentiment is terrific: he will not give the king that chance of salvation which his pious posture and supposed pious dispositions may promise to him; for says he,—

He took my father grossly full of bread, &c.

as the ghost had before complained to him,

Unhousell'd, unanointed, unanneal'd.

A modern reader wants a commentator to inform him that here are meant the three last sacraments of the dying; the Viaticum, Extreme Unction, and Penance, which, though put last, precedes the other two.

LXVII.

CONGE OF A FRENCH MILITAIRE.

To record the satisfaction which my visit to Torquay gave me, I dated thence “Italy as it is.” The shores of Torbay are not romantic or sublime: they are smiling and delightful; not deformed by buildings, but presenting a rural, cultivated, well-wooded scene, reflected by the mirror of the smooth sea. Here Antoine told me, that while he was talking to some boatmen on the quay, a gentleman, hearing his bad English, came up to him and asked if he did not live with me, and if his name was not “Antoine?” telling him, at the same time, that he had seen the name in a book. With all the simplicity of character that belongs to him,—being also one of those to whose minds knowledge had not unrolled her ample page—Antoine was delighted with the incident, and only regretted that the book was not written in French. I

told him lately that, if he chose to be again *imprimé tout vif*—printed alive, I would put him in another book. Not at all alarmed at the thought of appearing before the public, he replied, *Je le veux bien*; adding, that it was a pity he did not know of the former book, as he would have given me the history of his campaigns. Could a man of his condition of life render well, in suitable and intelligible language, all his thoughts and feelings, under the novel and trying circumstances of warfare, a work would be produced of a most interesting nature; one that might help to make us idlers better acquainted, than our fastidiousness allows us to be, with “suffering humanity,” with the hearts of those whom fortune alone makes our inferiors.

The day after Antoine's promise of literary communication, I said to him,

“*Eh bien*; now for your campaigns!”

(By this time he was become prudent.) “*Ah, Monsieur, j'ai tout oublié.*”

“That is merely a *défaite*: I will begin for you: you drew lots at the Prefecture, and were sent off to join.”

“Yes; and after six weeks at the *depôt*—”

“You crossed the Rhine. Where?”

“On our return, we crossed at Strasburgh; but in going we marched through Flanders, and crossed it lower down, and came to Dresden.”

"But you fought two battles before you could get there ; at Lutzen and Bautzen ?"

"I do not very well remember : we were engaged twice before Dresden ; and three or four times while there. If the emperor came up while we were fighting, we were sure to beat the enemy : *on croit l'Empereur ! et cela soulageoit*. At length he left Dresden : the Cossacks surrounded the city ; but their cannon balls always flew too high ; we were some thousands of us in great misery, lying about on the pavement ; the inhabitants barring their houses against us, and we waiting our opportunity to get food, or take it by force : at last they made an *accord* ; we marched out of the town, and were disarmed ; the Cossacks cried *Hourra ! Hourra !* and we walked away with our knapsacks on our backs. We arrived at Peste ; my comrades were put into miserable barracks, no better than dungeons : I was with some of the officers at Wessen, about five leagues distant ; every two officers had a servant, and they chose *les plus propres* : I fared very well. At the peace, they mounted us on cars, six in each car, and sent us home *en poste*. The German horses are excellent : I never travelled so fast. Arrived at Strasburg, the captain said to me, *Léturgé, te voilà en France ; tu es content*. He then told me to write to my parents, and say that we were going to Bethune. My father and mother had not heard of me for two years.

“ We arrived late in the evening at Bethune : the next morning all the soldiers went to roll-call, in a field without the town. Our regiment was standing *at ease*, our fusils resting on the ground. I know not how it happened ;—it seems as if it was *par la permission de Dieu* : I turned round, and at a little distance saw my mother coming on towards me :* I threw my fusil on the arm of my nearest comrade, rushed through the rear ranks, and called to her, running up to her at the same time : she seized me in her arms and burst into tears. This continued some time : at last I said, ‘ *Ma mère, laisse moi aller ; on se moquera de nous ; les militaires rient de très peu de chose.*’ Some of my company came round us : ‘ *C'est la mère de Léturgé qui vient trouver son fils.*’ In a short time the captain, then the general, came up : ‘ *Est-ce ta mère, Léturgé ?*’—‘ *Oui, mon capitaine : oui, mon général : c'est ma mère.*’ They spoke to her to comfort her : ‘ *Ah ! la bonne mère ! ne pleurez pas, Madame : votre fils se porte bien : il n'a pas été blessé ; il n'a souffert aucune misère.*’ She looked up at the general, clasping her hands—‘ Oh, if I could have

* A Russian soldier, placed as sentinel at the gate of a public building on the bank of the Neva, while the river was overflowing, staid till the water was risen up to his middle, and rapidly approaching his mouth : he would not leave his post, till called off. Would an English soldier have imitated the stability of the Russian, or the vivacity of the Frenchman ? National character is much : individual temper is more.

my son at home with me!'—‘ Well ; come to my lodgings, you and he together, after parade.’

“ My mother had made a journey of thirty leagues on foot ; she arrived at Bethune two days before us. On the morning of our meeting, she had gone along in front of our *corps* of four or five thousand men : she could not distinguish me, on account of our being all in uniform. She then went to the rear, to make inquiries—‘ Is there one named Léturge in your company ?’ After receiving many times the answer, ‘ *Non, Non,* ’ at length she heard, ‘ *Oui, Madame ; il est à la tête de la compagnie :*’ for (and here Antoine drew himself up) on account of my height—*à cause de ma grandeur*—I was always in the front rank, and next to the serjeant: so she was hastening up as I chanced to look behind me.

“ It was no easy matter for me to have my *congé* : they were discharging married men, men who had been wounded, short, ill-made, bandy-legged men—for all sorts served under Napoleon : *tout étoit bon pour lui*: but the general said the other officers would blame him for giving a *congé* to a *bon militaire comme moi*; and the other soldiers would complain of injustice: so he told my mother that I must put myself on the sick list, and he would send me my *congé* to my chamber : that she might return home, and that in eight days I should follow her.”

LXVIII.

HOLY LEAGUE OF FRANCE—ECUMENIC SYSTEM.

When in France, I used to have frequent discussions with a friend of mine, an aristocrat of the old *régime*, on the subject of the Holy League. In my youth, I twice read over Davila's *Storia delle Guerre Civili di Francia*; and, were I still young, would read it a third time. Sully's *Mémoires* contribute much to our acquaintance with that æra; but he does not, like Davila, present a comprehensive view of it, a reasoned history.

My friend, though he did not consider the Leaguers quite so bad as the Jacobins, yet held them in great horror: he denied that it was lawful for subjects in any case, on any account, to take up arms against the prince; that if the free profession of the true faith were to be endangered by this submission, still he contended it was our duty to bow the neck; and he confirmed his opinion by the venerable example of the primitive Christians, who never thought of resisting by rebellion a most unjust and bloody persecution; that the right of Henry IV. to the crown was indisputable, and that it was treason to question it.

I replied that the Pagan persecution was not worse in principle than other persecutions; since the Pagans had a religion by law established, and took the obvious, brute method of maintaining it;

as the bull starts his eyes and runs full bolt against the object he wishes to overturn, without even being very certain that the cause of his wrath will be to him the cause of any evil whatever: that the question between us was not what might be permitted to the early Christians, but what was lawful to the French of the sixteenth century. My friend urged, “it could not be lawful to oppose the lawful heir or sovereign.”—“*Ex relevant me phrasē,*” said I, “in taking up my words, you help my argument: by *law* Henry IV. was to succeed, and did succeed to the throne; but in every polity there is something superior to the law, namely, the constitution, which always exists, and cannot but exist, either expressly or by implication. Now, by the constitution of the French monarchy,—a religion older than the monarchy itself—so that your national church is called *Gallican*, as founded while France was yet Gaul—this religion was to be secured in its free profession and privileges: these were threatened, and the party of the Guises appealed to the state of England at that time; they displayed pictures, representing priests half-hanged and disembowelled alive, with other circumstances of Elizabethan persecution, and said to the people, ‘This is what you may expect, if Henry of Navarre and his Huguenots shall mount the throne.’ ”

“Will you say then,” asked my friend, “that you English would have been justified in opposing

Elizabeth?"—“The cases are not quite parallel: we had indeed received the Catholic faith while England was still a heptarchy; and neither Egbert, nor even William the Conqueror, ever dreamed that he had acquired a right to make any change in that faith; but our Henry VIII. had declared the schism; and, in the reign of Edward, the church of forty-two articles was established: so that the question was not new on the accession of Elizabeth: she might, however, have been opposed on another ground; a ground which she herself perfectly apprehended, and which was her motive for adopting a religion which she held in due estimation as being her own workmanship. I do not say that Elizabeth was illegitimate; there had been a law to legitimize her: but I say that if any man in England were to take a second wife, his first being still living, the children of the second bed would be bastards.¹ The pope of that time has been blamed for an indelicate or impolitic allusion to this little blot: he knew what he was about; but the Catholics of England did not: he wished to encourage them; he failed, and his failure has caused imprudence, at least, to be imputed to him; but the English Catholics neither then were, nor have ever since been, capable of

¹ Henry VIII. ordering Cranmer to cite him, Henry, to his, Cranmer's, court, and Cranmer's declaration of the divorce of Henry and Catherine, is the most impudent farce ever acted.

distinguishing between their friends and their enemies. But this concerns not you. With the example of England before their eyes, the Guises and the League, representing every interest in the nation but that of the innovators, did not think it right to deliver up that nation to the mercy of the Huguenots: at that time *we* warned *you* against a religious revolution: at a later period *you* have warned *us* against a political one."

I know not how far my opinions prevailed with my friend; but it is clear that they are practically upheld in England: by all who maintain the revolution of 1688,—by all who approve that condition annexed to the royal succession, by which the heir apparent or the heir presumptive, being a Catholic, or marrying a Catholic, loses his right, *ipso facto*:—by those who tell the king, or him who rules for the king, that his family was called to the throne to defend the Church of England. Not even the Holy League did more than all this; nay, it did not do so much.

Reflect, ye petitioners, whose zeal makes you break forth into uncourtly language; that, whatever may have been the reason or motive for settling the crown on the issue of the Princess Sophia, the king now on the throne ascended that throne as the lineal descendant of James I. the great-grandfather of his grandfather's grandfather. Reflect also, that it is one thing to defend the Church of England, and another thing to de-

prive of their civil rights the adherents to the ancient faith. It would be unjust to deprive of their privileges those who differ from *you*: what is it thus to treat those from whom *you* differ? But “the patriot reformer was ambitious of succeeding the tyrant whom he had deposed.”

“Rulers are a terror to evil works.” Is it an evil work to differ from the religion of the state? If so, the Huguenots of France were evil workers: so were the reformers in England; and, what is whimsical, they, in respect of whom the reformers were evil-workers, and their fellow evil-workers, the Dissenters, are become evil-workers in respect of the reformers. Instead of the power of truth, we have the truth of power.

The Ecumenic system would set all these matters in their proper places. “The powers that be are ordained for the punishment of evil-doers:” to *that* let them restrain themselves: we will dispense with their “praising them that do well;” for the mode of praising (see the Red Book) is very expensive to the community at large; and the services of those thus *praised* are, in some instances, of an equivocal nature. On the plan of the Ecumeners, Henri Quatre might have succeeded quietly, *par droit de naissance*, without being compelled to make available for his cause the *droit de conquête*; and Elizabeth would have been as good a queen for England as she on whose bearings armorial there was no bend sinister.

But the Holy League was formed because it was well known that the Huguenots were not only very unwilling to imitate the primitive Christians in patient endurance of persecution, (although the example was applicable to them as the introducers of a new religion,) but that they would also, when in power, set up for themselves a dominant, persecuting church; for a church, according to the policy of the Turkish seraglio, “ bears no brother near the throne.”

Bishop Milner says, that James II. failed in an attempt to combine toleration with an establishment. Whether James II. would have been contented with toleration for his own faith, is a question, to which our knowledge of the notions then thought indisputable, and of the practices then thought just and necessary, must incline us to answer in the negative. He had only to act over again the scenes that England and Scotland had exhibited for more than a century, to be recorded as the most bloody tyrant that ever existed. The Anglican party, in deposing James, went further than they at first intended; but the *glorious deliverer* was come from Holland: no choice was left to them. Many worthy divines of the Church of England, and some laymen, expiated their fault as non-jurors. A gentleman, who used to hunt with the Princess Anne, kept at a distance from her in the field after she became queen.—“ Tell him that I know his motive,” said the queen,

"and think him a very honest man." Still later, Daniel Purcell said, "I have seen George I., but I can't *swear* to him." The order of succession had been violated, but the principle of loyalty remained. The non-juring clergy still live in honourable memory.

For all these contradictions; for the evils we apprehend that may still emanate from the same fruitful source; the Ecumenic principle is the remedy: it removes all absurdities in legislation: the governments will impose on their subjects nothing but what is for the benefit of all: party spirit will be at an end, for there will be no party interests: the state will be no longer a monopoly: the contributions required by its necessities will be cheerfully paid, for it will be known that they will not be diverted: every man will be free to take care of his own well-being: the supreme authority will be no longer degraded by petty cares about button-moulds and burying in woollen; nor will the people be at one time taxed to encourage exportation, and, at another, tormented by the prohibition of the importation of the same article of commerce: every man in every nation will be at liberty to take his person and his industry whithersoever it shall please him, when man shall be no longer the property of his government. Let it but be acknowledged that the "higher powers are ordained for the punishment of evil doers:" that nothing is evil doing but that which

instituted by the Legislature in relation to
the public it would be more appropriate that
it act in accordance with present conditions than
that it ~~act~~ ~~be~~ by which the ~~supreme~~
~~power~~ ~~which~~ ~~is~~ ~~vested~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~Senate~~ by which
any ~~measure~~ ~~is~~ ~~passed~~ that ~~is~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~done~~
than the import — export of all these measures
on the part and influence of mankind, let it be
noted that the final cause or end for which all go-
vernments, whether monarchical, aristocratic, or republican,
are established, is the just use both of its powers,
and of the exercise of its powers: that end is, the
protection of the state against its enemies, and of the
citizens against and from itself. What is more is of

Even the great public works which individuals
cannot undertake, may be accomplished as they,
for the most part, have been in England accom-
plished by voluntary associations of individuals;
and the willingness of individuals to associate is
the surest proof that the work, whatever it may
be, is really wanted: the chief power needs then
only to award the compensation for the cession of
private rights.

"I understand your Ecumenic system, as you call it," said a friend, after reading "Italy as it

is ;" "but, since you consider one form of government as good as another, where are your means ?" —“ *Opinione, regina del mondo* ;—the press ; the union in sentiment of wise men of every nation, forming a sort of Amphictyonic council of the civilized world.”

Let us look back but half a century : the *question* was not abolished in France : the penal laws were not repealed in England : the justice of monopolies was not suspected : the two continents of America were subjected to two or three European nations. What an accelerated movement has been given to human affairs !

I was walking in the street of Nice with a Nissard : we passed by an ordinance of the government pasted on the wall. “ I remember the time,” said my companion, “ when the people would have taken off their hats to the royal arms at the top of that *affiche* ; now, they stop and read it.”

LXIX.

NAPOLEON—GENERAL LASNES.

At Avignon, I knew a very old priest who was acquainted with Bonaparte in his youth. This old man told me,—“ Bonaparte had, at that time, a very awkward way of looking downwards or aside, when in conversation with any one. I said to him, ‘ Monsieur Bonaparte, quand on parle à quelqu’un, il faut le

regarder en face : détourner les yeux, ce n'est pas honnête.”¹ I asked, “ How did he take it ?”— “ *Doucement ; et même avec l'air de m'en savoir bon gré : j'étois plus âgé que lui ; il étoit jeune, et n'étoit pas alors le grand homme qu'il est devenu plus tard.*”²

This *mauvaise honte*, as the old priest called it, is often, in young men a symptom of strong feeling: it is unjust to impute it, as is too frequently done, to a defect of good manners or of intellectual powers. It may be worthy of remark, since it is contrary to the usual effect of shyness, that this sentiment, or rather sensation, never troubled the clearness of Bonaparte's apprehension, nor took away his presence of mind. The general before quoted was with him at Logano, when, with less than six hundred men, he was summoned to surrender by four thousand Austrians: “ We of his suite,” said the general, “ thought it a lost affair : think what was our astonishment when Bonaparte threatened to put the whole Austrian detachment to the sword for their insolence in daring to summon the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy ! His behaviour was perfect : admirably well acted ! The Austrian officer, who had been introduced, and was led out of the town blind-folded, made

¹ “ M. Bonaparte, when one speaks to any body, one ought to look him in the face : to turn away one's eyes is uncivil.”

² “ Quietly, and even as if he was obliged to me : I was older than he ; he was a young man, and not the great man he afterwards became.”

his report; and the whole four thousand marched through the place, laying down their arms as prisoners of war to our six hundred. *Nous voilà tirés d'affaire par l'ascendant de Bonaparte.*" This anecdote is, perhaps, the most curious of any related even of this extraordinary man: those of my readers, who have met with it elsewhere, will pardon me for yielding to the temptation of recording it, on the testimony of an eye-witness; on whom, after fifteen years, the scene had not lost its effect: he felt all its triumph o'er again.

It may be suspected that Bonaparte put a great force upon himself to command his nerves and assert the dignity of his fortune: thus we may account for what the French observed, that, at the Tuilleries and in the camp he was two different men. At his court, he was irritable, rude, violent; at the army, where he was still at home, he was affable, even-tempered, and sociable. His soldiers were permitted to jest with him. The general, my landlord at Nice, told me that when this great man commanded in Italy, as he rode by a company of grenadiers, he saw among them a man of very short stature, and said to him, "*Tu es bien petit pour un grenadier.*" The soldier replied: "*Si on prenoit les généraux à la taille, vous n'en seriez pas un.*"¹ When he became emperor, the familiarity of his soldiers

¹ "If generals were chosen by their height you would not be one of them."

might be diminished; but their enthusiasm and affection were even still more fervent than before his elevation.

General Lannes or Lasnes: I know not how to spell the name, and forget the ducal title: for the dukes of Napoleon, unlike those who are known only because they are dukes, were made dukes because they were already known; this general, having been accustomed to *tutoyer* Bonaparte, continued the practice with Napoleon. This, we may suppose, was at the Tuilleries or St. Cloud. Napoleon looked grave: Lasnes rejoined,—“*Ne te formalise pas: si tu es empereur c'est nous qui te l'avons fait.*”¹

Lasnes was said to be (and the term implied no reproach on the part of those who used it) a *franc athée*. When commanding a division of the army of Italy, it chanced that he was to take up his quarters for the night in a little town of the Genoese territory. The people of the place, headed by their pastor, went in a sort of procession to meet him. Lasnes, in very good humour, entered into talk with them: seeing the ecclesiastic, he said to him, “*Vous êtes prêtre: n'est-ce pas?*”—“*Oui, mon général: je suis curé de la paroisse.*”—“*Avant la révolution,*” said Lannes, “*j'avois deux frères de ce métier-là; mais, heureusement, la guil-*

¹ “Do not be formal: if thou art emperor, it is we that have made thee so.”

lotine m'en a débarrassé.”¹ The poor curé was astounded: but the careless manner of the general reassured him against all fear of a repetition of the experiment of the guillotine.

These anecdotes of General Lasnes were told me by a canon of the cathedral of Genoa. I quote my voucher to show that I had them on what would be called, in the language of the Jesuits, probable authority.

A native of Ajaccio whom I met in Rome, said in somewhat like the tone of complaint, that Napoleon had not caused any edifice, ornamental or useful, to be raised in his native city; had not distinguished it by any mark of his favour. Yet the Italians considered him as their countryman, and were always sure of his protection. A Frenchman, who had been high in the administration in Italy under Napoleon, told me, “*quand il y avoit question entre les Italiens et les administrateurs, toujours il nous donnoit le tort!*”² Had he acted thus in regard to Spain, that country would have been easily reduced under his dominion: but having made himself emperor, he seemed to have taken so much for himself, that he was obliged to allow others to take a great deal.

¹ “ You are a priest; are you not?”—“ Yes, general; *curé* of the parish.”—“ Before the revolution I had two brothers of that *there* trade; but, happily, the guillotine rid me of them.”

² “ Whenever there was a dispute between the Italians and the administrators he laid the blame on us.”

The assumption of the imperial title was, in very deed, to him a cause of weakness ; and, in assuming it, he pursued the very reverse of the policy of the Romans, *apud quos*, says Tacitus, *vis imperii manet ; inania transmittuntur*. While he ruled absolutely—and nothing was wanting to his power, as chief of the republic,—it was the republic, not he, that excluded the Bourbons. Nay, even Louis XVIII. wrote “*Je suis loin de confondre M. Bonaparte avec ceux qui l'ont précédé : il fait le bien de mes sujets.*” But the imperial title revived the cause of monarchy : usurpation is, in the apprehension of mankind, a personal offence ; and with that offence Napoleon was personally charged. It would be to trifle with the reader to discuss the ground of that charge ; but a fact may be related, curious in itself, and helping our judgment in this matter. An officer of the French army serving in Spain, was taken prisoner by the English, and, on arriving in England, was sent to a *dépôt* of French prisoners at Leek, in Staffordshire, being then about three or four-and-twenty years of age. This officer assured me that, at Leek in Staffordshire, he first knew of the existence of Louis XVIII., having never before heard of that personage. Other reports confirm to me the likelihood of the truth of this story.

Napoleon was beloved by his friends, and loved them in return. He met General Lasnes borne on a litter from the field, mortally wounded : he

stopped the litter, and spoke to the dying man,—
“*Mon cher Lasnes! ne me reconnois-tu pas? c'est l'empereur, c'est Bonaparte, c'est ton ami qui t'appelle!*”—But he was become too great to be well served by *all* his former equals. He got entangled in treaties and alliances: he could not for example, declare the independence of Poland on account of *garanties*. But enough: he belongs to history; to future time. May he have expiated all his faults; may he have pardoned the injustice he endured; and, in the words of the Church IN WHOSE COMMUNION HE DIED,—*Requiescat in pace!*

LXX.

IMPROVISATORI—PROVERBS—PARTICLES—BLUNDERS.

At the house, I beg pardon—the palace of *la Contessa* at Florence, I had, more than once, the advantage of hearing specimens of extemporaneous poetry. A lady of the middle age of life, who was said to be a lover of literature, an *improvatrice* of no ordinary merit, desired some of the company to give her the *bouts rimés*, the concluding words of as many lines as are required to form a sonnet, in their due arrangement. After about two minutes meditation, certainly not longer, she began a very animated poem on the oath of Annibal: diction and imagery seemed to be more

and more at her command as she advanced ; and she arrived at the end without the slightest hesitation or having occasion to change a single word.

“ I know,” said a Florentine to me, “ that you foreigners regard this talent of *improvising* with some degree of astonishment : but, believe me, every body in Tuscany is naturally an *improvistaore*. ”—“ Not naturally ; the art must require great practice at least.”—“ Nay ; *poeta nascitur* : our language lends itself to the efforts which they make to amuse themselves in this way ; and any man among the common people whom you might task to it, would make verses *extempore* ; not indeed perfect and good poetry such as you heard from the Signora M——, but lines of correct measure and true rhyme.”—“ Then,” said I, “ a very good *improvistaore* is, with you, what a great orator is among other people ; and the mere faculty of *improvising* is your vulgar tongue—what common speech is to others.”—“ A fair statement and good illustration,” said he.

The *Contessa* received her company in summer in a suite of rooms on the ground-floor, paved with marble, and having marble seats in the recesses. On one of these I was seated next to an Italian, who observed, “ We have a proverb which says, ‘ One may sit on marble when there is no R in the name of the month.’ ”—“ We have the converse of

that proverb in respect to eating oysters." Such approximations are whimsical enough. *Qui mores hominum, &c.*

M. Pierron, with that critical acumen of which he has already given an example, observed that the chief difficulty of a foreign language arose from the particles; that to translate these literally from one language to another was the most frequent occasion of blunder. He instanced, *diner sur un paté*; and told of a lady who said to another that had laid in the sunshine, her hat bedecked with ribands of delicate tint, "*Votre chapeau est dans le soleil.*" I could not but agree with him, and spoke of a countryman, who, walking in the street after having drunk too much wine, was laughed at by the people; to whom he wrathfully turned round, saying, "*Vous riez à moi?*" whereat they laughed the more. Then, by way of a retort courteous, I mentioned our friend —, who was learning English, and who called on me to take leave, saying, "*I am going at the country.*" He permitted me to set him right; and, to show that he was not offended, nay—that he had already profited by my lesson, said, "*I will knock to your door on my return.*"

The Italian particles, and probably the Spanish, are the same as the French: except the very useful Italian particle *da*, and *di* instead of *que*, after an adjective of the comparative degree, I know of no difference.

It seems that in every language there are some

few words of perpetual recurrence, to which the privilege of being proper for every occasion is accorded by usage, to save the trouble of seeking the word that may be really proper. The hackneyed word in Italy is *combinazione*: if a door or window does not shut well, it is because *non c' è combinazione*: if two people are going to be married, *se fa una combinazione*. In France, the word “of all work” is *arrangement*: every sort of agreement, from a treaty of peace down to a party of pleasure, is *un arrangement*: if a man's coat is out at elbows, he says *il faut le faire arranger*: and if, on entering or leaving a room, you wish the company to keep their seats, you must say, *Ne vous dérangez pas*.

Indeed—I found the *polite phrases*, as the grammars call them, to be the most difficult parts of foreign speech; and, not much to the credit of my good manners, was never so much at a loss for words as when I had to say something civil. These phrases have, in all civilized nations, a certain extravagance of which one is not aware, at least not so well aware, till one comes to try them in a new tongue. The value—I speak grammatically—of these set sentences, and the occasions for uttering them, can be learned, not from books, but by observation only.

At Rome, at the *soirée* of the *Duchessa*, my daughter was standing at the harpsichord, and singing to the accompaniment: I was standing by the chimney near a *Signore*, who, turning to me, said,

Chi è questa signorina?—“Who is that young lady?” I answered, *E mia figlia*. With a very polite bow, he replied, *Me ne consolo infinitamente*. Now, what Englishman could have reasoned himself, *a priori*, into the persuasion that such a form of words could here be applicable? I reported them to the person concerned, who said, “I suppose he *consoled* himself by the assurance that I was not *his* daughter.” He thought not of it.

There is a sort of solidarity, by which Englishmen in a foreign land are sharers in each other's colloquial blunders, as well as in matters of greater moment; and I felt somewhat ashamed when a countryman, excusing himself for not having paid a morning call, said to the party,—*C'étoit mon intention; mais je trompai votre maison*. A secret consciousness of one's own deficiency may be the cause of this partnership in conversational discredit: for Lady D—, who speaks French perfectly, related, with entire unconcern, that an English lady, having taken a box at San Carlo, said to an Italian, *Je serai charmée de vous voir dans ma boite*. But

————— *hæ nugæ seria ducunt*

In mala.

LXXI.

SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

In the beginning of my winter at Naples, I was present at the first great ball given by Lady Drum-

mond : the wife of the king was to be there. Sir William Drummond said to me, “ I wish the Duchess of Floridia would come : the etiquette is, that the great salon cannot be opened till then ; meantime we are kept crowded in this little space.”

—“ Since you encourage me to complain, Sir William, I will own it is very uncomfortable : I had rather be seated in a corner, playing at chess.” —“ That may be contrived, after the first hour, when all will be *en train* : but, perhaps, you are too strong for me ? ” —“ I call myself a third-rate player.” —“ Perhaps that may be the measure of my force ; but I am out of practice.”

Count Beniowski, a Polish exile in Siberia, played at chess with the governor of Ochotskoi, and by the facilities which this intercourse afforded him, was enabled to undertake, with a few companions, a most hardy, and, what ought to be, an ever-memorable enterprise : he seized on a vessel in the port, and returned to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope. I owe to chess very frequent opportunities of cultivating an acquaintance, the remembrance of which I recall with very great satisfaction.

Lady Drummond’s balls were superb : it ought to be noted that there were two bands of music ; an Italian band for the quadrilles, and a German one for the waltzes, and these two relieved each other by turns. At one of these balls the duke and duchess of Salerno attended. The presence

of any of the royal family made it unbecoming for the master of the house to be engaged in a study that absorbs all the attention ; but at times when no august company forbade, Sir William engaged with me in the *ludicra bella* in one of the card rooms. Besides this, I usually played with him once or twice a week : at first, I was the conqueror ; but he soon recovered his strength, and tore the victorious laurel from my brow. My son generally beat him ; insomuch that he said, “ I never can win a game of Mr. —, except when a certain young lady is of the party.” I could not but wonder at the pertinacity of his attention and the strength of his head : he would engage alternately with my son and me ; beginning to set the men again so soon as the game was concluded, and calling my son from the *écarté* table : when I could not be thus relieved, I used to beg for an interval of a few minutes’ talk.

This faculty of intense and unwearied application was, doubtless, of service to him in his pursuits of antediluvian chronology. He was at this time engaged in his last literary work, which he sent to England for publication in the following spring : his mind thus occupied, he would walk up and down the room, lost in thought, unconscious even that the chess-board was prepared. He lent me his “ *Origines* ;” and on my returning the book with due eulogium, he said, “ I have been violently abused for it.”—“ How

so?"—"They said I was not orthodox."—"By discussing biblical questions, you suppose the Bible to be a true history."—"Yes; but I have differed from some received interpretations."—"Surely you have a right to contest the *popular* date of the Tower of Babel, for example: but that is the way with establishments; you must submit in every thing, or they give you a hard name." He had some claim on the dukedom of Perth, which he urged to the ministry, but without meeting due attention. Was this because he was not orthodox? Are all Scotch dukes orthodox?

I mentioned to him the opinion of a common friend that מִזְרָח מִזְרָח in Gen. i. 2. meant only a very strong wind; in the same manner as ἀστεῖος τῷ Θεῷ is translated "exceeding fair." He rejected this interpretation with some disdain; insisting that, the elemental air not being yet created, there could be no wind, properly so called; and that "spirit of God" was right, as implying an immediate divine agency. Did this seem heterodox?

As to his opinions touching religion, though a priest, who visited at his house, told me in his presence that he was a Catholic, and he so far concurred as to induce me to lend him "Ward's England's Reformation;" yet, from intimations too plain to be misunderstood, I can have no hesitation in recording him a *philosopher*. Ward's book remains at Naples, where it can be of no use; since

all the world perfectly understands Protestantism, save only Protestants themselves. This Hudibrastic poem is equal in wit and learning to its model; though inferior to it in facility of versification.

When, on the death of the late king of Naples, his character was discussed, Sir William Drummond was too well aware of what was due to himself to accede to the sentiments then generally expressed: he did not indeed contradict them; but there was a palliative: “he was so *very* good-natured.” Then he told, “When we were at Palermo, the court went to a hunting-seat of the king: I was invited: we sat down to dinner at seven o’clock, and went to bed at ten. *I* had not been used to go to bed at ten; so I sat up reading till between twelve and one: at five in the morning my valet rushed into the room, with ‘Sir, the king is coming up stairs;’ and in he came with, ‘Come, are not you ready?’ I was obliged to request his majesty to afford me, by retiring, the possibility of putting on my clothes; and then dressing in a hurry, half-washed, and unshaven, went to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. Instead of sitting down to dinner in the evening, I pre-

* The anecdotes relating to this king’s government, that are given in the twenty-seventh letter of “TRANSALPINE MEMOIRS,” prove that this set-off of “good-nature” ought not to avail either Ferdinand or Sir William Drummond. Some kings have made monarchy hateful; others have made it contemptible: Ferdinand improved on both sorts.

tended despatches from England, that recalled me to Palermo. The king was very angry, and did not forgive me for a long time."—"I do not wonder at it," said I ; "it is to be feared you behaved very ill all the time of the sport."

At the dinner parties of Sir William Drummond were assembled the most distinguished of the inhabitants and visitors of Naples ; among others, the author of the "Pursuits of Literature." Before I left Naples, he had published a work, redounding very much to his own credit, and to the honour of our country ; a translation into Italian verse of Beattie's "Minstrel." The Italians bore full and decided testimony to the purity of the language and the elegance of the poetic style of this version, and were well pleased that this beautiful poem should be naturalized among them. Mr. Mathias was far advanced in years, but without any diminution of bodily health or conversational powers.

I love to record a good-natured action, and will not refrain from telling that Lady Drummond invited my two youngest daughters to go with her to see the English races. The anticipated delight of a splendid spectacle, to which they were to be taken in a gorgeous equipage drawn by four fine horses, filled the fancies of the two little girls. But *Toto* was to be of the party ; *Toto*, his lady's favourite, nay very favoured, though somewhat ill-favoured, lap-dog, who never quitted her side ex-

cept to bark at every one who came into the drawing-room. Once, and once only, did I hear Sir William call him “a little d—d noisy plague of a beast.” What place then was Toto to occupy? Amidst all her high-wrought expectation, this concern engaged the mind of my latest born, already known to my readers as the cultivator of rice at Milan. At length she said to her sister, “I suppose Lady Drummond and Toto will be on the back seat, and you and I on the front.” I fear her caresses of the dog disturbed the *partie quarrée*.

Sir William Drummond died at Rome in the beginning of the present year. I have seldom known a man who pleased me more. His behaviour was at once dignified, prudent, and gentle. His learning is above my praise.

LXXII.

MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.

Major Cartwright very much resembled Sir William Drummond in height and personal figure, and carriage of the person. Plutarch might have made parallels of them : they were so much alike, that the one has forcibly reminded me of the other. The manners of the major were more vivacious, and his eyes were quick and penetrating ; whereas Sir William was more composed, and even somewhat too still ; and his visual orbs were full and projecting, as those of a short-sighted man.

Nine-and-twenty years ago I visited Major Cartwright at Brothertoft, in company with a friend whose sagacity and knowledge of the major's former life were a great help to my judgment, and drew forth the major into full display. We rode over the farm and to the woad-houses : the culture of woad, he insisted, by no means exhausted the land, as its leaves were plucked while the plant was still young, and no seed was formed. For particulars on this curious subject, reference may be made to Arthur Young's "Agricultural Survey of Lincolnshire ;" a book that may make the reader acquainted with my dear, unknown, native county.

As the major rode in the middle of the *Drove* (so our fen roads are called), habited in his military great-coat of blue and scarlet, my friend and I on either hand, he inspired me with great respect for him : his " talk was of bullocks ;" but to this talk he gave elevation and importance : he strongly advised me to become a farmer of a portion of my own land, with many friendly expressions of the pleasure it would give him to have me for a neighbour. "The country contains a mine of wealth," said he : "the mine is on the surface, and therefore more easily and agreeably wrought; the climate is not unhealthy to those who are temperate, and know how to take care of themselves. Come and live among us, Sir." His horse slipped in the mud :— "Bad for the rider, good for the abider."

In the drawing-room, before dinner, we met Mrs. Cartwright, *nata*, as the Italians say, Dashwood, a good old Lincolnshire family; and the major's niece, the same who has lately favoured the public with a biographical notice of her uncle. At dinner, it was *jour maigre*, there was no food for me. The perfect ease and good-breeding of the mistress of the house improved this into an amusing incident; while the major, more for the sake of jesting than of supplying my wants, offered a red-herring: I somewhat balked his humour by accepting it as a substitute for fried bacon under the poached eggs. He returned to the attack, however: "My brother, who lived on the coast of Labrador, told me that the pope had decided that the beaver is fish, and that the Canadians might accordingly eat it on meagre days."—"The beaver is an amphibious animal," said I; "it was free to his holiness to make of it either flesh or fish."—"Ay, or good red-herring. I wish we had some beaver here for your sake."—"For curiosity I should like it: as to the rest, I am well contented." He yielded and let me alone.

After dinner he began his descant, which many thought so wild, on universal suffrage, defending it on the ground that no man ought to be taxed without his own consent, and admitting no distinction between direct and indirect taxation;¹ on

¹ He insisted that a vote for a representative in parliament is a trust; and a trust that ought to be conscientiously dis-

annual parliaments or “short commons;” a jest in which Mr. Robert Fudge was then anticipated, but which was gravely received by a chief of a great and then dreaded party, which had not yet undergone the fatal blow by the crowning of the emperor of the French. He detailed his plan for arming the people, and dividing the country into military districts; said that every freeman had a right to arms, and that it was an insult to call men free to whom that right was denied. The invasion threatened at the time rendered this part of his discourse peculiarly interesting.

“I am now,” said he, “in my grand climacteric. I have been contending, for thirty years, for the cause of liberty: I never yet despaired of the cause, and I never will despair. The first principle to be adopted by one who engages in that cause is, never to despair.”

We talked of the trials of Horne Tooke and the others whom Mr. Windham called “acquitted felons.” My friend had the tact to know that there are cases,—extraordinary ones indeed,—but still some cases there are, in which a man may be flattered by being thought worth hanging: and he

charged. Our moral people regard it as a mean of monopoly. He said he had advised the chiefs of his party to procure the return of some able men of the party to the House of Commons: not that they could do any good *there*; but the newspapers would give their speeches to the people. Poor Demosthenes could only be heard to the extent of his lungs!

said, "It may be presumed, major, that, if they had succeeded in convicting Tooke and his companions, yourself and some others would have been prosecuted in turn." The major readily assented, and was evidently pleased by this proof of the high consideration in which he was held. He said he did not know what Horne Tooke meant by saying on his trial, that he (Tooke) would be contented to go half-way.

After tea, he walked backwards and forwards from one end of the drawing-room to the other, stopping to talk and hear as he passed by the fire-place. After some inuendos on the supposed political scrupulosity of Catholics and their principles of civil obedience, he stopped, and leaning so as to bring his face to a level with mine as I was seated, he said, "They who join me must go on with me: I am for no half measures." As he had given no intimation of any ulterior measures, I could neither approve nor reject them. I replied that I wanted to recover the civil rights that belonged to me as an Englishman; that I felt myself to be degraded and insulted and treated unjustly by being deprived of them. He said that no government, following the dictates of common sense, would make such distinctions. He then began on the ecclesiastical affairs of his own parish in manner and form following :—

"Brothertoft is a donative, and so completely has the proprietor of the land the appointment of

the clergyman (which the bishop contested with me, but was obliged to give up the point), that if I chose not to nominate any clerk at all, his lordship has no power to compel me to do so. However, I *do* engage a clergyman to read prayers and preach. Mrs. Cartwright wishes it, and therefore it is done : it pleases *her*."

It was difficult for any good Christian lady to bear with equanimity this *trait* of philosophical indifference : difficult as it was, however, Mrs. Cartwright contrived, by perfect good manners and address, to maintain the respect which she thought due to her own religious opinions without impugning or censuring those of her husband.

After breakfast the next morning, before we took our leave, he led us into his study, a glorious lumber-room of agricultural, political, and literary confusion : sample-bags and corn-sieves, charts, pamphlets, newspapers, and sheets of writing, bedecked the walls and tables and chairs. "Gentlemen," said he, "it would at any time have given me pleasure to receive a visit from you ; but it is more especially agreeable to me just now, as I yesterday received notes from — and — declining, on political grounds, all further intercourse by visit with me and my family." He read the notes, which, couched in most civil and respectful terms, expressed the purport and motive he had stated : concluding by saying, that the writers (they had no doubt written in concert) would be happy in

meeting at any third place, and offering some hot-house plants that Miss Cartwright wanted, and asking for some bulbous roots in return. "You see," said the major, "a visit to me is no light matter: such is the spirit of the time: you will be censured for the honour you have now done me."

We rode back our four miles to Boston. My friend observed, "Cartwright's scheme is simple enough: he says to the government, 'Arm us and represent us, and we will tell you what we want.' If there should be a revolution *à la Française* in England, he will be generalissimo."

LXXIII.

LORD NELSON AND THE SEALING-WAX.

"What a *farrago libelli* is this!" said a courteous critic, taking up my Ms. "Puns and politics: Oxford jests and divinity: *Pensées de Pascal* and cock-robin!"—"Do you not know," said I, "that men of the greatest minds are most capable of attention to trifles? Did you ever hear the story of Lord Nelson and the sealing-wax?" On his reply in the negative, the story was told. Lord Nelson gained a great victory at Copenhagen: he silenced the land batteries by his broadsides; at least so it was said: but he found out that one or more of his ships were in rather shallow water: it was expedient to

send a letter to the crown prince of Denmark to demand a cessation of hostilities in order to spare further effusion of human blood. The letter being written and neatly folded, Lord Nelson sent for a stick of sealing-wax. It so happened that he who was sent on this commission, in going to fetch the wax, had his head taken off by a cannon-ball. This was reported to Nelson ; “Send another messenger for the wax.” It was observed to him that there were wafers on the table : “Send for the sealing-wax,” he repeated. It was done : the letter was sealed.

Some one said, “May I take the liberty of asking why, under so hot a fire, and after such an accident, you have attached so much importance to a circumstance apparently so trifling ?” He replied, “If I had made use of a wafer, the wafer would have been still wet when the letter was presented to the crown prince : he would have inferred that the letter was sent off in a hurry, and that we had some very pressing reasons for being in a hurry. The wax told no tales.”

I remember the ringing of the bells, and the firing of the Park and Tower guns to announce a victory at Corunna, embittered by the loss of the amiable Sir John Moore. Nelson was reserved for Trafalgar : he then was no longer wanted : he had destroyed, annihilated every hostile fleet. How great the glory of him who dies when he has no more to conquer !

LXXIV.

AN INTRUSION.

From the hero of the Nile and the pillars of Hercules, let me pass to one who, on a different element, sought for glory, that he deemed of a higher order, by an intrepidity not less than his who dares the front of battle when it rages. Animated, no doubt, by the example of the apostle Paul, who went into the synagogue on the sabbath-day to confute the Jews, this man presented himself where he thought he might best confound the representative theology of the Church of England—at a university sermon, preached on the day of his attempt in the cathedral of Christ-Church, Oxford. To a few of the larger colleges is accorded the honourable privilege, that the sermon usually delivered at St. Mary's shall, on certain rarely recurring days, be preached within their chapels. On these occasions the head of the college does the honours of his house, and is in some sort responsible for the decorum of the ceremonial and all academical propriety.

Conceive then what must have been the indignation of Cyril Jackson the dean, as well as the astonishment of the whole congregation, when, at the conclusion of the preacher's doxology, we saw a man standing upright on a bench not far from the pulpit, and opposite to the vice-chancellor and

doctors, who cried out aloud,—“ I bear witness against ye : ye are false teachers : ye *do* not what ye say : ye preach not Christ : ye preach your own selves : I testify against ye.” The man had the appearance of a respectable artisan in his Sunday clothes, and but for the agitation of his face and whole body, would have seemed incapable of extravagance or disorder. The convulsive heavings of his lungs made his speech come slowly from him : his auditors had time to gaze and admire. The procession could not move out of the church : for the organist, the celebrated Dr. Crotch, then a young man, was looking down from the organ-loft on the enthusiast : a glance from the eye of the dean recalled him to his duty, and the full peal of one of Handel’s noisiest pieces overpowered all *testimony*. The heads of houses stepped forth in measured pace : the poor fellow, awed by the beadles’ staves, rushed out of the great door, and, as it was said, immediately left the town.

LXXV.

A SUPPOSED CASE—TOURS IN ITALY.

If four or five thousand Italians were to visit England every year, persons of every age, rank, and profession, ladies and gentlemen, priests and laymen, debtors and creditors, families of children and *enfants de famille* ; if, after a journey of a few

weeks, or a sojourn of a few months, these four or five thousand should return home, and the next season be followed by an equal number, and so on, year by year; if one in every thousand of these visitors should take upon himself to write, and cause to be printed and published, his “Tour,” his “Travels,” his “Diary,” his “Journal,” his “London in the Nineteenth Century,” or “Italian Fashionables in England :” if, in these books, our king should be spoken of—no ; I cannot here begin the parallel I contemplate ; the reverence due from every good subject to the person of His Majesty forbids me to put on paper terms equivalent to those employed by our travellers in Italy when they talk of Italian sovereigns : men of long noses and long petticoats, black hearts and white faces ; —but if in these supposed books of supposed Italian travellers in England, our boast of possessing a representative constitution were laughed at, and De Lolme treated as a visionary ; if the reports of the societies for parliamentary reform were quoted as authority to show that the majority of the popular assembly is nominated by a number of persons fewer than that majority ; if it were said that, with us, public virtue is a jest, and that a political machine works well when it coins more money than a single arm could take from the people ; if the marriage of our clergy were thought scorn of, and it were asserted that we fled from confession, though admitting its validity, lest our

pastors should tell our secrets to their wives ; that we locked up our churches, because our people could not be trusted to make a decent use of them ; that our Sundays were spent in silent sadness or secret sensuality ; that we sacrificed political justice, and endangered our public tranquillity, for the sake of securing an immense ecclesiastical patronage to ecclesiastics without bearers ; if it were affirmed that our mad wars for commerce and colonization had cost us more than those objects are worth, while our paper-money exposes us to periodical returns of bankruptcies ; that, while our climate refuses to us many of the comforts of life, the taxes deprive us of many more ; if it were urged against us, that our boasted morality is limited to the married of the middle class, who, in all countries, are decent, while the streets of our metropolis bear testimony to the demands of our profligates, and our lower orders are immoral beyond the example of other countries ; if such petulant invectives, such silly reproaches, were poured out against us by Italian travellers, and read with avidity from Lombardy to Calabria ; we indeed should stand secure in conscious rectitude : our admiration of our civil institutions would not be diminished, nor our enjoyment of any of our advantages a whit curtailed ; but we should pity, perhaps despise, the poor deluded people of Italy, whose reading public could be led away by such ignorant conceits, such *ignes fatui*.

Now let it be supposed that, of these travelling authors, two or three, more favourably and therefore more justly disposed towards us, making a longer stay with us, and having better means of information than the rest, should, on their return home, publish a rational, impartial, and well-weighed report of us ; treating us with due respect, giving due praise to our virtues, and prudently estimating our political situation ; we, indeed, should feel as little obliged by the defence, as we had been little disturbed by the attack ; but, we should think that these writers rendered good service to their countrymen in relieving them from the discredit of being guided by the counsels of prejudice, misapprehension, pride, and bigotry.

This good office has been done for England in regard to Italy by the authors of the "Classical Tour,"—"Transalpine Memoirs,"—"Italy as it is."

The work of Eustace has been before the public for a quarter of a century, and a place of honour and high estimation has been assigned to it. He puts forth benevolent wishes for the independence of Italy, and shows that such a state of things would be in entire conformity with the interests of England. Not yielding to Eustace in good-will to the Italians, I have counselled what seemed most practicable, and have pointed to the good that may be obtained without danger or convulsive

movement. No one regards the kingdom of Hungary as degraded by being part of the Austrian empire. Italy has not been conquered by Austria, any more than has Hungaria. Austria has resumed what it had before, and taken what France had ceded. Italy can make the political body in which she may be incorporated, partaker in her past fame and present splendour. Her sovereigns, aiding Austria with their military means, may influence its government in her favour; and the respect paid to these sovereigns by foreign powers will add to their weight and authority exerted to this end with their great ally. For this reason it is wise that an English diplomatic minister should be sent, not only to Turin and Naples, but to middle Italy also: our present plenipotentiary at Florence is suited, by his disposition, to a plan of conciliation and kindness.

“Transalpine Memoirs” were published a twelvemonth before “Italy as it is;” and my chief difficulty was to keep clear of this author. His first letter, however, is dated at Rome, and we have but Rome and Naples in common. I have omitted several matters, because he had treated of them. Mine is a book of reflection; his, of observation. I am conversant with the past and distant relations; he, with the present: the future belongs to us both. I am occupied with theology, politics, and domestic cares; he relates anecdotes, and tells of the actual state of social life. On our return to

Rome, where I conclude he continues the story, beginning with the Jubilee or *Anno Santo*, and conducts us, by an animated narrative, through varied scenes and notable occurrences, to the extreme limit of Italian domination.

The surface of Italy has been abundantly described : its edifices have been brought under the public eye by every possible mode ; by elevations, plans, delineation, admeasurement ; its products, natural and artificial, are well known ; and every European is better acquainted with its works of the fine arts, its statues and paintings, than he is with the galleries and collections of his own country. But that which vitiates the reports of our English travellers in Italy is, a want of sympathy with the feelings of the Italians : we go pre-determined to think and to speak of them with contempt. This fault cannot be imputed to the authors of “Transalpine Memoirs,” of “Italy as it is,” nor yet to the authoress of a very pleasing little work, written with good sense and sensibility, “The Diary of an Ennuyée.”

Yet the Italians, besides that they possess genius, science, and learning (these all the world allows to them), are actuated, as generally as any large mass of mankind can be supposed to be, by generous principle, high aspirations, kindness, gentleness, philanthropy : they “have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in their bosoms.” That these hearts do not fly to meet us, cannot be won-

dered at, when the bearers of them know beforehand that they shall be represented as capable of every thing that is absurd in religion, monstrous in morality, treacherous in policy, astute, and at the same time servile, in private life.

The difficulty of giving a just character of the Italians, even to those who are well inclined to do so, is increased by this ; that the inhabitants of the several regions of Italy have a peculiar character, and differ from each other much more than the three nations that compose our United Kingdom.

In the parallel or case supposed at the beginning of this article a paralogism will, perhaps, be detected : imputations are thrown on the English, which even some of themselves may think to be well founded. It was my purpose only to submit my countrymen, for a few moments, to the *lex talionis*, the law of retaliation.

“ Italy as it is ” has been found fault with for not having redeemed the pledge of the introduction ; for not containing a full and sufficient allowance of theological discussion. Now, there is no local or topographical dogma in Catholicism : the same priest, journeying westward from Manilla to Lima, might say mass in the same words, with the same ceremonial, wherever he could meet with a Catholic congregation. Thus “ from the rising of the sun to the going down, there is sacrifice.” Thus is the prophecy of Malachi fulfilled ; a pro-

phecy yet unaccomplished—nay, falsified—unless the mass be that sacrifice.'

The capital of the Christian world certainly starts the question of the primacy of St. Peter and his successors, though that primacy is not local or limited to Rome. If I had done no more than show how the passage of Prosper of Aquitain, *sedes Roma Petri, &c.* is usually garbled, this would have been a great deal: but in my book, the pretensions of Rome are treated as aboriginal, traditional, indisputable. It is for those who contest them to disprove their perpetuity and prescription.

I have, moreover, called forth the complaints of an otherwise favourable critic by my continual sneers at Queen Bess, without any mention of Mary "of sanguinary memory." Half a victory, at least, is gained: these two queens, it is admitted, were sisters: of different *mothers*, but still *sisters*.

I believe the chief ground of discontent with the divinity of my work is, that it is rational, simple, consistent, temperate. This, perhaps, was not expected; for it was not expected that Catholicism could be so represented.

I was told however by a lady, "Yours is the most horrid disagreeable book I ever read: I was delighted when I got to the end of it: you are so

¹ Malachi, i. 11.

well acquainted with us Protestants, that you know exactly how to throw out what will tease and vex us." An impression of this sort is hopeful : suspicion of being in the wrong may do much ; sincerity will do more : grace can perfect the good work.

If in "Italy as it is" there be indeed too little theology, that of the present volume may supply former defects. May it be received, as it is offered, in charity ! may it be profitable, as it is intended, to edification !

LXXVI.

LIVING TO A HUNDRED YEARS OF AGE.

A man of great good sense and reflection observed, that, were any one to be assured that he should not die till the day on which he should complete his hundredth year, he would be more alarmed by the approach of death than at present he is, under the expectation of dying before he shall attain that term : every day that he should live, would bring death one day nearer : and, as the fatal last day drew nigh, the thought of it would absorb all his feelings : whereas, by being left in uncertainty, we are left at liberty, so that this care does not utterly overwhelm us.

The remark is just, and accords with experience : not knowing exactly when death shall come, we contrive to approach the precipice, from

which we are to be plunged into a new state or into nothing, without measuring the steps that most assuredly bring us nearer and nearer to it. Of the accidents by which we may be engulfed sooner than we expect, we think not at all: youth and health guarantee to us a long existence, a lease for years, resiliable only at our own choice. But were the period of our lives (suppose it as remote as we will) revealed to us, all expedients would fail, and we should be compelled to look death in the face, grim-visaged though he be.

Our unwillingness to think on death proceeds from fear; and the examples, above cited, of the French military, who, expecting annihilation, met death with courage, show of what we are afraid.

What, then, is religion good for? Is it true that most men have enough of it to make them miserable, and few men enough of it to make them happy? Let us not judge others: many a spirit speaks within itself what it utters not for want of sympathy.

It is not, ordinarily, from a distrust of the divine mercy that men fear death: on the contrary, many seem to confide in that mercy more than they reasonably may; so as to *seem* to forget that God, being essentially wise, must, by the necessity of his nature, be just; that the inestimable means which he has provided for our justification, can be relied on by those only who have co-operated with

them. It is not, generally, “the fear of something after death” that “puzzles the will.” We are but too secure in this most grave concern. Neither do men dread death from too great an attachment to the goods of life: for those who endure “age, ache, penury, and wretchedness;” they to whom the uses of this world are “stale and unprofitable;” are as unwilling as others to “fly to evils that they know not of.” In these last words the poet has noted the real cause of our fear of death: we know not to what it leads; obscurity is the source of terror; uncertainty, as to the nature of the change, overpowers resolution.

What then is religion good for? What can it be good for to those who think not of it; who do not make it habitual, familiar to them; a part of their existence? How can it allay the fear of death in those who would regard the daily contemplation of death as a most sure method of making every day of life a day of misery? There is much of irreverence, but is there also much of extravagance, in “Now, I, to comfort ‘un, bade ‘un he shouldn’t think o’ God: I hoped there were no occasion to trouble himself with such thoughts yet.” Is there not given, in these words, a not very unfair estimate of popular piety?

Again I say, we know not what the heart conceals: nay, in this mutual concealment of our sentiments, as well as in other matters touching

devotion, we may, as Thomas à Kempis remarks, with the sagacity of a man of the world, “ follow those who follow us.”

LXXVII.

RELIGION FOR A GENTLEMAN.

King Charles II. said of one of the dissenting sects, that theirs was not a religion for a gentleman. Now as Charles, though a man of infinite jest, “ never said a silly thing ;” what he has here said is, probably, not without a meaning worth inquiring into, though somewhat obscured by incongruity of ideas. By a *gentleman*, Charles does not mean a man of honour and probity : one whose manners are in conformity with what his station requires, and are expressive, at the same time, of the best sentiments of religion : to gentility of this sort, no religion could come amiss. But Charles meant a man of rank and fashion, fond of pleasure and gaiety, free in conduct ; one like himself. To such an one, it may be supposed, every religion would come amiss. But no : we have not yet scrutinized the other term of the royal aphorism.

Religion is to be understood in three senses ; theological, moral, political. Concerning dogmas, a gentleman surely would not give himself much trouble ; of morality, he would take as much as

suiting his convenience; but in regard to the last sense of the word, he would be rather punctilious; he would wish his own religion to be adorned by exterior splendour; to enjoy a high consideration in the world; and to be generally professed by people like himself. Such is the religion of a gentleman.

Out of the spoils of the ancient church, the reformed Church of England had contrived, though with difficulty, to secure wherewith to maintain some pomp of cult and some dignity in the persons of its ministers: it had still great political privileges; it had arisen with renovated plumage from the destruction to which the commonwealth had consigned it, and was, professedly at least, the religion of Charles II., who, we all know, was a gentleman: indeed, to him first was given the title “most religious.”

Those external advantages possessed by the establishment induced the Catholics, after the Reformation, to fancy it to be nearer to Catholicism than the other sects: insomuch that one of the popes felt it to be his duty to remind those who, in this country, adhered to his communion, that no distinction could be made among those who were all equally separated from Catholic unity; all equally “erring and straying” from the “one fold.”

A remarkable instance of this deference, even in a theological discussion, to circumstances that have

nothing to do with theological truth, is afforded by Dryden ; who makes his “ Hind, immortal and unchanged,” choose rather to “ reason in divinity ” with the panther than with any other beast ; because, forsooth, “ she was more a gentlewoman than the rest.”

Moroseness, rigidity of manners, austerity in regard to innocent pleasures ; these, which can hardly be thought gentlemanlike qualities, are, I believe, more frequently imputed to the dissenters from the establishment than found amongst them. Colonel Hutchinson was a gentleman, in the best sense of the word ; as may be seen, not only by the partial portrait drawn by his widow, but in the whole of his personal conduct.

I have discussed this question of comparative gentility in our religious sects, though quite indifferent to one who is neither Church of England man nor Dissenter, because this erroneous feeling, in some degree, prevails even at this day. The follower of Charles II. puts forth his pretensions, and they who think they have more truth on their side dare not arrogate quite so much gentility.

After all, it is a most serious and solemn consideration, that religion is not fit for a gentleman. It is in the school of poverty that men practically learn humility by daily humiliation ; a mortified spirit by constant privation ; a confidence in God

* See “ Italy as it is,” p. 261.

by the want of all other reliance ; a detachment from the things of this earth by having nothing on earth on which they can set their affections ; resignation to the divine will, in the hope that the “evil things” they receive in this life will be compensated in the life to come. “The poor have the gospel preached to them,” was one of the signs of the mission of Christ. “Blessed are the poor in spirit,” were the first words he is recorded to have uttered in his teaching. After all this, how frivolous to talk of a religion for a gentleman !

LXXVIII.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

A more important question than Which religion is the most gentlemanlike ? is, Which religion is the road to salvation ? A Protestant friend —he passes for an Anglican—one towards whom I bear a most sincere respect; one who says as few “silly things” as Charles II., said to me, “There is a question that I always propose to those of a different religion from my own : it is this : What do you believe will be the future state of those who differ from you in faith, on account of their faith only, all other circumstances being equal ? I proposed the question to a Calvinist ; he said, ‘They will all be damned.’—‘What?’ said I, ‘those even who have never heard of your

faith?'—‘Yes: I am sorry for it; but all will be damned.’”

My friend proceeded, “I related this to a Catholic gentleman, who said, ‘*He* will be damned for thinking so.’ That Catholic was your son. I now ask for your opinion on the same point.”

I replied, “When Christ says, ‘He that believeth not shall be damned,’ he says it with a reference to the commission he was then giving to the apostles, to go and teach. Those, therefore, who are not *taught*, are not included in the sentence denounced against those who reject Christian faith when offered to them. That faith was offered by those who had a commission to offer it; that commission is to endure to the end of the world: and it is because some have taught who were not sent, that there have arisen sects among Christians. Many, nay by far the greater number, of the members of these sects are incapable of judging of the commission of their teachers, whether it be derived or not through those who derived it from Christ. At the several epochs of the origin of these sects, those who made a change must have been aware that they did so at their own peril; and they, in the later ages of each sect, whose doubts are excited, and who have the means of informing themselves in the history of their sect, take upon themselves, by continuing in the sect, the responsibility of its founder.”

We then talked of invincible ignorance and in-

voluntary error. As the former subsists in the case of the Chinese and Hindus, concerning whom the Calvinist had such sinister presages, I declared myself perfectly easy on their account; but confessed that I had certain misgivings in regard to him with whom the discussion was held, and some other dear friends, Protestants, who, as it seemed, had rejected the lights offered to them. "But," it was answered, "there can be no such thing as voluntary error: it is a contradiction in terms: he who knows his opinion to be erroneous, has already renounced it: and of him who is not aware of his error the error is involuntary."

"What think you," said I, "of young ——, who told me he wished very much to become a Catholic; but when I simply asked him what old Mrs. —— would say to it, and what legacy would she leave him, dropped the conversation, and never afterwards renewed it. Is his error involuntary? No man, indeed, adopts or retains error, as such: but the will influences the understanding; the passions divert the reason. How far this prevarication is pardonable, must be left, in every individual case, to Him who knoweth the heart."

Every single case of this oblique perversion differs from every other case; and mere human justice and wisdom are incompetent to weigh all these indirect balancings and inclinations. I pity those most, whom their love for relatives who have gone before them into the future state, turns aside from

inquiry. Yet even to such as these—how much less then to others!—not all that indulgence will be shown which is expected, if we are to judge from the reproach thrown by our blessed Lord on a dilatory convert:—“Lord, I will follow thee; but suffer me first to go and bury my father:”—“Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead.” Only a divine person could decorously use language thus strong.

LXXIX.

THREE PHILOSOPHERS.

What will be the future lot of the modern philosopher? This would have been a fair extension of my friend's question, but that it regarded not us, believers in revelation. The Church of England says that “by the name of Christ only can men be saved;” imputing, at the same time, to Catholics, doctrines destructive of salvation; and indignant that the Mother Church should announce the principle adopted by the Reformers. The unbelievers, more consistent, defy our menaces, and laugh at our imbecility: they will admit no miraculous story at all.

Toute Paris m'assure, says the “Aretin Moderne,” *qu'un mort est ressuscité à Passy: je n'en crois pas un mot.* Certainly, a reported fact of this sort, denuded of all circumstantiality, is very in-

credible ; and this passes for argument with those who think no further.

" Who, in this age of reason," says Thomas Paine, " would believe that a country girl was got with child by a Ghost ?" It is of no use to cry out, Blasphemy ! Paine has his hearers ; they must be answered ; and they cannot be answered by those who impute errors to the parent society of Christians. Why should not the incarnation be one of those errors ? Many sober Protestants think so as well as Paine. He and they must be answered by the tradition of this mystery from the beginning of time, through the patriarchs and the prophets to the saints, the first Christians, who have delivered it down to these later days.

These disbelievers of miracles and mysteries are to be found where one does not expect them. A worthy rector of a parish, who boasted that for twenty-seven years he had not once omitted the Sunday duty of his church, said to me lately,— " As for Scripture miracles, I can only remark on them, as a gentleman replied to some one who told him a very strange story, ' Sir, I believe it, because you say it ; but I would not believe it, if I had seen it myself.' " This clergyman said, " I teach a good morality, and one sanction does as well as another. "

LXXX.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

An old fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, exhibited, in the place of honour for such objects—in the centre, over his chimney-piece, the portrait of Charles-Edward, grandson of king James II. At the foot of the engraving was inscribed, in capital letters,

Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere sæclo
Ne prohibete.

When I had sufficiently admired this *effigies*, and listened to the lament, half-jest, half-earnest, of my Jacobite friend, that the treasonable wish, contained in this application of the words of Virgil, had been defeated by the defeat of Culloden ; he took out of a drawer a red Morocco leather case, circular, about two inches and a half in diameter : and opening it, showed a very well struck medal ; the head of an elderly man, round which were read the words and letters,—HENRICUS IX. D. G. SCOTIÆ, ANGLIÆ, FRANCIAE, ET HIBERNIAE REX, F.D.; on the obverse, Religion bearing a cross : the dome of St. Pauls in the distance.

I have heard of an old prophecy, whether “found in a bog” or not, I cannot tell :—

Henry the Eighth did pull the monks forth from their cells :
Henry the Ninth shall pull down bishops and their bells.

Perhaps it was from dread of the accomplishment of this prophecy that James II. abdicated ~~εἰκὼν~~ ~~ἀέκοντι θυμῷ~~.

I have a snuff-box, japanned with the lines of the Scotch plaid: a false lid opens, and discovers, painted on glass, Prince Charles Edward, in a Scotch dress. The picture was taken when he was at Edinburgh in 1745. His handsome face and engaging look excuse the enthusiasm of Waverley, calling him “a prince to live or die for.” The glass has been unfortunately broken, but the picture has been copied on ivory.

I expressed to a friend a wish to have an engraving of this likeness in my “Literary Memorials,” as a frontispiece to an explanatory page. “Humph!” said my counsellor: “you have also a *bas relief* of the pope: you want but one more personage, and then you may give the whole of the old anti-jacobite trio.”

LXXXI.

THE BLIND AND DEAF.

I dined once on a time with a very affectionate father, who, according to the impulses of our nature, began to speak of that of which his heart was full. “I help my children at table,” said he, “beginning sometimes with the eldest; sometimes with the youngest: as there are five of them,

Charles, who is the third, says it is all the same to him which way I begin ; he is sure to be the middle one, either way." This babbling, silly though it was (I could have talked thus myself), could not but call for good-natured sympathy ; and a man of a kind disposition would have pitied this fond father if, by some accident, he had been rendered, from that moment, incapable of seeing the countenances of his children across the table. Such is my case.

It has been observed, we pity the blind, but not the deaf : that is, we pity those the most who pity themselves the least : the blind are always cheerful and contented ; the deaf always melancholy and miserable. Having a peculiar faculty of making myself audible to the deaf, (may this book be a proof thereof !) I was seated by choice, in a large circle, close to the right ear of a deaf old lady. "I wish I was entirely and hopelessly deaf," said she : "I hear the sound of their voices ; I see their smiling looks ; I cannot tell what they say, nor why they smile."

This malady of deafness, even in its slightest degree, when the ears are only what the French call *paresseuses*, slothful—is a very great drawback on the happiness of one subjected to it. He is disqualified for general conversation : in a sentence of ten words he loses two or three ;—by consequence, the meaning of the whole. He is reduced to *tête-à-têtes* : but in a large band, false notes may

卷之三

It is evident, therefore, that the second and
third are the most important. They do
not consist of nothing but a kind of
shortening the money due. Paying him back
the principal is where he is stuck some
time. It is evident at the end of a sentence:—such is

二四三

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Nowhere goes it so far — for I cannot now
see if the money which he is collecting, pub-
lished when he was a popular writer poet — that
he was a man of large income, he would col-
lect himself him in expensive neighbourhood, by
renting villa or country-houses of moderate size,
him allowing a person of two hundred a year
apart in the interval of the present time to
rents not a mere scutarius but rich, of course,
better furnished and others whom he might
use to ravel her in. A provision in his plan
is that the person should be irrevocable, that his
trustee deliverance might not be too servile from a
feeling of dependence: but that the lease of the
house should be revocable, that he might get rid of
it at the earliest admitted.

I remember to have read a novel, of which the
plot or story was, this project put into execution:

its title “Shenstone Green.” The birth, parentage, education, and former fortunes, of the several members of the society thus congregated ; their mutual jealousies ; the moral attractions and repulsions that take place among them ; their competitions for the favour of the great man ; the difficulties by him experienced in endeavouring to conciliate heterogeneous and discordant elements ;—such is the matter of the romance, which ends, I believe, in the lord of the manor leaving the country-seat of his ancestors, to run away from the plagues that his benevolence has brought around him.

When in “Italy as it is” I recommended to the frequenters of our watering-places to go, all of them, to Baja, I proposed a plan neither difficult of execution, nor without its advantages. When a sufficient number shall be set in motion to give a commencement to the undertaking, it would be well that they should be accompanied by an author, a man of talent of course, who should record, “in prose or rhyme,” the settling of an English colony in a foreign land, after the model of “Shenstone Green.” Nothing affords so fine an opportunity for the development of the human character as the conduct of different individuals under the same circumstances. Here, then, in this origin of the English Baja, how many brains to be dissected, how many hearts to be scrutinized, how many pulses to be felt, how many nerves to be agitated, how many *bulletins* and visiting-tickets, what un-

expected recognitions, what strange amalgamations ! all, in respect of persons who have nothing common among them, except that all of them have nothing to do !

So easily practicable is this restoration of *Baiae amænæ*, that there is required but one or more men of enterprize, to set up an hotel, like the Dragon or Granby at Harrowgate. Thus would be formed a *nucleus*, a *punctum saliens*, around which would rise crescents and circuses, streets and squares, hexagons and octagons, and all the splendours and luxuries of ancient Rome or modern Bath.

From Bath these Literary Memorials are dated ; from a city whose corporate body told the king's majesty that the religion of one-third of his own subjects, and of four-fifths of the Christian world, is “superstition and persecution.” See their Address, *Anno Domini* 1827. To show that I heartily forgive this abuse, which, besides, is no discredit to any but themselves, I will tell the world that the satirist was mistaken, who, speaking of the public baths of these justly-celebrated medicinal springs, says—

How delighted I was to behold the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to the necks !

Anstey's New Bath Guide.

At least, if such be the case, it is not the fault of the corporation ; for a party-wall is carried across the bath. The partition ought to be carried from

north to south, over the cylinder where issue the springs. Thus each sex might take its side. These springs fill the bath in eleven hours: the water should be renewed during the night, and the whole day, instead of the first half of it only, allotted for bathing. It is evident that the water pumped into a private bath must immediately lose its virtue. Even the water that is drunk ought to flow from the spring, and not be pumped up from it. The members of the corporation have no advantage from the present mode but that of appointing their old servants to the places of pumbers. Thus the health of England, as well as the peace of Ireland, is sacrificed to patronage.

(*Bath, 9th December, 1828.*)

POSTSCRIPT.

To my brethren of Ireland a few words at parting; words, that when the occasion of them shall be passed away, when right and justice shall have triumphed, will serve as an historical memorial.

I. Preserve your union with England. When that union became a law, it was hoped that England would relieve your cause from the pressure of local interests and habitual animosities. What has been the result? The majority of your own representatives in parliament vote for your reha-

~~III.~~—Scotland follows the same generous line of conduct: this for you have prevailed: it remains only to overcome the resistancy of the dispossess'd of your ecclesiastical patronage, and your cause is gained. Preserve then your union with England: provision not for its repeal. Would any good Englishman wish to forego the splendour thrown on his own country by the genius and talents predominant in yours? These ought to have wider limits in which to act and run their bright career than those of your island, however fertile as such: however advantageous its position on the globe. Preserve the union. We will not part with you.

II. Do not be contented with your own rehabilitation: but petition also for that of the Catholics of this island. This advice is not given by an English Catholic in fartherance of the interests of his own party: I am not of the party of the English Catholics, and—what is of more consequence than any thing regarding so insignificant an individual as myself—I am well aware that they have deserved no such return at your hands. But for your own sakes: that you yourselves, when you pass over into England, may not be degraded by being compelled to resume your shackles; for the sake of the United Kingdom; and that the two islands may be identified in one nation; and that you, as freemen, may every where breathe the air of liberty; for these reasons, I exhort you to

petition for your rights as members of the British empire, and not merely as inhabitants of that fair portion of it—your native soil. Such is my motive: distrust me not.

III. For twenty years the bigots and the interested of this country have embarrassed the question of the simple repeal of disqualifying statutes by a talk about securities. If security subsists while you have just cause of discontent, it will be doubly sure when you shall have no reason to complain: if the state of things be now insecure, nothing is gained by delaying your unconditional rehabilitation. On one condition only do I counsel you to assent to conditions—that all and every disqualifying statute be repealed: even that which disqualifies a Catholic from mounting the throne. I hear your murmurs, my good Protestant fellow-countrymen! but this law for excluding a Catholic from the royal dignity is a law not more than one hundred and forty years old, and was not passed in the most quiet and regular times: the English monarchy had subsisted for ten centuries before its enactment; it is therefore not fundamental, nor part of the constitution. But to the Catholic petitioners for their constitutional rights I say, Do not, by giving what are called securities, pledge yourselves to desist from endeavouring to obtain the whole of those rights,—the abrogation of every civil distinction on account of religion. Every such distinction, even if it have no practical effect,

has a social influence : by it, the government insults you, and encourages your fellow-citizens to do the same. Take care also, that the securities to which, in the case supposed, you may give your consent, trench not on the independence of your Church and on the free profession of your faith.

IV. You are accused, my Catholic brethren of Ireland, of wishing to substitute your own hierarchy in the place of those who have taken their places ; to dispossess the Protestant bishops and other beneficiaries in favour of your own clergy. Disavow the wish ; rebut the accusation : adopt, if you will, the principle that religion is no part of the concern of the state ; that, therefore, you do not claim for yourselves what none ought to pretend to ask : at any rate, declare firmly that you are well satisfied that your clergy should continue to be maintained as at present ; and that you have no more to do with the United Church of England and Ireland than the United Church of England and Ireland has to do with you.

If an Anglican clergyman can settle himself in a diocese or parish inhabited by Catholics, and levy revenues for duties which he is not required to perform, a parallel in gentlemanlike feeling may be found for him in the supposed case of a fiddler, who should intrude himself into an orchestra, and insist upon being paid his wages for disturbing the harmony of the concert. Even Bib. Soc. is a volunteer.

Let England but make the case of Catholic Ireland her own, and she will not only do justice, but be ashamed of having so long delayed it; of having refused it to Ireland when quiet without it, or continuing to refuse, on pretence of the ardour excited by the refusal.

Let it be repeated—let it never be forgotten,—the lesson which the English misgovernment of Ireland has taught the world:—that a state establishment may subsist without religion, and that a religion may subsist without a state establishment. Folly, cupidity, bigotry, instruct by contraries: the converse of what they do in human affairs, is wisdom, prudence, justice, benevolence. These are fine words wherewith to round a declamation; illusions which we enthusiasts love and cherish;

— famamque fovemus inanem.

To the managers of the affairs of the English Catholics, I say *nothing*; for *that* is what these managers have done for the cause. It would be well, however, that the government should be aware that there is, even in England, a Catholic public, which will be known and heard, if relief be granted in a mode not acceptable to the whole body. In 1791, William Pitt and Bishop Horsley gave an admirable example to the then future time.

To our brethren the Protestants, or those who

find it convenient to pass for such, I beg leave to observe, that they ought to be very sure that they have found the truth, since they fear not to set stones of stumbling to those who are out of their enclosure, and since they rear so many barriers around it. But we are all hastening to that goal where human laws will cease, and law-makers themselves will be judged by an unerring rule of equity.

The disinterested and enlightened citizen and subject of this great political community, will no longer be the dupe of those who see all in relation to their own advantage only: he will reflect on the end for which the state subsists.

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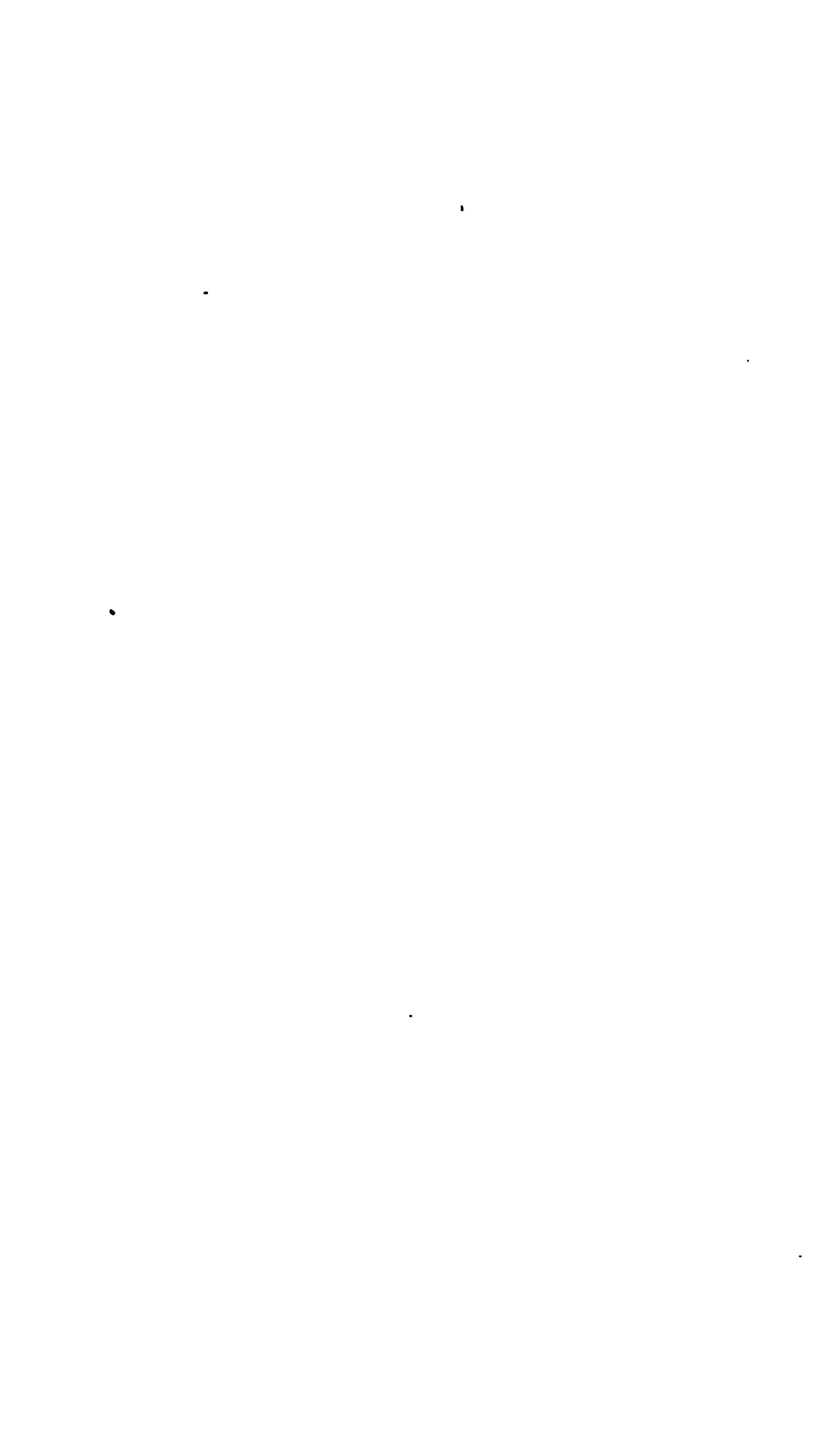
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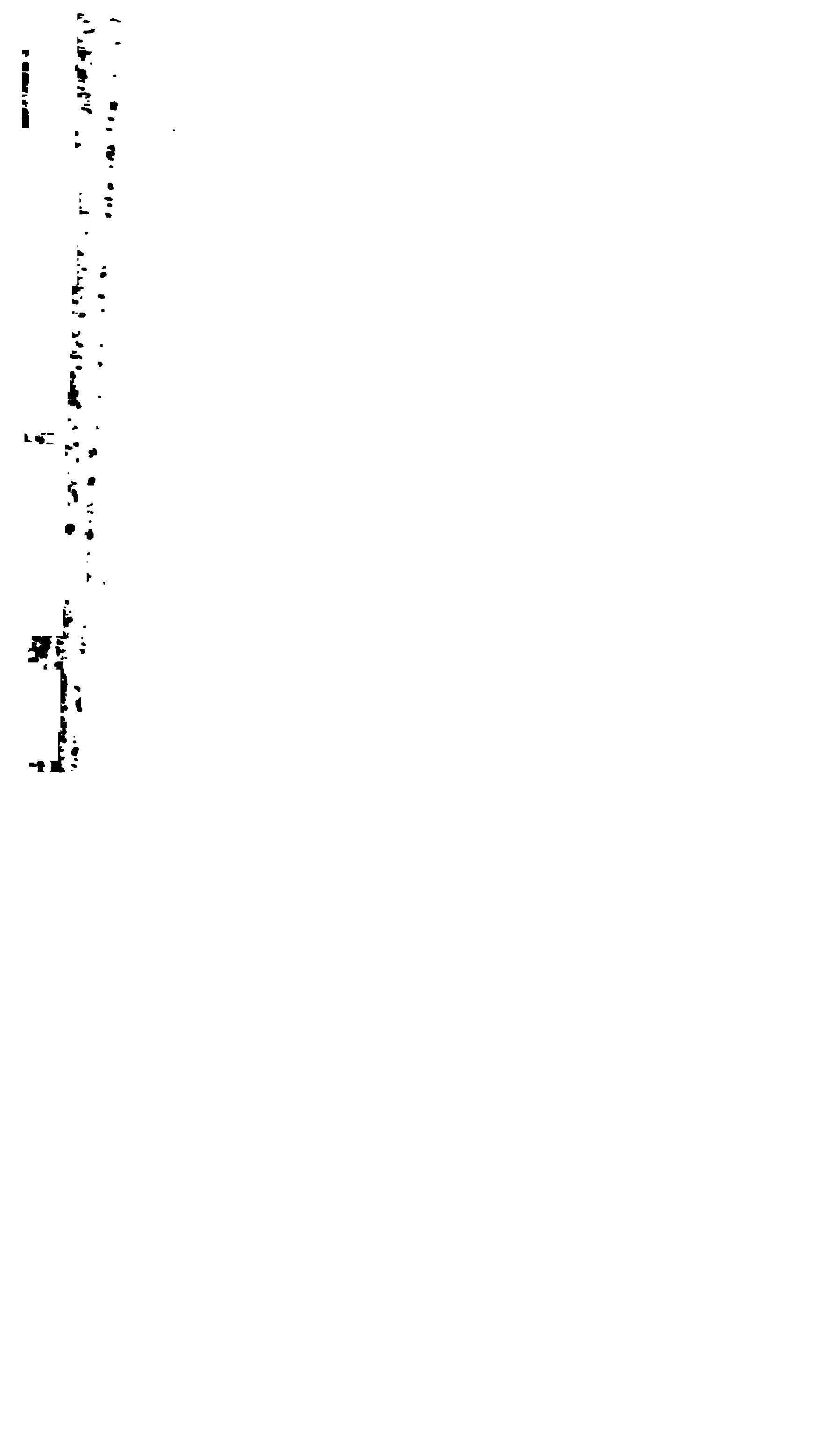
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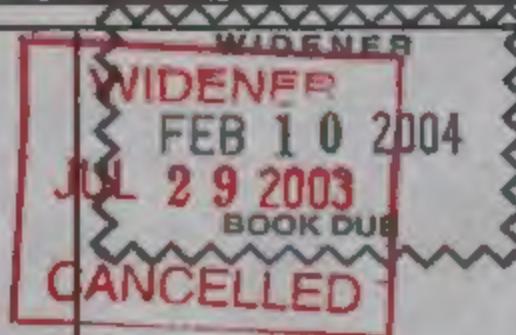


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